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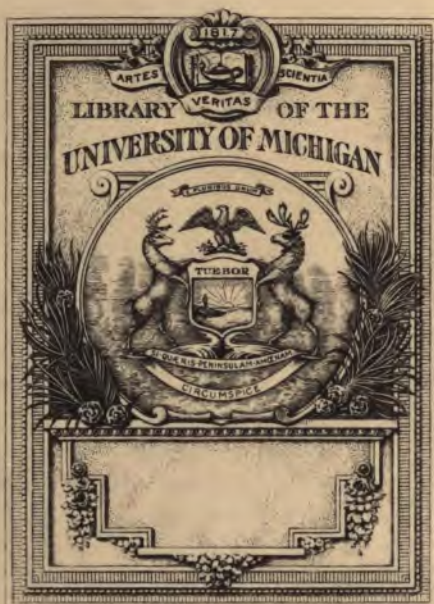
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A JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD

EDWIN S. GEORGE



Gift of

Colonel Edwin S. George

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My big friend Arthur and the Author



A Journey Round the World

By
Norman S. George

Illustrated

The Knickerbocker Press
New York
1922



My big friend Arthur and the Author



A Journey Around the World

By
Edwin S. George

Illustrated

42

The Knickerbocker Press
New York
1922

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LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO MY WIFE
BONNIE BESS
FOR WHOM THIS DIARY WAS WRITTEN

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12-10-48

FOREWORD

No one, however intelligent, could begin to tell the story of the countries and people referred to in this volume. This book sets forth the impressions made upon the author by the glimpses obtained in a journey around the world, and it must be remembered that impressions can honestly differ among truthful, observing, studious travelers.

This diary was written at the request of a loved one who was unable to accompany me, and with whom I thus hoped, in a small degree, to share my daily experiences, but with no thought of publication. Its publication is due far more to the encouraging suggestions of friends, than from any confident promptings of my own. The author claims no qualifications whatsoever as a writer, but endeavored at all times to keep his mind free from prejudices, and alert to everything about him, and especially endeavored to see the good in all things, but frank in his statements of facts as observed and noted herein. It was not, however, until we were bound for the Orient and had reached strange lands, inhabited by strange people, with strange customs, that I was aroused to any serious effort in the writing of a daily narrative in which I endeavored to reflect the conditions surrounding the writer, for example: India, depressing; China, smiles; Korea, tragic; Japan, attractive but imperialistic.

FOREWORD

Should this book, by design or mistake, fall into hands of others and be perused with interest, then the writer will be doubly repaid for the time devoted to its preparation, and should I succeed, in a measure, in communicating to the reader the great truth that this journey around the world finally revealed to me, then this unpretentious book may serve a real purpose.

E. S. G.

August, 1921.

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A Journey Around the World

A Journey Around the World

CHAPTER I

LEAVING HOME

Sept. 28th to Oct. 1st

Leaving home was made somewhat easier due to my family accompanying me to New York City; but the inevitable day of parting is quite too near. Then begins my long journey Eastward and the loved ones' journey Westward to winter in California awaiting my return nine months hence.

To breakfast alone is a real sacrifice; how I miss our happy morning meal at home, beginning by the children's chanted blessing, "Father we thank thee," and then all the usual little incidents attending the breakfast. It was much different too, to be awakened this morning in the hotel by the ringing of the phone instead of by a wee knock on the wall next my bed made by a wee chubby hand in the adjoining room, and followed by two little girls both snuggling in bed with their Daddy one on each side and saying: "Tell me a story about a bear."

All details regarding our itinerary, mailing list, cable code, etc., have been completed and our baggage taken to

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the pier. Priscilla insists that she will go on the ship and hide under the bed and thus go along with her Daddy. When retiring last night and saying the prayers to her Mother, she prayed "Oh God, bless my Daddy, take him around the world safely, and bring him back safely, and bless him with health and strength for Christ's sake." God grant her petition, and watch over my loved ones during my absence and in due time give us all the joy of being reunited in health and happiness.

CHAPTER II

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Oct. 2nd to 11th

There are the usual good-byes, loved ones waving final farewells as the big ship slowly slides out into the harbor surrounded by puffing tugs and headed out to sea. We are on our way. The ship, the Rotterdam, is a fine steamer of twenty-four thousand tons net.

Our stateroom is comfortable indeed, well located, and filled with fruit, confectionery, and flowers. It is a perfect day for sailing, clear, cool, and breezy. I am endeavoring to concentrate my thoughts on the pleasant and instructive things in store for us; but I cannot be unmindful of those I leave behind. Perhaps the absence, like my experience in the Service, may the more endear loved ones and home.

I find Dr. and Mrs. Le S—— aboard and enjoyed a very pleasant visit with the Doctor on things we enjoy in common, trout fishing, flowers, birds, little children, and music,—subjects which always have a tendency to draw people together. We also touched on the subject of Spiritualism, which is at present absorbing so much thought even of people of great intelligence. I stated that the sym-

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pathetic communion of mind with mind was apparent and that I recognized thought transference at a distance from one mind to another, for thought was a power and if two beings were in proper attune with one another it should be possible to communicate mind vibrations and therefore there was a possibility of those beyond communicating to us telepathically and possibly some of our good impulses came in this way. But I refuse to follow any conclusions tending towards accepting conversation with the departed ones through illiterate mediums, ouija boards, rapping on tables, etc. The Doctor agreed with me.

Listened to a Dutch sermon, not understood by me but delivered by, a man exceedingly earnest and devout. One is always impressed by a religious service even though in a language not understood, for much can be read from the faces of those participating and our souls may thus receive a reflected message. These are most beautiful days, sunshiny, warm, but cool in the shade. Hope the voyage may continue so agreeable throughout its entirety. Saw a whale this P.M. not more than 100 feet off the port bow.

On the morning of the fourth we were off Sable Island so near that one could discern objects distinctly. A splendid pianist, Mr. Lorenzo, is giving us rare musical treats these mornings. One of the more deadly of the species, however, promenades the deck boldly smoking cigarettes.

"I call her the fool who does not care,
But someone may call her his lady fair,
Even as you and I.

Though a rag, a bone, and a hank of hair,
This female at least might to others be fair,
For there still are women who really care,
Even as you and I."

(With apologies to Kipling.)

My round-the-world companion and friend, Arthur, says "she is a delegate to a smoke consumers' convention or a hired servant of a cigarette corporation." If the latter, I count it poor business judgment, for it will tend to drive men in disgust from smoking.

Cloudy, wet, windy weather the last three days and it still continues. The sea is quite rough. Was entertained for some time this afternoon watching the big waves breaking against the starboard bow and the wind carrying great clouds of water across the forward deck.

It is clearing this morning, and the sunshine will indeed be welcomed by all. This is a splendid, steady, comfortable ship, the best I have ever crossed on, but we have now been at sea seven days and not before tomorrow morning will we reach Plymouth, which means Boulogne Monday, and Paris Monday evening.

I have heard considerable German spoken aboard the ship by those en route to that land, by Germans and I am sorry to say by some German-Americans, whose sympathies are still with a Fatherland that has brought such opprobrium upon its people.

We took on our pilot, swung inside the breakwater, and anchored at Plymouth at just 3 P.M. on the tenth of October. It was just a bit hazy; but Old England's shores with their beautiful green hills were a welcome sight indeed. The "Union Jack" still flies from Eng-

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land's mastheads and one shudders to think of what might have been. I always believed, however, that the war could have but one outcome as surely as there was a God in Heaven and for that very reason, for God's infinite justice could never have allowed a people to conquer whose rulers had so little regard for national obligations, woman's sanctity, and man's higher ideals in general. Passengers for London disembarked and we were soon on our way again and are due tomorrow morning in Boulogne.

Arrived at Boulogne at 8 A.M. and after the usual delay necessary to transfer the baggage, examine passports, etc., we boarded the tender and landed on the wharf where the "Paris Special" awaited us.

It was a beautiful day, clear and with a warm sun, like one of our ideal October days at home. At just twelve noon we left for Paris arriving at 4 P.M. The trip was an exceedingly happy one for me, for my heart really thrilled realizing that I was on French soil, still controlled by the French people, who as a nation have always showed their love for America and an appreciation of our national ideals. Part of the journey is along the Somme, and through a beautiful rolling country with an occasional château on some wooded hill enjoying a fine vista.

CHAPTER III

PARIS—A VISIT TO THE BATTLEFIELD

Oct. 12th

While the franc has greatly depreciated, selling at 15.50 per dollar, prices have been advanced more than enough to compensate therefor; that is, things cost more in Paris today than before the war, about double, but are still much cheaper than in New York City. These are beautiful October days. We visited the Pantheon and Napoleon's tomb. As I stood before the grave of this great general and ambitious emperor I thought of Robert Ingersoll's famous remarks inspired by a visit to this tomb.

"A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

"I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the Army of Italy—I saw him crossing the

bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsig in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

“I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who had ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said, I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knee and their arms about me—I would rather have been that man, and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.”

This evening we went to a theater. The show was what we would term a Review or the Follies, but different

in that it made the Follies of Broadway look like a Pilgrim's Chorus. In fact, there were some of the cast so scantily clothed that I could have covered all they wore with one hand, and this was recommended as a "Respectable show." The God's forbid seeing one less so. There was however one perfectly exquisite act, a dance by a man and a young damsel, the man fully attired as usual, and the girl artistically and sufficiently covered considering the nature of the dance; they were a poetic rhythm of motion, grace personified. It is hard to fully comprehend the French mind or make up. They were the people who at the Marne said "Ils ne passeront pas," and died gloriously for France and freedom; that was the test supreme in life, in death, and they nobly arose to the occasion. Yet in play there is an "abandonment" quite past my understanding. I cannot but feel however that to-night's frolic does not truly reflect French taste, but rather the permitted indulgence of a class that have their counterpart in our own country, but are there forbidden to thus satisfy their depravities.

Oct. 13th

We motored out through the Bois de Boulogne, a lovely park within Paris, to Versailles, visiting the Palace, Trianon, Fountains, Terraces, Gardens, etc. It all simply beggars description, and can only be appreciated even in part by a visit to this most historic place. To stand in the very rooms where so many notables of history have lived and had their being recalls volumes of history covering centuries. One is particularly interested in the historic Hall of Mirrors in which in February, 1871, the terms of Peace to France were

dictated by the Iron Willed Chancellor Bismarck, that Empire Maker and dominant figure of his day who created the German Empire by an unscrupulous but intelligent policy of blood and iron. It was here that William I was declared Emperor of Germany.

Witness the change a little less than fifty years later; Germany reaping a whirlwind of destruction; the proud Prussian warriors humiliated, returning to fix their signatures to peace terms decreed to them by France and her Allies; a voice from Heaven as it were declaring their condemnation. "Der tag" had arrived. Clemenceau briefly, almost brusquely, presented the treaty to the German plenipotentiaries as follows:

"Gentlemen, plenipotentiaries of the German Empire, it is neither the time nor place for superfluous words. You have before you the accredited representatives of all the small and great powers united to fight together in the war that has been so cruelly imposed upon them. The time has come when we must settle our account. You have asked for peace. We are ready to give you peace. We shall present you now a book which contains our conditions. You will have every facility for examining these conditions and the time necessary for it. Everything will be done with the courtesy that is the privilege of civilized nations.

"To give you my thought completely, you will find us ready to give you any explanation you want, but we must say at the same time that this second treaty of Versailles has cost us too much not to take on our side all the necessary precautions and guarantees that the peace shall be a lasting one."

The first delegation resigned, the second sullenly

affixed their signatures and the note to the Peace Conference from the German Minister of Foreign Affairs at the time indicated that they accepted and signed under duress, thereby suggesting that again were being sowed the seeds of future war when time has again mended the broken sword and replenished the exchequer. How is it to be avoided until such time as Christ's teachings shall control all mankind? Meanwhile let us hope that the League of Nations may prove to be the pathway to permanent peace. The horrors of war were still fresh in the minds of the Allies, and the terms of the treaty were well within the bounds of justice and not nearly so harsh as Imperialistic Germany was prepared to impose had she not been defeated, as was indicated by conditions outlined by the Germans during their victorious period in the war.

One wonders if Foch's advice might not well have been heeded—namely, by establishing a natural frontier, the Rhine and the Alps, instead of one according to the decision of the politicians, so that any future invasion could be met at that strategic line with less harmful results to France. Five years before Germany was undoubtedly the greatest military power in existence and in cold deliberation planned the dominance of the world. As has been said, "Germany rebelled against civilization" and is now practically a country without army or navy. "Made in Germany" is no longer a welcome trademark, but a malediction.

Our guide at Versailles was a most interesting character, Claude Jolly. He related that his boy was in the war and attached to a machine gun company and that whenever a Boche called to him "kamarad," he would turn his

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machine gun on him, pr. pr. pr. pr. pr. pr. and say, holding his hand to his ear, "I cannot hear."

Oct. 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th

Left Paris the morning of the fourteenth for a four day tour through the battlefield, that section in which the American soldiers were actively engaged. We drove through a beautiful garden-like country towards the now famous Marne, which was soon reached, as it was but a distance of 18 miles from Paris that the "Taxicab" French Army stopped the Germans. I have heard it previously stated and it has been repeated here that had the Germans not overindulged in champagne which they greedily drank in large quantities, in the Champagne district about Epernay, they would have taken Paris. I do not know whether this be true but certainly while liquor may be an agreeable servant it is surely a bad master. Trenches are still evident; the ruins of Château Thierry and the destructiveness of war is soon before us, —what wreckage and desolation; one is held in awe by its fearfulness. What our brave American soldiers here helped to accomplish is a matter of history of which we may be proud. America should not boast "that we won the war"; but surely we contributed much, fought bravely and fearlessly as Americans have always been wont to do, and threw our resources and men into the fray when the outcome was in the balance. Unquestionably it was America's participation that was the final deciding factor. The prodigious accomplishment of raising an army of 180,000 officers and 3½ million men in eighteen months brought relief to the Allies and consternation and fear to the Germans; strengthening and increasing the con-

fidence of the defending armies and destroying the morale of the enemy as has been frankly stated by both Foch and Von Hindenberg. From the beginning to the end, however, France was the main bulwark guarding liberty and civilization; and finally victory by the great allied armies was achieved under the command of a French general. At all events, while the Allies have argued as to who won the war, Germany knows.

We spent the first night at the old town of Chalons. The morning of the fifteenth it was cold, raw, and foggy, fortunately clearing in about two hours after we had started on our way, but still remaining cold. We soon began to see more extensive trenches, some barbed wire entanglements, and badly damaged villages. We arrived at St. Mihiel, another point at which glorious pages were written into our American history. Here again the destruction was terrible, and Americans suffered great loss of life at this point and at Belleau Wood, not far distant, as is evidenced by the American cemetery of St. Mihiel, located some distance away at Tracourt, at which are buried the men lost in this engagement. Leaving the cemetery, we soon reached Fresne-en-Woevre and Manheunes, each a mass of ruins, not a building standing, and it was here that we saw evidence of the effectiveness of American artillery, for on Sept. 15th, 1918, they here forced the Germans from their strongly organized fortifications. We next visited Fort Tavannes, Fort Vaux, and Fort Doumont, the Ravine of death, etc., and on into Verdun which the Germans were never able to take;—but oh, what havoc, the earth was simply pock-marked with shell holes, and a half-million men fell on both sides during this long drawnout struggle. One

retires at night sadly depressed by the awfulness of war.

Our minds are still troubled as we awaken the next morning and the picture of "the bayonet trench" is still before us, for it was here the Germans succeeded in blowing up a section of trench and burying hundreds of brave soldiers, whose bayonets fixed to the rifles are still protruding above the ground, mute testimony of the hellishness of war. A large monument (the gift of an American) is being erected over this trench in commemoration of the sacrifices of these true sons of France, martyrs to the cause. It is my frank opinion that any penalty imposed upon the aggressor in war cannot be too severe, and yet this severity may be the sowing of the seeds for another war to follow. When will men rise above making war? Surely there must be established some League of Nations or World Tribunal at which proper and just settlement may be had of the differences between nations. France finally won at the peace table at Versailles; nevertheless she has lost irreparably.

We continued to visit miles and miles of battlefield, one mass of trenches, barb wire entanglements, dug-outs, etc., through the Argonne forest, once a beautiful woods now crushed and torn asunder, trees stripped of their foliage, some standing in death-like nakedness, a ghostly testimony to the horror of war. We visited another cemetery today at Romagne where more than twenty-five thousand American boys are buried; beautifully kept, a fitting resting place in the land where fought these loyal Americans who made the extreme sacrifice for liberty and freedom. The following poem written by Ford Whelden on the occasion of his recent visit to the battlefields,

admirably expresses my sentiments regarding the graves of our dead soldiers in France.

IT IS THEIR RIGHT

“Ye pilgrims, knelt in silent prayer,
 Before this pure white cross so fair,
 Which marks the place of some brave lad
 Who gave his life and all he had
 That Freedom’s light should not be blurred—
 That Liberty should not be slurred,
 Respect his ashes. Let him lie
 Under the gentle Flemish sky.
 The souls who lie in brave Romagne,
 In Fismes, on the River Aisne,
 Who sleep in Toul and Belleau Wood—
 They gave their all, and now we should
 Enhance their glory and their praise,
 And leave their memory to the days
 When other Pilgrims, coming here,
 Will say, ‘These fought, knowing no fear,
 And fearless, fighting, falling, died,
 And now sleep in the countryside
 They fell to save.’
 Have we a right to break that sleep—
 To violate a rest as deep
 As this?

Ye Pilgrims who have come to see
 That they find rest and sanctity,
 Remember this,—That here they fell!
 Let all these crosses know the knell
 Of Flemish bells forevermore;
 While larks and swallows lightly soar

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Over this sacred, hallowed ground,
Where all our laddies, dying, found
A better life.
Should we "break faith with those who died,"
And move them from the countryside
They fought to keep?

What right have we, who still have life,
Who have not heard Death's shrill cold fife,—
What right have we to break their trust
To move their mem'ries and their dust?
They lie in spots so pure and green
They seem to be of Heaven's sheen;
Their snow white crosses, oh, so bare!
Are beautiful, and ah! so fair!
They do not lie in unkempt fields,
But rather spots where God's hand wields
A vast influence, and where men
Have made the earth bring forth again
Its former beauty.
Ye sorrowing Pilgrims, be twice blessed
And let your laddies ever rest
Here, in the fertile fields of France,
And you, returning, shall enhance
Their great devotion and their trust,
By leaving here their sacred dust."

We arrived in the afternoon of the seventeenth at Rheims, after a most oppressive day, to have our sense of appreciation of art shocked by the tragic ruins of the beautiful Cathedral of Rheims. When one has visited the battlefields as we have for three days and is then confronted with this sublime symbolic monument, be-

speaking the fiendishness of the Germans, it embitters one very much indeed and is not soon to be forgotten.

We are told that in Rheims at the close of the war only twenty-three houses remained that were habitable. I question Germany's repentance, and quite agree with those who believe that the war ended a month too soon and that Germany should have been given a dose of her own medicine administered in Deutschland, thus bringing the full consequence of war to the homes, towns, and cities of Germany. Leaving Rheims, we continued to pass for many miles more through battlefields still covered with entanglements and defaced by thousands of trenches, at one point only a road separating the two contending armies, where hundreds and thousands of lives were sacrificed in a trench warfare lasting almost three and one-half years. We proceed and later reach Soissons, another name well-known to all Americans, for here again we took an active part, received our first baptism of fire, and showed our marked superiority over the Germans as was acknowledged by General Mangin in his orders of the day to Americans praising "their valor, audacity, unconquerable tenacity, worthy sons of a great country." One thrills with pride only later to be saddened by standing at the grave of one whom he knew as in my case, when I uncovered at the graves of two lovely, brave lads, sacrificed to the cause, and now lying buried at Soissons cemetery for Americans, along with their Colonel (Smith), Lt. Col. (Elliott), and Majors, Captains, etc. The eighth captain in rank was commanding in this particular regiment at the close of this engagement. Those who live are those who perished.

Shortly after Soissons we left the battlefields and

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proceeded to Paris. After visiting approximately five hundred miles of fighting lines, in what is termed the American sector, it was a relief to get away from its depressing effect. God certainly had a great purpose in it all and good must come from such a sacrifice, but God spare us from all further holocaust of this nature.

“O’er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,
Dwell in the affections and the soul of man
A God-head, like the universal Pan;
But more exalted, with a brighter train:
And shall his beauty be dispensed in vain,
Showered equally on city and on field
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield
In these usurping times of fear and pain?
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which triumph of all good is given,
High sacrifice, and labor without pause,
Even to the death:—Else wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality?”

WORDSWORTH.

Oct. 18th, 19th, 20th

Have spent most of the last three days in the Louvre and Musée Luxemburg: what a privilege thus to enjoy such a host of masters,—Rembrandt, Murillo, Rubens, Van Dyck, Leonardo da Vinci, Laurence, Romney, Millet, Corot, Troyon, Meissonier, Daubigny, Ingres, Jacque, Diaz, Whistler, etc., to say nothing of the treasures of sculpture. One should really do but a section of these great galleries a day, enjoying the memory of a few choice master-pieces rather than hastily glancing at

an endless number of canvases. I now realize that in past years when visiting Paris I was too absorbed in my business, and therefore did not take advantage of the opportunity afforded to visit these treasures of art. On the other hand, close application to business during these years is undoubtedly what makes possible a trip of this kind in which business finds no part and our thoughts are all centered in art, history, and customs. Our passports viséed, we are leaving for Switzerland and Italy.

CHAPTER IV

A WEEK IN SWITZERLAND

Oct. 21st to 26th

My first visit to Geneva, the city with which is associated Calvinistic traditions. I sincerely believe it the most beautiful city I have seen in Europe. Situated on lovely Lake Lemman, with its clear blue, deep waters, and surrounded by mountains with Mount Blanc in magnificent and imposing evidence, and the city itself uniformly clean and attractive everywhere, it leaves little to be desired. It is divided into two parts by the lake and the swift, clear waters of the River Rhone. Its hotels are splendid, nearly all overlooking the waters of the lake. After a most enjoyable day, as the light was fading over the city, we sat down on the terrace or quay overlooking the lake and watched the sunlight still brightly reflected against the ice and snowfields of Mount Blanc, first brilliant, then gradually fading into soft golden shades, then a dim white in the twilight; and as day declined night shadows gradually took possession of the heights.

Leaving Geneva, we journeyed by train along the shore of Lake Lemman; that is, within a short distance of the lake as far as Lausanne, a most attractive landscape constantly before us. The steep hills along the lake are

largely terraced vineyards. We climbed to considerable height, with glimpses of numerous villages along the water's edge and dotting the landscape, the headlands that projected into the lake adding charm to the shore line, with here and there a group of stately Lombardy poplars lending a touch of dignity to the picturesque setting.

The country looked exceedingly prosperous and well kept and of a permanent nature; rubbish and untidy conditions were nowhere to be found.

At Berne we were disappointed, as cloudy weather conditions prevented our enjoying the magnificent view that is here to be had of the mountains. I shall never forget the "Alpine Glow" (sunset) that it was my good fortune to enjoy here one evening some years ago. Only an artist gifted with unusual power to paint word pictures could begin to describe the magnificence of the evening sunlight playing on the ice and snow fields of the mountain peaks, equaling, in splendor and glory of color, the most gorgeous sunset.

"The smokeless altars of the mountain snows
Flamed above crimson clouds."

SHELLEY.

We saw Berne quite thoroughly, wandering through the interesting streets in and about this quaint, ancient city, which is so clean and well kept. The people look happy and there is a general air of prosperity in Switzerland.

The ride from Berne to Interlaken is most enjoyable; for miles one follows by train along or near the Thuner Sea, and there is constantly before us a charming land-

scape of hills, woods, water, with here and there little hamlets to add interest and life to the view. We arrived at Interlaken near sundown (cloudy), but we are hoping for a clear day to-morrow in which to enjoy the view of the Jungfrau and adjoining heights.

To-day (October 24) has been a wonderful one; it seems like two days, so much has been crowded into it. I arose at 6:30 A.M.: still quite dark in the village, but as I looked out of my window in the direction that I knew was towards the Jungfrau, there stood the Queen of the Alps, clearly silhouetted against the skyline, stately, magnificent in its lovely whiteness, a reward sufficient for a far journey to Switzerland. I immediately called Arthur that he might also revel in its glory, and our hearts were grateful that we were blessed with such a splendid morning and promising day. We hurriedly dressed, breakfasted, and took an early train for Murron, situated on a terrace high above the Lauter Brunnen Valley, the valley lying deep between great mountains and which the winter sun does not reach until near mid-day.

Murron, a Swiss hamlet of clustering cottages perched high among the mountains, is reached by rail, cable road, and electric line. It commands a fine view of the Alpine Titans, clad in snowy whiteness, and the ice of the numerous glaciers. The Eiger, Monch, Jungfrau, Silberhorn, Schwarz Monch, Gletchenhorn, Mittighorn, Grosse Horn, etc., are all in full view with an occasional puffy cloud floating above. The beauty and grandeur of these mountains will always remain a pleasant memory. We returned to Interlaken, and the afternoon was spent enjoying another ride through country such as only Switzerland affords; mountains, lakes, rivers, woods, an

unending panorama of gorgeous views, the scenery from Interlaken to Luzerne a constant exhibition of loveliness.

At Luzerne we visited the summit of Mt. Pilatus. The clouds were rather low and we passed through them at about a thousand feet above the valley and lake, coming out into clear, bright sunlight above a great sea of clouds that entirely obscured the world below, with the mountain peaks rising above the clouds like islands in a vast sea. The view from the top of Mt. Pilatus was gorgeous, the great range of Alpine Peaks stretching out before us to the East and South, the mountains we had visited yesterday near Interlaken being clearly visible. To be on a great mountain top with the world below entirely blotted out, so to speak, and practically alone with God is most impressive and inspiring: and makes one conscious indeed of his insignificance—

“’Tis solitude should teach us how to die;
It hath no flatterers: vanity can give
No hollow aid; alone—man with his God must strive.”

BYRON.

The autumn colors of the foliage on the lower portion of the mountains were very lovely indeed, but lacking in the brilliant reds and yellows we see in Northern Michigan, Northern New York, and the New England States. It was a faultless day, one such as we would at home term “Indian Summer.” Someone has said:

“The great Father had made the four seasons
And found them all good.
Spring had its days of soft air and gentle rainfall,

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But there were raw winds and belated frosts.
Summer had its golden haze,
But also its parching heat.
Fall brought the tang of ripening fruit
And yellow leaves—too often with the taint of decay.
Winter thrilled and stimulated, but sometimes killed.

Then he bethought Him of a fifth season—
One that should hold all the joys of the others
And none of the ills;
So He took from Spring her soft winds,
From Summer her golden haze,
From Autumn his fragrance of ripeness,
And from Winter his tonic breath—
And He called it Indian Summer.”

In Geneva, French prevails; at Berne, German and French; and in Luzerne German is spoken almost entirely. Good hotels are everywhere in Switzerland, and a tonic of mountain air awaits all sojourners.

CHAPTER V

A GLIMPSE OF ITALY

Oct. 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th

In the early morning of the 26th, we left Lucerne for Lake Como in Italy, arriving about mid-day after an interesting ride and passing through St. Gothard Tunnel. We took a steamer on Lake Como for Bellagio, arriving late in the evening, enjoying the afternoon and twilight on the lake, followed by a magnificent moonlight; a full moon with drifting white clouds seen above the mountains encircling the lake.

Lake Como is the most delightful of all the lakes in upper Italy; many rivers and small streams flow into it and it is especially attractive in the vicinity of Bellagio and Menaggio. Bellagio is on a high point at the junction of the three arms of the lake, and Menaggio is nearly opposite on the west bank of Lake Como. Beautiful villas and country seats are clustered along the water's edge with splendid walled lagoons and with backgrounds of attractively terraced and planted gardens, every available space being planted with trees, shrubs, or vines. At one place I counted as many as one hundred and twelve terraces on the mountain side like a great flight of stairs. We took a motor boat ride along several miles of the

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shore line of the lake; everywhere were beautiful villas and hotels. The hotel at which we stopped was an attractive place, the property formerly of the Duke of Serbelione, dating back several centuries.

We arrived at Milano the evening of the twenty-seventh and the next morning spent considerable time in and about the cathedral. It is simply overpowering in its magnificence and splendor. The stone work is, I believe, the finest I have ever seen. One is loath to leave this great cathedral which bespeaks so much devotion to architecture and art. In size it is exceeded by St. Peter's at Rome, but we are told its beauty rivals that of any other Italian cathedral.

In the Monastery of Santa Maria della Grazia, we viewed the celebrated fresco of the "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, which Wordsworth has so befittingly described as follows:

"Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw
Have marred this Work; the calm ethereal grace,
The love deep seated in the Savior's face,
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe
The Elements; as they do melt and thaw
The heart of the Beholder—and erase
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace
Of disobedience to the primal law.
The annunciation of the dreadful truth
Made to the Twelve, survives; lip, forehead, cheek,
And hand reposing on the board in ruth
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek
Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak
A labor worthy of eternal youth."

We also visited the Castello and the National Museum and left in the evening for Verona, passing along the south end of Lake Gardi. The country from Milano to Venice is a broad valley, the plains of Lombardy lying between the mountains to the north and those to the south.

Verona is all that I have always fancied constituted a Roman City. It is enclosed by a great wall and old fortifications. In the Piazza of Vittori Emmanuel, said to be one of the most beautiful squares in Italy, is situated the imposing old Arena or Roman Amphitheater in very good preservation, used formerly for gladiatorial combats, torture of Christians and for fights with wild beasts. It was erected in the first century A.D. It sickens one to think of the human lives that have been sacrificed herein, and one is thankful that he lives in an advanced Christian civilization to which the martyrs of old have so greatly contributed. In the same Piazza is situated the palace Del Grand Guardia, a beautiful imposing building by the celebrated architect, Sammichel. The old market place (Piazza Erbe) is most interesting. We saw here at least two or three thousand beautiful little birds offered for sale. Some were grosbeaks, others appeared like warblers, goldfinches, and woodpeckers. What a shame thus to sacrifice our feathered friends for the sake of the little flesh their small bodies supply. This possibly accounts for the inclination on the part of the Italian immigrant in our country to shoot every bird he sees. In an old palace adjoining the Piazza is an exquisite circular staircase; and within the court of another palace is a most beautiful large outside staircase in Italian Gothic style, the building of which it is a part being surmounted by a splendid tower

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some 250 feet high. We visited the ruins of an old Roman theater uncovered in recent years, and where at one time were enacted scenes that I presume satisfied and entertained the Romans quite as much as has in modern times *Romeo and Juliet*, the scene of which is laid in this city. We stood by the supposed grave of the heroine of this greatest of love poems if not the greatest of Shakespeare's tragedies.

"For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That while Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet."

Oct. 30th, 31st, Nov. 1st, 2nd

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times, when many a subject land
Look'd to winged Lion's marble piles,
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred Isles."

BYRON.

To arrive at the railroad station, after winding one's way through the depot and taking a cab "a-la-Gondola" through the great canal on a moonlight evening to your hotel, is indeed a unique experience—it is thus that we arrived in the amphibious city of Venice last evening.

We found it quite cold, felt it even more so as there was no heat in the hotel, the management explaining that such cold weather at this time of the year was very unusual and therefore the heating plant was not in order.

The buildings in the "City of the Sea" rise directly from the waters; their front yard, a canal; stone steps leading to the boat landing, on each side of which are tall painted posts, a marine porte-cochère. There are no clanging street car gongs, nor rumbling of carriage wheels, nor toot of speeding automobiles—pedestrians walk along the narrow passageways of the city or noiselessly proceed by gondolas through the streets of water; a labyrinth of canals teeming with boats and spanned by hundreds of interesting arches and bridges; the most noteworthy of these are the "Bridge of Sighs," over which tradition states that many a despairing prisoner passed to the judgment hall beyond to receive his final decree; also the famous Rialto Bridge spanning the Grand Canal, its passageways lined on each side with tiny shops, near which were the haunts of Shylock, the Jewish money lender, that strange and infamous character so mercilessly insistent upon his pound of flesh.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

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But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice."

I can imagine the pleasure of a ride on a bright warm day in a gondola lapped by the gentle waters of the canal. Our guide, nevertheless, gave us an interesting afternoon as we braved the cold penetrating air traversing the length of the Grand Canal. Our imaginations and recollections quickened as he pointed out the homes once occupied by Titian, Byron, Browning, Wagner, and other celebrities.

St. Mark's Square is the central point of interest in Venice. Except for the opening to the water front, it is surrounded by imposing historic structures—the Ducal Palace, the residence of the Doges, St. Mark's Cathedral, and the Campanile, witnesses of earlier days "When Venice was a Queen with an unequaled dower." The Doge's Palace is glorious without, its interior a treasure house of Italian art and its foundations below the water-level of the canal honeycombed with dungeons, with small openings grated with heavy iron bars which admit practically no light nor ventilation and through which scant food was passed to the unfortunate victims imprisoned there in bygone days. Harrowing tales are associated with these vile cells, and one may enter the cell in which Lord Byron was self-imprisoned for a few hours that he might quicken his imagination when writing the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, which he completed during three years of a life of profligacy in Venice.

"Of her dead Doges declined to dust;
 But where they dwelt, the vast and sumptuous pile
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid trust;
 Their sceptre broken and their sword in rust,
 Have yielded to the stranger."

BYRON.

St. Mark's Cathedral is Oriental, ornate, and too much affected by the Byzantine period. Treasures from Oriental lands brought as a result of conquest were used in constructing and embellishing this Christian temple of worship. It is dimly lighted, but sufficiently to illuminate the prodigal display of magnificent, gleaming mosaics in its ceilings and walls. St. Mark's has been referred to as a "Magnificent repository of booty." Thanks, however, to the lighted candles of St. Mark's, which afforded a little heat for my nearly frozen bones as I attended an interesting service.

The Campanile, the adjoining bell tower, rising 322 feet above the square, is a modern replica of the former, which collapsed in 1902; its bells thunder forth its choral tones, an unfailing marker of time to the entire city. An interesting sight to visitors is the feeding of the myriad of pigeons, wards of the city, by whom they are protected, and it is claimed, the lineal descendants of carrier pigeons that once saved Venice in time of war.

We enjoy Titian's famous painting the "Assumption" in the Frari Cathedral, but most of the great paintings of Venice were shipped elsewhere during the war and are not as yet on exhibition.

Today, November 2nd, in the United States the good people will again start our Country going right politically

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by electing a Republican President, Mr. Harding; and thus ends our present Wilson autocracy, which is responsible for the failure on the part of the United States to ratify the League of Nations with reservations acceptable to the American people and in accord with our Constitution. Regardless of the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic Party and Wilsonian methods, a large portion of the American people desire a League or Tribunal at which differences of opinion between nations may be adjusted without recourse to war. It is regrettable that in the U. S. the League of Nations has developed or retrograded into a fight between Pres. Wilson and Senator Lodge.

Nov. 3rd, 4th

“O Florence! with the Tuscan fields, hills
And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy.”

COLERIDGE.

Florence—the “Cradle of the Renaissance”—lies in an ampitheater formed by the surrounding hills or low mountains, on which stand villas among formal settings of Cypress and Lombardy poplars. It is the most attractive art center in Italy, being richly endowed with treasures from master hands, and was the home of the famous and powerful ruling family of Medicis.

Visiting the former homes, standing at the graves or before the statues, viewing the paintings or sculpture in the very environs in which once dwelt these great geniuses brings us into closer touch, so to speak, with these historic characters: Perugini, Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Del Sarto,

Tintorette, Donatello, Giovanni, Cellini, Canova, etc.; here too Dante was born, and in the lofty tower surmounting the Palazzo Vecchio, the old palace a massive structure over six hundred years old, is still pointed out the cell of Savonarola, the reformer, in which he awaited his doom—for he was hanged, his body burned, the ashes scattered to the winds, but with them, a soul's burning message to mankind.

At Florence, sculpture rivals any in the world and the Uffizi and Pitti Galleries literally overflow with art even to the Loggia, which building—a gem in architecture—was formerly used as a forum for the discussion of public affairs; its charming arches open to the public square and now serve to house celebrated works of art viewed by the passer-by of the street—Rape of the Sabines by John of Bologna; and the celebrated Bronze Perseus by Benvenuto Cellini. Cellini whose autobiography I consider one of the most fascinating things in literature; his delightful, frank manner of relating his picturesque and unusual experiences, whether it was snubbing a King, or engaging in a street fight, or one of his many love affairs,—all are told in an equally entertaining style. He was a great man; he admits it,—in fact in his own opinion there were but few his equal. Like the story told of Whistler—some lady admiring his work remarked that she had always thought that there were no other painters that equalled Whistler and Velasquez: it is stated that Whistler replied—"Why mention Velasquez?"

To endeavor to see, and even partially to remember, the many subjects of art in the two or three days allotted to Florence is quite impossible; one could enjoyably

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devote weeks studying the works of these great masters that they might be indelibly imprinted upon the pages of memory.

Anything that the cathedral lacked to impress me other than its gigantic dome, which nearly equals St. Peter's of Rome, was compensated for by the exquisite Campanile of Giotto, which is nearly 300 ft. high, of 5 stories, each succeeding one of higher dimensions, giving an exceedingly pleasing effect of proportion, a structure to which Ruskin paid a marked tribute. Also the bronze gates of the Battistero, which were accomplished after years of work by Lorenzo Ghiberti and are a creation of loveliness. Michael Angelo paid them the beautiful tribute of remarking, "They are worthy to be the gates of Paradise." Angelo himself enriched Florence with one of his most celebrated pieces, an heroic statue of David. The great sculptor arouses our admiration, so clearly has he portrayed in stone, David's resolute strength and serene confidence; his faith and purpose rooted in God. Like all really great art, "it stands aloof from analysis, untouched by criticism." A visit to Florence means a lesson in art.

NOTE: What a blessing to America, Yea! even to the world—Senator Harding, we learn, has been elected President of the United States; the dictatorship of Wilson is soon to end.

Nov. 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th

We are at Rome on the Tiber, around which centers the human history of ages; a treasure place of antiquities in sculpture and art, with buildings, bridges, and arches that span centuries of time. Our minds turn to bygone

days; Plutarch's *Lives*, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*, become intimately associated with the structures and ruins before us—Rome, "Lone Mother of Dead Empires."

We are fortunate in having a most capable and well informed guide, Professor E. Venturini, a gentleman and a scholar, who pointed out the many places of interest and reviewed the history connected therewith. We drove about the city, visited the parks, fountains, catacombs, and monuments, and traversed that great "Artery of Human Life," the Appian Way, over which had passed in earlier days Claudius, Augustus, Nero, St. Paul, and other makers of history. Three places in particular are objects of interest to all tourists: the Forum, the Coliseum, and St. Peter's.

The Forum is a low lying square in which are the ruins or fragments of temples, arches, columns, and crumbling walls, many dating centuries before Christ; the civic center from which radiated the laws and powers of Rome; the seat of Claudius, Augustus, Titus, Nero, and Cæsar, the latter the greatest of all Romans, a mighty emperor, a great general, and an able statesman; the place frequented by Cicero, Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch, and other notables. One can comprehend but a brief outline of the historic period represented by these ruins, and the names associated therewith recall those inscribed on modern public buildings, libraries and art galleries.

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the world."

The Coliseum is immensely impressive; it fulfills every expectation and is the grandest structure in Rome; majestic; the silent witness of the splendor and decay of a mighty empire, about which surged the life of Rome for twenty centuries. Built of massive blocks of stone, it is of stupendous proportions, with beautiful lines, and at one time accommodated an audience of seventy thousand people; a circle of ruined arches rising row above row—a monument to the pomp and power of the Roman Emperors. We climbed to the uppermost tier, 150 feet above the arena, beneath which were the dens for thousands of wild beasts that were savagely pitted against gladiators or fed with the thousands of despised Christians sacrificed within the arena, there being some million two hundred thousand during the first four centuries. The Christianity brought to Rome by Paul's appeal to Cæsar finally overcame these cruel sports—human slaughter—here practiced as a holiday for the people; the Christianity which triumphed over paganism, today reigns the greatest influence and moral uplift in the universe. Material things must perish; the Forum, Coliseum, and temples to pagan gods are but ruins of their earlier grandeur; there now only remains as live issues the great principles for which the Christian martyrs died—and this is the lesson impressed upon our minds as we contemplate these ancient ruins.

St. Peter's Cathedral is the shrine all glorious of the Catholic Church and of the "Eternal City"; a building of enormous proportions, occupying nearly four acres—a Christian Church before which stands a pagan obelisk. The two porticos, curved colonnades of four rows of massive columns, effect a most imposing entrance. The

vast interior is almost confusing, its size and proportions beyond full appreciation; huge columns supporting lofty arches and all surmounted by the great dome of St. Peter's, crusted with glittering mosaics and rising above all 440 feet. The ceilings and walls are embellished with large and beautiful mosaic copies of famous paintings by Raphael, Guido Reni, and others. Here also are seen some of the rarest examples of sculpture—one in particular revered by all, Canova's "The Genius of Death," before the mausoleum of Pope Clement XIII, and claimed to be Canova's masterpiece.

The Vatican adjoining is a treasure house of art, a repository of the finest collection of Greek and Roman sculpture; here rests the Apollo Belvedere and many other well known pieces of sculpture, also renowned paintings by celebrated Italian artists: Perugino, Raphael, da Vinci, Titian, Baroccio—gems which enrich this noble building; the library contains priceless manuscripts. It is a vast structure covering a tremendous area with something over one thousand rooms, many great staircases, numerous courts, halls, and galleries—the largest palace in the world, covering thirteen acres. It was my good fortune to visit, with special permission, the Sistine Chapel with its masterpieces by Michael Angelo and Botticelli, at a time when Pope Benedict XV was worshipping. The services were most impressive, and attended by many dignitaries; the singing was celestial, and was without instrumental accompaniment.

The churches in Rome are as numerous as her fountains; we visited several—the one containing Michael Angelo's heroic, commanding figure of the "Law Giver," Moses; St. John's, outside the city; and the church of

the Capuhin Fathers, containing Reni's remarkable painting of the Archangel, and in the vaulted basement of which are the skulls, femurs, tibias, humeri, radii, phlanges, used to effect weird decorations on the walls and ceilings.

"Where be your gibes now?
Your gambols? Your songs?
Your flashes of merriment,
That were wont to set the table on a roar?
Not one now, to mock your own grinning."

How short seems the span of life when compared to a city that has marked the march of time for more than twenty-six centuries—a visit to Rome is a review of the centuries comprising our Christian era.

Nov. 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th

Arrived last evening in Naples after sundown. To arise in the morning and look out of a window of Hotel Santa Lucia and see the beautiful bay of Naples just before us, sparkling in the morning sunlight was truly delightful; and one is less apt to neglect his morning prayer of gratitude for God's blessings. Stepping out of the hotel on a quay just in front, one sees clearly outlined against the morning sky old Vesuvius, her crater, 4,000 feet above us, emitting great clouds of steam. It has been active, we are told, for the past forty or fifty days, but not dangerously so,—still one is reminded of its fierce frolics in the past.

We left for Pompeii by electric tram, arriving shortly, and entered the dead city. I was surprised by the

immensity of the place and its many straight, narrow, paved streets between uncovered ruins, in excellent state of preservation. Silence now reigns where nearly two thousand years ago was a city of activity near the sea, a fashionable resort of rich Romans. One enters spacious courts within roofless houses, many with frescoes still remaining on the walls in a remarkable state of preservation; old arches, broken columns, lead water conduits, all revealing a life of centuries ago. When one walks the streets of this buried city of the first century and views the palaces of these pagans, seeing splendid examples of their art and also obscene exhibits of their lust, one is filled with a feeling of both admiration and disgust.

We went on to Cava and spent the night, leaving next morning for Vittra by the way of electric tram; and there we found awaiting us, as per engagements with Thomas Cook and Sons, a rather dilapidated carriage and horses with which we proceeded to drive to Amalfi. We drove along the sea for miles and usually at an elevation of from 300 to 500 feet, overlooking the charming Mediterranean, its deep blue waters sparkling in the morning sun. We reached picturesque Amalfi at noon. The village is beautifully situated on the face of a high cliff overlooking the sea. We visited the Capuchin Hotel, an old monastery of bygone days with a beautiful little chapel and cloister and a splendid long pergola from which the monks of other days looked out to sea and upon the village below. One could quite imagine their life as being free from ambition, care, and strife, their peaceful existence only broken into by the occasional tolling of the bells in the stone towers by the sea, giving

warning of pirates. It was here that our beloved poet, Longfellow, spent many a day and his poem "Amalfi" most charmingly describes the scene.

After lunch we proceeded on our way with fresh horses and vehicle, bound for Sorrento. En route our team gave out, and a lively discussion in Italian took place between the driver and our courier as to any payment being due owing to an uncompleted journey; a discussion resulting in much loud language and gymnastics, the courier finally drawing a revolver and offering to settle in that manner. The driver apparently did not care to accept lead coinage, but instead rapidly disappeared with horses and carriage down the hill and around the corner of the rocks. With three more exchanges of driver, horses, and vehicle, and much walking up hills we late in the evening arrived at Sorrento.

Last evening in walking some miles of the distance to Sorrento over an excellent but mountainous roadway, I was reminded of a time I jumped from a train that had just pulled out of Port Antonia in Jamaica, late in the afternoon, expecting to engage a carriage to drive me across the Isle to Kingston from which port the ship sailed that night at 10:00 o'clock. Vehicles were to be had but none possessed enough good horse-flesh to convey me actively and promptly enough the required eighteen miles; therefore, I necessarily walked. It was a wonderful night, fortunately with a bright full moon, making it easy to follow the splendid roadway through the enchanting tropical scene; I shall never forget it as viewed in the moonlight, nor the quaint droll song chanted by the native women, their bodies in rhythmic movement with the song, as they carried on their heads large

baskets of vegetables and fruits to the early morning market at Kingston. By much hurrying I made the boat just before sailing.

Sorrento, with its vineclad terraces, is beautifully and picturesquely situated on the heights overlooking the Bay of Naples; it is a splendid resort with excellent hotels, and is known for its laces and inlaid woodwork. By steamer we sailed to the Isle of Capri, visiting the renowned Blue Grotto which is only accessible in a calm sea; and even then one must lie down in the small boat as the native fisherman punts it through the small low opening into the cave. The colors of its waters are quite beyond description; exquisite blues of every shade, luminous, iridescent, silvery, with a sheen like that of satin. The waters, however, of the Mediterranean are of the most beautiful blue shades. Coral beads are sold exceedingly cheap at Capri by vendors, the prices so low that they tend to depreciate in the minds of the buyers this lovely sea product of marine organism. An excellent dinner of small fried mackerel last evening recalled a happy early breakfast in 1914 with my friends, Dr. Collins and Dr. Pence, at beautiful Clovelly, that quaint little village by the sea in Devonshire.

Naples is the most important seaport of Italy and is charmingly situated on the Bay of Naples, stretching along the water front and adjacent slopes for approximately five miles, its white buildings and red roofs brilliant in the bright sunshine. It is densely populated, its numerous narrow thoroughfares swarming with people, many dressed in bright colors,—idlers and beggars everywhere. We visited the National Museum at Naples, where there is an unusually fine collection of bronzes,

most of them from the ruins of Pompeii. I was particularly impressed by three small statues: Perseus, Narcissus, and The Drunken Faun; also the beautiful bronze bust of Homer, the sculpture and bronzes in my opinion far exceeding the exhibition of paintings in the museum. There were, however, some very interesting frescoes taken from the walls of houses in Pompeii.

Naples is a place of beggars; they call them "professional" beggars; but to designate it as a profession seems quite incongruous. I presume, however, they are graduates from the University of Poverty and probably matriculated at some jail. One old woman beggar sitting before a cathedral interested me very much; small copper coins dropped into her waiting cup were promptly taken by her and deposited in the alms box for the poor of the church. The act had a magical effect on the original giver, such consideration for others awakening increased interest in the old woman and nearly always resulting in a coin of larger denomination being given to this crafty beggar who, of course, then kept it for her own purse. Solicitors of places of defame are plentiful; but this might be expected, for even the National Museum carefully preserves for present and future posterity the original Pompeian frescoes, bronzes, and stone objects—emblematic advertisements of this also profession in the days of old.

A trip to Mt. Vesuvius revealed her emitting great streams of red molten lava flowing from a conical shaped opening in the bottom of the crater some 600 feet below and into which we were peering from the edge of the rim. The ground upon which we stood felt hot and on the sides of the crater were a variety of sulphuric colors.

Lava flowing down the mountain sides has covered it with layer upon layer of rough, dark, cinder-like rock. A great cloud of steam from this Vulcan furnace arose far above the mountain top; and as darkness came on, the light from the hot lava illuminated the ascending cloud to a height of 500 or 1,000 feet. It was an awe-inspiring sight.

I am badly bitten by bugs, fleas, mosquitoes, and what not, quite annoying but perhaps helpful discipline, for I recall from Weston's remark in *David Harum*—"It is well for a dog to have a few fleas for it keeps him from brooding on the fact that he is a dog."

We returned to Rome stopping off to enjoy a day in the picture galleries, Borghese, Prince Barberini, also the Capitoline Museum. The Borghese Gallery contains an especially choice collection of paintings and sculpture. One is held in rapt admiration by the works of Bernini; the "Rape of Proserpine" and "Apollo and Daphne," exquisite marble pieces both done before Bernini was twenty-one years old. Canova's "Pauline" (Napoleon's sister), a reclining statue, is a Venus indeed. One stands enraptured, loath to depart. There were masterpieces by Ribera, Caravaggio, Titian, Raphael, Dolci, Del Sarto, Guido Reni, and others—priceless treasures beautifully displayed in Prince Borghese's Palace within a lovely park. At the Capitoline Museum, the bronze Wolf and Romulus and Remus, which were even described by Cicero before Christ, also the Marble Faun and Innocence, both written of by Hawthorne, and the Dying Gladiator all recall youthful tales that have enchanted many a young reader. Our visit to Rome has been enhanced by another interesting and instructive

day, which strengthened our purpose to come again another day.

We stopped off between trains to visit one of the "Seven wonders of the world," the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Not only is it very interesting, but it is very beautiful architecturally, the Tower, Cathedral, and Battistero forming a very pleasing group in the large open square surrounding them. The Battistero, which is very lovely, has the most remarkable echo I have ever observed. The attendant who had a really splendid voice, which is so common in Italy, would sing an arpeggio, and the echo would resound like a beautiful organ in its tone quality, lasting more than twenty seconds and ending in a perfectly exquisite *pianissimo*.

Genoa has every appearance of a splendid commercial city and is an important seaport. The city rises from the water front toward the summit of the high hills in the background. We were here for a few hours only and obtained but a fleeting glimpse. There is here one of the finest cemeteries in all Italy; it is indeed interesting to note the different manner in which death and grief are beautifully portrayed in bronze and marble, some exceedingly touching.

"Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

Nov. 16th, 17th, 18th

San Remo, where we spent the afternoon and night, is beautifully situated overlooking the lovely waters of the Mediterranean Sea. We journeyed by motor car to Monte Carlo. Passing the French customs officials at the border line between Italy and France was quite annoying, for we were obliged to open our bags and lay out practically everything therein. Arthur, in particular, was compelled to open up every little box containing souvenirs, trinkets, etc., and about ten hours later he showed his temper (big bodies move slowly) at having been obliged to muss up and disarrange everything so methodically placed in his tremendous leather bag. He was looking for a night shirt, when in despair he impatiently threw everything right and left out of his gigantic bag into two heaps upon the floor back of him; clothing, shirts, soiled laundry, toilet articles, souvenirs, and even a lot of safety pins and collar buttons were thrown about the bedroom floor. It took some effort for me to contain myself, for it reminded me of a dog digging into a woodchuck hole and throwing two streaks of earth back of him with his paws. The ride from San Remo to Monte Carlo along the edge of the sea is indeed beautiful.

Monte Carlo is the most beautiful resort I have ever visited—so magnificently situated, so clean, and so perfectly kept, like a splendid private estate with its lawns, trees, shrubs, flowers, walks, and fountains, the care of which is paid for, we are told, by those who “play the game” at the Casino. Arthur and I visited this world-renowned gambling place and watched the money changing hands, chiefly from the players to the company operat-

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ing this institution. My knowledge of the infallibility of percentage in mathematics as against luck held my money in my pocket and the evening was thereby no less enjoyed. The food at Hotel Paris was excellent, especially after our poorer fare in Italy; it cost, however, about four times Italian prices but was really worth it. We were hungry—we ate—we were satisfied—we paid.

From Monte Carlo it is a most enjoyable ride along the coast to Nice, Menton, Cannes; namely, the Riviera to Marseilles. The South of France along the Mediterranean Sea must be a delightful place in which to winter.

The conditions in Italy do not compare very favorably with Switzerland, or even France, in regard to cleanliness, general conditions, etc., especially in the south of Italy. Their trains, their coaches are poor and quite filthy; very little really good fruit is to be had, and the bread is very poor indeed, the latter condition a result of war. Good wine is plentiful and exceedingly cheap. In the south of Italy, Naples, Amalfi, Sorrento, etc., I was greatly annoyed by bugs, fleas, and mosquitoes. Hotels are not screened, and I certainly got my share of each and all. Jonathan Swift said,

“So naturalists observe a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed ad infinitum.”

The Government of Italy has the hotel situation well in hand; the hotels all being classified and rates estab-

lished by the government officials, which are subject to guests' inspection. The rates are very modest as compared to France and Switzerland, where at present they amount to quite, or nearly, as much as at home. In Italy we are charged from thirty to fifty lires per day for a double room, two beds and a bath; being equal, at present rate of exchange, to \$1.20 or \$2.00 per day for two. The lira sells at present for twenty-six to the dollar, a little less than four cents each, as compared with nineteen cents normal. It is also interesting to note that we Americans must come to Europe—Italy, to find hotels at which meals are quite universally served on the old American Plan, table d'hôte, and also the land where "tipping" is forbidden; instead, a reasonable percentage (10%) is added to your bill for service. It is what I have advocated for years and hope some day to see universal in America. To give or receive a tip is in my opinion undignified and degrading and only complied with by many because of custom which someone has said "is the law of fools."

CHAPTER VI

BOUND FOR THE ORIENT

Nov. 20th, 21st, 22nd

At Marseilles we joined a so-called de luxe tour, a party bound for the Orient, numbering six others besides us two and the conductor. We were to have sailed to-day at noon, but the ship was delayed due to exceedingly heavy Christmas mail for India and Australia, which did not arrive by train until afternoon and it required to 6:00 P. M. to load and get away. Next morning when I arose and came on deck, just off the port-bow was the Island of Corsica and shortly the Island of Sardinia was to be seen on the starboard. We passed between the two, a very good view being had of their shorelines, especially through field glasses; both islands appear to be very rocky. We sailed through the narrow passage between Sicily and the toe of Italy the morning of the twenty-second, and had a good view of the City of Messina, but it was too cloudy to see Mt. Etna, some forty miles away. Later in the day it began getting quite windy and rough.

I am reading Murray's Guide Book on India, Burma, and Ceylon; it has a splendid introductory article on

religion, architecture, and things in general, the reading of which adds to one's already eager expectation.

A rough sea during the night, continuing so until in the afternoon when we were to the lee of the Island of Crete. Just a word regarding the service on this ship—one cannot criticize it for there is no service; I do not speak complainingly but merely as a matter of record for one is much happier when on an extended trip of this kind if he adapts himself to the conditions prevailing. At noon today I requested a cup of broth, as I did not feel like going into the dining-room owing to the rough weather, but was informed I could only be served at regular meals in the dining-room unless I had a doctor's prescription. What rubbish! I therefore was compelled to wait until tea time, at 4:00; then had tea and rolls, and enjoyed a good dinner later. I do not, however, enjoy the English system of serving meals aboardship. One must take the different courses as they are served, or sit and wait until something comes along which he wants. I do not care to eat much aboardship, so I therefore spent much time waiting. My Bunkie (Arthur) in bed nearly all day.

The sea is a bit more calm. Am up bright and early, breakfasted, and ready for the day, though there is not much that one can do while at sea. Learned today of a pathetic case in second class cabin. It appears a woman who had lost her husband in the war was en route with her small child (boy) to New Zealand, where her sister lived; the boy came down with the mumps and therefore it became necessary to put them off at Port Said where she will probably have to remain in that strange place without friends until she can later proceed on her journey.

She had little means. The second cabin had raised some £15 and a collection in the first cabin added £120, which will surely be helpful. She has my sympathy. We are due to arrive in Port Said tonight at about 1:30 A.M.

Nov. 25th, 26th

Thanksgiving Day,—and how much we have for which to be thankful. The coaling of the ship awakened me this morning and I found that we were lying at anchor at Port Said, the entrance to the Suez Canal. We went ashore and visited the city once known as the "Cesspool of Europe," and the wickedest city in the world. It still bears a hard name, but seemed quite harmless in the early morning. It is largely a city of wooden structures and here one sees women with veiled faces and black dresses, so unsuited to this hot clime. We sailed at 9:30 A.M. and slowly passed through the canal. En route we saw what is left of El Kantara, the big British base camp for the Palestine campaign; miles of camps, store-houses, and deteriorating and crumbling equipment and supplies. Still a few soldiers and many horses and mules, but now only a remnant of a great bustling military camp of but a short time ago. The canal passes through a flat, sandy desert, and as an engineering feat is simple as compared with Panama, but equally valuable to commerce. The trip of approximately one hundred miles to Suez requires sixteen hours. As evening came on, a gorgeous full moon added a mystic charm to the desert of shifting sand on each side of the canal.

Last evening I gave a Thanksgiving dinner to our party and all seemed thoroughly to enjoy the occasion

and meal. A special menu was served at 8:30 P.M., after the ship's regular dinner was over and it was our typical American Thanksgiving dinner; the turkey was excellent, and everything else as well, and I felt well repaid for my arrangements with the steward, chef, head waiter, etc. The table was decorated with a small American flag. Our party is made up of a splendid lot of people, and I hope all will prove to be good travelers. My thoughts wandered homeward many times during the day as I pictured a happy family enjoying their Thanksgiving in far away California; soon I shall be just on the opposite side of the globe from that point.

This morning I found we had entered the Gulf of Suez, an arm of the Red Sea. On the west was seen a low range of mountains on the Egyptian coast, on which the morning sun and shadows were beautiful to behold; to the east was the Sinaitic Range, of which Mt. Sinai is a part, lying along the coast of the Sinai Peninsula, both plainly visible from the ship. The Red Sea at this point is of special interest to Biblical students as tradition names this place as the scene of the passage of the children of Israel and the destruction of Pharaoh's host. Some authorities, however, place the crossing farther north.

Nov. 27th

During yesterday afternoon our ship entered the Red Sea proper and as the waters widened the shoreline soon disappeared. One is surprised to learn that the Red Sea is approximately fourteen hundred miles long, about five times the length of Lake Huron, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles wide. It has long been

in a state of upheaval; there are today cities that were once on its shores that are now four miles inland.

Deck sports are quite in evidence, in which, however, I do not participate although I feel the need of exercise, for the almost constant walking while sight-seeing Italy had put my muscles in good shape. If I undertake to walk the deck, I soon find myself at the ship's rail gazing out over the sea, which is such an exquisite blue that one could fancy it stained by indigo. Why the nom-de-plume, "Red Sea," I do not know, nor has anyone I have asked been able to tell me; possibly the presence of shallow coral reefs may have at times effected a red hue that suggested the name *Mare Rubrum*.

I am doing some reading preparatory to our visit to Ceylon-India, but only books which I have brought with me are available, as the library aboard ship is very limited, and, in my opinion, not well chosen. I find no books of reference and travel.

Nov. 28th

My thoughts yesterday and today have so often been of the desert, prompted, I suppose, by the sight of the desert with its shifting sands lying each side of the Suez Canal; but it was the recollection of our Great American Desert that memory recalled. A motor trip across that land so remote, so melancholy, so awful and relentless in its burning heat—full of the magnificence of the shimmering mirages, an undefinable something, like water or filmy gauze, its phantom waters gently rippled though not a breath of air stirring, and noiselessly overflowing an illusory landscape—waste sands. The scene will always remain with me and the memory



Sail boat in Suez Canal
Sunset—Indian Ocean



of the trip a fond recollection. What a fine lot of fellows were in that party, clean men on an open air vacation, after two years of faithful service to their Country in war.

I have been interested in noting that due to our traveling south our days have been lengthening. I carefully took the time of sunset at Marseilles—4:55 P.M. and yesterday it was at just 5:22. As a Shriner I presume I should be making my pilgrimage over the hot sands to Mecca—lying just to the east.

Nov. 29th

The moonlight these nights is exquisite in its splendor and serenity. Two nights ago the sun had but disappeared on the horizon and the sky was still tinted in the west by a soft golden glow when to the east the moon arose from her bath in the sea, so to speak, and vied with the sun's retreating splendor by sending across the water that path of silvery sheen which gradually, as the light of day faded, became a great white endless living pathway over which one's thoughts could travel even unto the Pacific, realizing that there, too, at the appointed hour, it would light the way to those we loved on that far away shore.

Last night on deck I awaited those few enchanting, mystic minutes when the moon first appears like a narrow red streak on the horizon, serenely increasing in its majestic magnitude, not a perfect orb—but slightly distorted, due to some optical illusion, and when about three-quarters up its upper portion obscured by a cloud, making it appear like a great transparent tea-cup filled with an amber fluid in which were floating heavier sub-

stances, causing shadows. We are prone to overlook the beauty of the rising moon when at home surrounded by gardens and near at hand loveliness; but at sea, far from land, there is an intimacy enjoyed with the waters and the moon which can only be approached by that exquisite experience of sleeping on the desert in the open, under a clear starry sky; the stars then seem so much nearer to you, and their twinkling lights awaken a greater reverence for the master hand overruling all.

The lower end of the Red Sea narrows to a strait of about two miles in width, leaving which, one sees Perim, an English base with a lighthouse situated on the rocks, which rise some 250 feet, and with an excellent harbor and anchorage. To the eastward we pass several volcanic islands rising out of the sea like great giant sentinels of somber shades and often partly covered by drifts of sand from the deserts of near-by Arabia, whose shore here seems to be made up of drifting sand-dunes with a background of low mountains in the distance. One of these islands particularly interested me as we were nearing Aden, for its modest height was covered by a great rock which resembled a Gothic cathedral, sublimely silhouetted against the sky.

At 3:30 P.M. we dropped anchor at Aden, situated on a rocky peninsula facing the sea and located in the crater of an extinct volcano; it is a great coaling station and heavily fortified. Surely we were in another land, —everything bespoke it; a region of perpetual heat and rocks austere, volcanic, confusedly hurled. The road winds upward from the seaport and through a deep cleft in the rock leads to inland Aden, a city rusty gray

as the sand and soil, with many a hovel roofed with plaited straw and houses with wooden latticed bars, reminding one of an over-sized imposing hen-coop. There are here some interesting ancient tanks hewed in a descending scale in the rocks, in which to store the precious water collected from a meager annual rainfall of three or four inches; neither green grass nor trees are anywhere to be seen; camels and bullocks are the beasts of burden, and goats replace cows; dark skinned men of every hue are numbered among the 50,000 inhabitants, Arabs, Turks, Bedouins, Somalis, Indians, Egyptians, and Parsees; women in flowing robes and with faces covered, children as nature made them, men with little more than breech-cloths, and others in clothes of every color; a strange people with strange customs in a weird place. The main business street was full of cafés or shops with something to sell or barter, and appeared like an impromptu caravansary or fair; miniature shops, with all their stock displayed, cloths of brilliant colors, spices, strange looking eatables; everywhere, men idly sitting about. We met a funeral procession chanting weirdly to "Allah" and bearing on their shoulders a litter of matting on which was the lifeless form wrapped in a winding sheet, a hint to us as we pass of the wide gulf which parts us from the men and things of this land—and the dissimilarity of our origin. That evening as the ship lay at anchor, many dark skinned vendors swarmed about the ship's sides in boats offering their wares for sale, especially ostrich plumes made of four single feathers, which were being sold at 5 shillings, the price lessening proportionably as the time lessened for sailing.

Nov. 30th, Dec. 1st

At sea in the Indian Ocean, weather clear and cool with strong breeze and rather rough sea—many indisposed. I have retained my equilibrium and other things as well, by eating lightly; I am at least proceeding on the theory that “an ounce of prevention, etc.”

Dec. 2nd

Today we cross the sixtieth meridian East and as Los Angeles is approximately 120 West, I am, therefore, diametrically opposite that point. While a world thus separates me from my loved ones and while it would take many days to cover the intervening distance, yet nothing can interfere with immediate flights of one's thoughts to those we love. One can thus paint for himself a mental picture of a happy and comfortable family and enjoy deep emotions and satisfaction in praying for God's continued blessings of health and happiness, and the joy of all being reunited. Just a day or two before leaving home I was again reading Van Dyke's “Little Rivers.” I was so impressed by the following lines that I wrote them down that I might at times on this trip enjoy their perusal,—“But if there were someone above the moon and stars who did know and care, someone who could see the places and the people that you and I would give so much to see, someone who could do for them all of kindness that you and I fain would do, someone able to keep our beloved in perfect peace and watch over the little children sleeping in their beds beyond the sea—What then? Why, then, in the evening hour, one might have thoughts of home that would go

across the ocean by way of heaven and be better than dreams, almost as good as prayers."

What wonderful friends are our favorite authors, there they await us on the pages of memory or on our library shelves; always kindly, willing, patient, and ready to say to us just the things our hearts long for, if we but know them well and turn to the proper pages for their thoughts. Memory recalls a splendid, lovely library, the work of years of careful selection—*now all in ashes*.

Dec. 3rd

Today coming into Bombay, I saw a mother and her two little girls interested in watching the big ship come alongside the dock. One of the little girls insisted that she saw her daddy waiting and waving to them; she waved vigorously in response; the mother thought it quite impossible, for her husband was to meet them at Colombo, but the little girl insisted, and sure enough it was daddy—a father's love had brought him to Bombay to join his family and continue the voyage to Colombo. Their meeting was a touching scene. Thus suddenly and unexpectedly to meet a loved one stimulates one's emotions beyond control, and we are moved to tears of sublime joy. Few men entirely appreciate what a good husband means to a woman,—first, a romance, then a companion and helpmate, and then the father of "our child"—an act of partnership with God in his infinite plan of creation whereby another soul, another life, links ours with eternity.

Dec. 4th

Bombay (Bon Bahia—Fair Bay). We are told that one is fortunate to enter India at this port. As you

approach and enter this beautiful harbor, Bombay, with its fine stone buildings with towers and domes rising above the city, lies to the left on an island some twelve miles in length and but little elevated above the sea. Its seaward end terminates in a barren strip of land called Colabra, lying between the sea and a back-bay. To the right and east, splendid hills arise some 1,000 feet in height, giving a pleasing background to the harbor. Passing close by the ship are picturesque native boats, wide of beam, and of shallow draft like a skimming dish, but with prow narrowing to a sharp point and rising well above the sea; there is a rather short, stout mast from the top of which is swung at a pleasing, rakish angle of about 45° an exceedingly long, flexible, but strong, large bamboo pole—shall I say boom—but if thus designated, you must fancy the sail upside down, so to speak, for the sail is not raised but unfurled and dropped; the sail is triangular in shape, or like a great jib sail, the long side of which is attached to and supported by this suspended bamboo pole, some fifty or sixty feet in length, and the lower corner of the sail is controlled by a rope on deck. By manipulating the bamboo pole and deck line, the sail can be properly trimmed to the wind. The harbor contains much shipping and has a yearly clearance of some 2,500 vessels; the docks are modern, extensive, and substantially built. The dock swarms with natives as you come alongside: some few whose bodies glisten nakedly in the hot bright sun with only a breech-cloth as covering; others with long pieces of cotton draped or wrapped about the body, partly covered and partly exposed; some bareheaded and with heads shaven; others with all sorts of head cover-

ings and brilliant and varied costumes. English army officers with khaki uniforms, pith helmets, rows of service ribbons across their chests, and some wearing that stupid looking monocle (at least as applied to army officers). Parsees, well dressed in suits of pongee silk with a clerical type of coat and wearing a "cloven-foot" type of hat; native dock officials in brilliant red uniforms, long coats, wide leather belts with large brass buckles, on which are inscribed their official titles. Hindus of different castes, for here the stamp of caste is in immediate evidence. Mohammedans, Japs, Jews, Arabs,—a horde of Asiatic humanity. The ship makes fast and the great gangway is swung to place by some hundred natives, and immediately the mail begins to go ashore; later the passengers disembark, after having their passports properly stamped by the port officer. Soon coaling begins, which I observed at some length, after first driving up town and about the city, and rambling afoot through a part of the native quarters, of which I shall speak after our visit to Bombay—some three weeks hence.

With American methods and machinery, the ship could have been coaled in less than an hour and at a saving, I believe, in expense, considering the saving of time; but here coaling is done entirely by manual labor; barges lie alongside, and the coal is carried laboriously on the heads of the natives in baskets of about one bushel capacity, and dumped into a chute in the side of the ship,—a job of drudgery and dirt accomplished after hours of hard toil by ill-clad men and women with hardened feet, over-worked, under-fed, thin of limbs and body, and old beyond their years. Here labor is cheap

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and a low menial occupation is the life of many natives who can never rise above the caste to which they were born and enslaved. How like a bright star of hope America stands forth, where lads of good, though humble and poor, parents may become men of affairs and affluence, even Presidents. One is inclined to offer a silent prayer of thanksgiving for the matchless blessing we Americans enjoy.

Dec. 5th, 6th, 7th

Again on the Indian Ocean and bound for Colombo. These are beautiful, clear days, weather getting warmer but with soft, cool summer breezes.

A delightful and enlightening experience on board this ship has been the meeting of many Australians. I find them splendid men, sociable, and with a broad view of life, recognizing the traditions, customs, ideals, and virtues of other peoples and nations quite as much as their own. I would epitomize them as "The Yankees of the British Empire." I hope to know more of them and should enjoy a visit to their country. The trouble with the average Englishman, as I see him, is that he is too self-centered, too well satisfied with himself, and needs the enriching experience of overcoming self "and learning from love to conquer love of self," as have many good Englishmen who have gone forth and settled in other lands, away from hidebound British traditions, in the broader open lands of their colonies, where both mind and body expand.

CHAPTER VII

CEYLON IN THE TROPICS

Dec. 8th, 9th

The ship dropped anchor in the harbor of Colombo last evening at about 7:30 and a little later, having reached dock by tender, Arthur and I at once took a rickshaw for Galla Face Hotel. Our first experience in this type of vehicle which is novel, comfortable, and enjoyable.

The first day was consumed almost entirely in shopping. The jewelry merchants of Colombo are surely character studies; their price is one thing, but the amount you pay if a good buyer is quite another. Realizing my lack of knowledge regarding gems, I first found a person upon whom I could rely as to appraisals and valuations, then secured on approval the different stones and pieces of jewelry that interested me, obtained their proper valuation, after which began the fun of dickering with the merchants for the articles desired. They are very shrewd and keen fellows, but also very anxious to do business.

Colombo is a beautiful clean city, attractive, and delightfully situated on the ocean and nearly overshadowed by the luxuriant verdure indigenous to a tropical climate. Early this morning I visited the native

market and during the day rode about considerably in a "rickshaw" forming a general idea of the city,—its inhabitants, customs, etc.

The native women appear modest and retiring and always fully clothed, wearing a skirt usually of bright colored cotton cloth wrapped around their nether parts and a tight fitting white waist generally just short enough so that it does not quite meet the skirt, thus giving an interesting natural waist line. Occasionally the nose is decorated by gold studs fastened in the sides of the nostrils; they also wear earrings, or ornaments that are so heavy that the lobe of the ear is greatly elongated and drawn out of shape. As for the native men, some are nude except for a cloth draped about their loins, their skin rubbed with cocoanut oil glistening in the sun; others effect a skirt by winding a piece of cotton cloth usually white or of bright color around their waists. They are splendid looking fellows, erect, slim, graceful, and lithe, and able to draw one in a rickshaw at a good steady trot for an hour or two at a time. The children look bright, attractive, and happy; the little ones and babies being usually carried astride their mothers' waists on the hip and often entirely naked. Naked boys up to 5 or 7 are not unusual, but rarely little girls. An amusing incident is boys running beside one's rickshaw singing Tipperary and ending by crying "no faddah"—"no moddah"—"no ricie"—patting their tummies begging, "Baksheesh"—"Baksheesh." Their numbers suggest many orphans—or many fibs.

As far as I can observe the natives of Colombo seem well fed and happy, and fortunately not distressed by any cold weather. This winter the climate is ideally

warm, not hot and with a gentle cool breeze off the ocean.

The food in the hotel is excellent and beautifully served by Singhalese male servants, dignified, quite superior, and capable, with good intelligent features; all wearing circular shell combs (horse-shoe shape) which simply rest on the tops of their heads, the open part of the comb forward, their long black shiny hair being fastened in a small knot on the back of their heads. As they all dress in a skirt-like garment, they appear rather half man—half woman. The Singhalese represent nearly three-fourths of the population (2,700,000), among which are many of affluence and wealth. There are approximately 1,000,000 Tamils, and coolies, and only 7,600 Europeans.

Dec. 10th, 11th, 12th

These three days were devoted to a motor trip to Nuwara Eliya, Kandy, Perideniya, and return,—some 235 miles. We left promptly the morning of the 10th at 7:30 o'clock.

It was delightful in the early morning to be driving thru this beautiful, tropical country, cheered by a bright warm sun and a refreshing breeze. Everywhere along the splendid highway natives were met carrying articles of sale to the markets: vegetables, fruits, bundles of wood, straw, or hay, and occasionally pieces of native pottery—all equally well and artistically balanced on their heads, their bodies erect and straight and moving with an easy swinging stride. Now and then one would carry his load of bananas or chickens in large mesh baskets, hung on the ends of a long flexible pole carried

on the shoulder. There were also many who seemed to be but idle or listless wanderers along the road—mendicants; for in Ceylon the hand is often extended in supplication—someone has said that there are many types of “palms” but that the “supplicating palm” was the most touching; and here they are very plentiful. The large, slow-moving, thatch-covered, two-wheeled native carts, heavily loaded and drawn by two bullocks hitched thereto by a straight log-like yoke, were constantly drawing to one side to allow us to pass. Every two or three miles we would pass thru a tiny native village of a dozen or so little huts close beside the road, and with little shops, around the open fronts of which would be gathered a few natives apparently in no hurry, and with nothing to do, squatting on their haunches, which seems to be their natural manner of resting. The houses or huts with no windows are built of hand-made clay bricks, mud-plastered then white-washed, the roofs thatched with plaited palm-leaves or occasionally with sun-baked clay tiles. Outside of Colombo and thruout the country side in general, the men rarely wear anything other than a piece of burlap or fancy colored cloth, usually plaid, and about two feet by three feet in size, which they wrap about their loins; often they wear only a breech cloth. The women, however, are mostly dressed as those I described in Colombo; but in the country, quite often their bodies are covered by cloths of dull brick red, yellow, orange, purple, or stripes and dull plaids combining these shades—loosely draped about the body, drawn tight about the waists, and tucked in, having required no thread, needles, pins, nor buttons in their making. Along the roadside, too, are to be seen men and women alike



Landscape—Ceylon
Village scene “



primitively breaking large rocks into small pieces for road repairing, sitting on a pile of broken stones, sometimes shaded by a piece of plaited palm leaf, wielding a hammer in their hands and often holding the rock between their feet.

To an American this is all a new picture, something he may have read about in books—a sort of parade of chocolate-colored people with straight black hair, sometimes cut, sometimes long, and often shaved off leaving but a small topknot; old bareheaded bald men wrinkled and with long gray beards and hairy chests, and scantily clothed. Women sit or squat on the ground before their huts in the warm sun, combing one another's hair and picking out "cooties." Men and women, whose teeth and lips are stained a bright red by the constant chewing of the betel nut. The natives in general give the impression of doing as little work as possible and with little or no responsibility. One is impressed by the few white men he sees, the island being given over almost entirely to the "dark man"; that is, to live and work in, but ruled by the white, for England has a great pride in her imperial destiny to govern other people for their own good.

We lunched at noon-day (tiffin) at a "Rest-House"; these are government owned bungalows, which are kept neat and clean by their caretaker and at which one may secure food and drink or be given a lodging, the guest usually supplying his own bedding (sheets, blankets, and pillows). This is a commendable system, especially as applied to the smaller places, and thereby assures travelers a uniformly clean lodging place, entirely independent of native quarters. After a short midday rest we were again on our way and soon steadily climbing into a beau-

tiful mountainous country, gradually losing some of its more tropical appearance and vegetation and now more semi-tropical or like our southern temperate zone, but with abundant vegetation as Ceylon has plentiful rainfall, in parts as much as 200 inches annually. As we proceeded to the uplands, tea plantations were seen on every side and the beautiful green foliage of the tea shrubs, planted so their branches nearly meet, are exceedingly charming, covering hillsides and mountains. For miles and miles we continue over roads of constant S curves, hair-pin turns, reverse curves, etc., more turns to the mile than I have ever before experienced in my thousands and thousands of miles of motoring. We are constantly passing thru great tea plantations, rising up the hillsides on one side of the road and down deep into the ravines or narrow valleys on the other. Occasionally, groups of Indian coolies, men, women and children, are seen picking the green tea leaves. Their pay is meager, 30 to 40 cents a day for women, and 40 to 50 cents for men (India coinage), equalling in our money $\frac{1}{4}$ that amount, or approximately 55 cents and 75 cents (American money) per week. They are issued $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel of rice weekly per capita as food, the cost of which is deducted from their scant earnings; they must however work not less than five days per week in order to draw their rice ration, sickness the exception. We are told that many were brought from India, and the cost of bringing becomes an indebtedness against them, a burden which must be worked off; and if they wish to seek a new master it can only be accomplished by their debt being transferred with them. To me this appears quite like the peon system of Mexico, but I do not state this authoritatively, judg-

ing only from remarks. We visited a tea factory presided over by a nice appearing, intelligent Englishman, who with two assistants and three clerks comprise all the European whites on that estate owned by an English Company, and 1,000 acres in extent, employing 800 coolies. He informed us that one laborer per acre was ideal conditions and that it cost about $10\frac{1}{2}$ pence (21c) per lb. average to produce tea at the factory and 1s.-2p., packed and laid down at London or 28c a lb. These U.S. figures I have given are based on normal exchange. I was also interested in learning that tea should not be used until six months or one year after packing and that tea should not be steeped as is usually done in England but, instead, hot water poured over the dry tea which is allowed to stand not more than three minutes, and then poured, which is quite in keeping with our American custom and method. Ceylon in 1875 exported 282 lbs. of tea and in 1915 over two hundred million pounds.

We spent the first night at Nuwara Eliya, situated 6,200 feet above sea level and beautifully surrounded by mountains. In these higher regions of Ceylon, in fact everywhere, one remarks the abundance of streams and rivers; apparently high up the mountain sides springs abound in great quantities, for even where the road skirts the higher passes along its side will be a splendid clear mountain stream fed by many tiny brooks, flowing from springs among the mountains.

The following day, the 11th, we passed thru country quite similar to that of yesterday afternoon—tea plantations everywhere. About Nuwara Eliya, however, one saw thousands of rhododendrons, some 12 or 15 feet high or more, with trunks 6 inches thru and surely many,

many years old. It must be a gorgeous sight to see them covered with the bloom of their crimson flowers.

The second evening was spent at Kandy, a charming place picturesquely situated on the banks of an artificial lake surrounded on all sides by precipitous hills. It is the summer home of the Governor of Ceylon. Here is located the far-famed temple of the sacred tooth; supposed to be the tooth of Guatama-Buddha, and brought to Ceylon about 300 A.D.; history states that the Portuguese discovered and took the tooth away and further that it was destroyed by the archbishop in the presence of the Viceroy in 1560; but the Buddhists deny this and continue to make great pilgrimages, walking many miles to visit this sacred shrine and worship before this revered molar, some 2" long and 1" in diameter and more nearly resembling the tooth of a crocodile than that of a man. However, if they are happy in their ignorance, it is not for me to condemn, but rather to give thanks to God that it was my good fortune to have been born in a more enlightened land of this great sphere.

Sunday, the 12th, was spent visiting the beautiful botanical gardens at Peradeniya near Kandy, and also driving back to Colombo. The specimen trees, shrubs, vines, etc., at Peradeniya are beautiful indeed, the finest in Ceylon. The *Amherstia nobilis* is the most beautiful of flowering trees, and surpasses any I have ever seen; the flower is like a great cluster of ten or twelve lovely pink, lavender orchids with yellow centres. There was also a superb, majestic tree with dense foliage, bearing beautiful, tulip-like flowers of orange color; and there were many other interesting and beautiful specimens. Palms, including the stately royal palms, bamboo, rubber

trees, begonias, and other vines, and a most interesting collection of spice trees, cinnamon, clove, allspice, nutmeg, etc., altogether form a very instructive and enjoyable public garden or park.

As we again return to the low-lands, so called, considerable rice is grown, tho not enough for the island's consumption. These terraced paddy fields, flooded with water and covered with the growing rice of a light green color, are very pleasing. The water buffalo is employed by the natives in working these paddy fields and also for puddling or milling the clay before it is pressed by hand into bricks by the natives. Elephants also are made use of as beasts of burden, especially for extra heavy work, and I am informed are valued at 2000 to 5000 rupees, equalling \$500 to \$1250, at present rate of exchange.

The principle fruits are the pineapple, bananas, jack-fruit, papia, bread fruit and mangoes. The bananas are small in size like those in Cuba, and sell at about $1\frac{1}{2}$ rupees or 40c (U.S.) per bunch. Cocoanuts are grown extensively.

Arthur occupied the front seat of the auto and Mr. P and myself the rear; Mr. P was often in that semi-conscious condition of being neither asleep nor yet awake, head nodding up and down like the top of a leaning cocoanut tree swayed by the breezes. To one in such a comatose condition, the scenery must, as it rapidly passes, be a spasmodic, panoramic cinema, unconnected and with many sudden interruptions. The 13th and 14th were spent in and about Colombo.

CHAPTER VIII

CASTE-DEPRESSED INDIA

Dec. 15th

Early on the morning of the 15th, after an all-night ride in a sleeper, we reached Talai Mannaar; whence we ferried to Dhanusked, a distance of 25 miles by steamer, and are now on the mainland of India close to its southern extremity. There were at least a hundred or more natives termed "Tamils" returning to India from the tea plantations of Ceylon. We are told there is a daily backwards and forwards ebb and flow of these quaint, ill-looking, and low-caste people. There were men, women, and children. I saw a child not more than two years old with ornaments in the ear that were so heavy that it had distorted the lobe to a length of at least two inches with a great ugly slit therein from which hung a large crude ornament—a wicked barbaric practice. The country in this vicinity is rather dreary; sandy near the coast line and gradually developing into miles of paddy fields, growing rice, the chief food supply of India. As we ride thru this low, level country, miserable Indian villages are seen here and there along the railroad; mud hovels with thatched roofs of palm leaves or rice straw, with no windows, and with earth floors—so unsanitary that no

decent American farmer would house his animals therein. In such homes live millions of India's population; eking out a beastly existence, laboriously tilling the soil with cattle of a poor type or wallowing in their wet paddies, the air permeated with humidity, planting or caring for their rice, and returning after a hard day's work to munch a little poor food in a place of squalor and to sleep an unrefreshing sleep on the dirt floor or wooden bunk of their hovels, often their bodies racked by malaria or fever; an illiterate people in a land where less than 10% of the male and 1% of the female population can read and write, hedged in by religious superstitions and ignorance. It is estimated that the land under cultivation does not exceed one acre per capita and of this approximately $\frac{1}{3}$ is devoted to growing crops for export—jute, oil seed, cotton, etc., so that India, which imports very little, actually feeds and poorly and partially clothes itself on $\frac{2}{3}$ acres of cultivated land per capita. (I am indebted to Prof. F.A. Ogg—U. of W. for these statistics.) Only the soil's fertility, and economy of food consumption to the point of starvation make this possible. We reach Madura, a city of 150,000 population, only 50 of whom are Europeans, about noon and after lunch visit its far famed temple built in 1625 and approximately 859 x 730 feet in area within its outer walls, and surmounted and surrounded by nine Gopurams—high towers, the highest of which is 152 ft., of Hindu architecture prodigally adorned and covered by myriads of figures. The entrance of the temple is taken up on both sides by little stalls, at which all sorts of gay wares and frivolous articles of jewelry are offered for sale, which at once destroys any feeling of reverence; one of the innumerable sacred

cows of India precedes us and a horde of beggars follow close to our heels as we wander thru and inspect the inner courts, corridors, and halls. The temple is comprised of many courts and corridors, the latter looking particularly menacing at night when dimly lighted by tiny oil and wick lights. One of the courts contains a large tank ("tank of the golden lilies") of vile looking water, at which worshipers bathe and even drink the so-called holy water, also besmearing their foreheads with the ashes of cow dung. Here and there are shrines, some so sacred to the Hindus that we Christians may not enter, and containing idols and gods of all sorts. One has a feeling of pity mingled with one of revulsion and disgust for these poor ignorant natives. As a whole these supposedly sacred temples appeared to me to lack sanctity, being the gathering place of beggars who exhibit more sincerity and faith in their petitions to us for alms than in the God they worship; at least this is true in our presence. Men, women, and babies in arms are lying asleep on the dirty floor of this profaned temple of worship. One of the striking features of the temple is the hall of 1,000 pillars (actually 997) perfect in symmetry and of marvelous elaboration but bewildering in design.

We also visited the palace of Firumala Nayak, the builder of the temple now a fine public building. One enters immediately into an imposing open court surrounded by pillars of magnificent proportions, back of which is a corridor from which entrance is had to the different rooms. Here are the criminal and justice courts, and one is impressed by the fact that here, to all alike, high or low caste, justice is honorably meted out in accordance with English customs.



Temple at Madura
Vandiyur Teppa Kulam

To me the most charming scene in Madura is the fine "Vandiyur Teepa Kulam" or sacred tank; an artificial tank of water some 1,000 feet square, enclosed by a great granite parapet which is vertically striped with paint in dull brick red and white, and containing a small templed island in the middle. Great pilgrimages are made to these holy waters which the Hindus believe possess cleansing and healing properties. Even our guide, an intelligent appearing fellow, when asked to whom he would go in case of a smallpox epidemic to protect his children—to the doctor and have them vaccinated, or to this great tank of water, promptly replied "the water." Let no one hesitate to contribute to the medical missionary; for there is still much need of his unselfish devotion to mankind.

As we drove up one of the principal streets, unpaved and dirty, we saw the preparations for a funeral. Half a dozen ill-clad men were playing music of a melancholy strain on tom-toms and wind pipes, and dancing about; but at once, upon seeing us, they began playing and dancing more vigorously for our edification and amusement and for the coins they begged: the dead would wait; the living would move on, likewise their opportunity to beguile a few coins from us Americans. The funeral bier was completed when we passed later, a bamboo litter covered with palm leaves and adorned with flowers ready for the corpse to take its journey to the burning Ghat.

After a poor supper, I crawled into an uncomfortable bunk in our private car and tho it was not a restful night I thanked God when I thought of the hovels in which lived the teeming thousands I had seen during the day.

Dec. 16th

This morning at six we were switched on a siding at Trichinopoly junction. The breakfast not being appetizing, our feast must be other than food. The city proper is some three miles away. Ramshackle equipages carried us thither. What a contrast this—India to Ceylon. In Ceylon the native hut is surely crude, but at least appears habitable to man; but here they are miserable mud-walled hovels, many with low openings thru which those who enter must crawl. The inhabitants are a much lower looking type, their manner of living despicable. The streets are filthy, and everything poor and disorderly.

The Trichinopoly fort is a fort in name only, for it is no longer used for such purposes but given over entirely to small cave temples, shrines, and many idols. One ascends by a covered passageway up steep, rock steps, striped red and white, to a pavilion surmounting the great rock 236 feet in height, from which is obtained a splendid panoramic view of the plains of India—a vast, flat expanse of country covered with rice paddies and banana plantations as far as the eye can see. A group of natives were coming to one of the upper shrines of the rock to worship, playing tom-toms, reed instruments of bagpipe tone quality, and small cymbals. Upon seeing us they were immediately distracted from their purpose, and played weird music for our amusement and to their enrichment by a few annas (baksheesh). The temple bell was ringing at the moment, which lent a pleasing tone-color to the unusual and unique music which had no perceptible motive and an indefinite ending and which, coupled with the loosely draped coverings of many colors and the odd head trappings worn by the performing

chocolate-colored natives, gave the scene a charming Oriental character.

Near the fort the first Protestant English Church was established in 1765 by Rev. C. F. Swartz, a distinguished Danish missionary and oft times an important intermediary between the native sovereign princes or chieftains and the British government. His field of activity also extended to Tanjore and elsewhere, a pioneer blazing Christ's way into a jungle of superstition, ignorance, and idolatry. But we came to visit another great temple, Svi Rangam, 1669-70. Within its inner walls, some half-mile square, are contained many buildings, dwellings, bazaars, etc. Taken altogether it is far less imposing than the Madura Temple, as the inhabited area distracts from the temple proper; but they are uniformly alike in their squalor; beggars are many, grotesque, and repulsively deformed, and there is a noticeable lack of sanctity as viewed by an American. After visiting the temples at Madura and Trichinopoly, one feels that their original builders were prompted by a religious fervor or conception to which they wished to give magnificent architectural expression, coupled with the desire to rear imposing monumental edifices to their own glorification, edifices which have since been allowed to deteriorate, and which sorely need Christ's presence to upset the tables of the money changers, drive out the petty merchants, purge the temple of its filth and idols, and establish it as a place of "Holiness unto the Lord."

Dec. 16th—P.M.

Here at Tanjore we find an Indian temple such as I had fancied; a beautiful Dravidian structure, both pleas-

ing and imposing in its architectural design, not as large in area as the temple at Madura or Trichinopoly, but more symmetrical and much more artistic and charming in its character; free from a maze of pillars and a labyrinth of corridors; with an atmosphere of quietude inviting worship; no bazaars are contained herein, and we are not annoyed by a beggarly horde interfering with our peaceful and reflective enjoyment. The entire open quadrangle of the great pagoda is paved with red brick, the same dull shade as the stone of the temple and Gopurams, and it contrasts sharply in its cleanliness with the temples at Madura and Trichinopoly. Entrance is had after crossing the moat which surrounds the wall of the fort, and gives the great pagoda a charming setting. We passed under two Gopurams, each containing large relief figures of Darwara Palakas or "gate keepers". Two such statues invariably stand sentinel, one at each side of all entrances to Hindu temples, and supposedly convey a message of warning. Each is portrayed as having four hands, the upraised forefinger of the lower right hand signifies: "Sinners must not enter here." The wide open palm of the upper hand threatens: "I smite those who disobey my orders". We are now within the inner enclosure of the temple, 415 by 800 feet, and surrounded by cloister chapels, each containing lingums of various sizes. One's attention is immediately attracted by the gigantic Nandi (Bull) sculptured from a solid block of black granite and shining in its anointed oil; it is approximately 20 feet long, 12 feet high, and 8 feet 6 inches broad.

It is the great Siva temple beyond, however, that fascinates us, and commands our attention. Authorities

say: "It is the best specimen of the style of architecture peculiar to India, south of Madras". Ninety-six feet square at its base, and attaining a total height of 215 feet, it rises perpendicular in four stories of pleasing proportion, and then pyramidically, gradually diminishing in size for an additional ten stories, crowned by a huge monolithic dome-shaped top and above this a golden spiked finial. It is covered by innumerable carved figures and symbols and on its base is a long inscription in Tamil characters of the fourth century, giving the history of the building of the temple, etc. (the temple having been built 1509-30 by its founder Rajah Rajah I). The gigantic rock for the dome was conveyed four miles up an inclined plane to the summit of the temple, a feat requiring twelve years of strenuous labor. The Subrammania shrine near by is much smaller than the temple to Siva, but is of no less importance in its beauty, and is covered with exceedingly delicate and exquisite carving. Ferguson says: "It is as exquisite a piece of architecture as is to be found in the south of India and, tho small, divides our admiration with the temple itself." At Madura the temple seemed desecrated, at Trichinopoly commercialized, but at Tanjore deified.

We were fortunate in having a splendid guide—A. Johns—whose grandfather was a converted Hindu, a Christian, his father following in the same faith and rearing his son to do likewise. He was very intelligent and spoke excellent English, his words being carefully chosen. I had an interesting discussion with him regarding the Christian missionaries, about which I shall speak later.

Dec. 17th, 18th, 19th

En route to Bombay we visited Madras, which city was the site of the earliest important settlement of the original East India Company. This port has a yearly tonnage of nearly two million tons. The city lies in the track of cyclones, with serious casualties and property loss resulting at intervals.

We drove to Marina, the fashionable drive and promenade of the city, where most of the public buildings are situated, also visiting the parks and the environs. According to traditions commonly believed, it is claimed that on a hill near the city the Apostle St. Thomas was martyred in 68 A. D. Inscriptions on stone, in a dialect of the district, allude to the martyrdom of the Apostle in India. At all events, it is interesting to have a Christian character attached to India's religious lore, in lieu of one of their innumerable gods.

It is about a thirty-six hours' journey by train from Madras to Bombay, where we arrived on the morning of the nineteenth. After bathing and refreshing ourselves at the hotel, we in the afternoon visited the Elephanta Cave Temple on an island some seven miles away, going and returning by sailboat.

The caves are about 250 feet above the sea and are approached by stone steps, on which one may walk or be carried in sedan chairs by Indian coolies. It is a great low-vaulted temple with large columns, and was hewn in the solid rock some time in the eighth century. Within is a colossal bust of Siva, which immediately attracts our attention; it is three-headed, representing him in the characters of Brahma, the Creator; Rudra, the Destroyer; and Vishnu, the Preserver. The place is filled with

many stone images representative of Hindu theology, or mythology (I don't know which). Murray says:—"The modern Hindu worship and theology is a development of Brahmanism. There is one impersonal and spiritual Being which pervades everything—one God, called Brahma. His three personal manifestations are as Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; and Siva, the Destroyer and Reproducer. Brahma, the Creator, is generally represented with four heads and four arms; Vishnu holds a quoit in one hand, a conch shell in another, sometimes a mace or club in another, and a lotus flower in a fourth. He is said to have come down to the earth nine times and is expected a tenth time. Devotion to Vishnu in his human incarnations of Rama and Krishna (who were real men) is the most popular form of the Hindu religion in India. His descents upon earth were for the delivery of men from the three-fold miseries of life; namely, (1) from lust, anger, avarice, and their evil consequences; (2) from beasts, snakes, and wicked men; (3) from demons. Vishnu has power to elevate his worshipers to eternal bliss in his own heaven. Siva is the chief God of the Hindu priests, and is also the impersonation of the reproductive power of nature; Siva holds in his four hands a trident, an antelope, a noose for binding his enemies, and a kind of drum; and he wears a tiger's skin about the loins. He is a less human and more mystical god than Vishnu.

"The Hindu theory of transmigration of souls arises from the belief that evil proceeds from antecedent evil, and that the penalty must be suffered in succeeding existences. According to Hindu belief there are eighty-four lakhs (8,400,000) of different species of animals through

which the soul of a man is liable to pass, and the Hindu's object is to get rid of the series of perpetual transmigrations, so that he may live in the same heaven with the personal God. To this end he makes offerings to the image of a God—Krishna, Ganesh, or Kali being the most generally selected; he abstains from killing any animal; he gives money to the priests; and does penance which sometimes extends to severe bodily torture. In practice he fears the priests and demons and the loss of caste. Demons have to be propitiated, the caste rules strictly kept, and the priests presented with gifts. Great care has to be taken not to eat food cooked by a man of inferior caste; food cooked in water must not be eaten together by people of different castes; and the castes are entirely separated with regard to marriage and trades."

One wonders how it is possible for a Hindu to keep track of all the different castes, sub-castes, gods, demons, etc., and is reminded of the story of the colored man who was exhorted by a negro Methodist parson to "Jine de army of de Lohrd," and who replied, "Ise done jined the Baptis Church." "Why, chile," said the preacher, "yuh ain't in de army; yuh's in der navy."

Travelers are cautioned that all except Hindus are outcasts, contact with whom may cause a loss of caste to a Hindu. They should not touch any cooking or water-holding utensils belonging to a Hindu, nor disturb them at their meals; and under no circumstances should they approach any holy place if objection is made.

Dec. 20th

Bombay is a great commercial centre, and as eastern cities go, is attractive. It has splendid public buildings,

a beautiful sea front with a lovely drive along it, and some very palatial houses. Unfortunately the streets are poorly paved as a whole and not kept clean. The better districts are dusty and elsewhere filthy. Bombay became prosperous during the Civil War, this port then controlling the cotton market of the world; fabulous fortunes were acquired and a great commercial city established. There are at present some eighty cotton mills employing nearly 200,000 of its million inhabitants. Early this morning I visited the native market where everything from mustard to monkeys is offered for sale. The fruits were beautifully arranged and looked tempting; fresh vegetables of every variety were in evidence and all offered by their owners who sat squatting among them. The meat was not inviting and was offered in anything from scraps to half-carasses; it is killed very early in the morning and sold the same day, no refrigerator facilities being available. The Parsees, a people distinct from the Hindus and Mohammedans, and originally of Persian extraction, represent the most intelligent, enterprising, and wealthy residents of Bombay. Visitors are always interested in the Parsee's Cemetery or the "Towers of Silence." We visited these today; they are situated in a lovely garden on top of Malabar Hill overlooking the city and sea, a perfectly plain, round, concrete structure about 25 feet high and 90 feet in diameter, and open on top to the elements. Around the outer edge one sees a row of vultures sitting quietly and patiently awaiting their daily repast. While there we saw a funeral procession arrive, the participants arrayed in white robes; first came the "four carriers" of the dead bearing their burden, next two white bearded

priests, followed by the mourners. After a brief service in a chapel adjoining the towers, the mourners take their leave and the body is then borne to the open top of the tower, burial clothes removed, then laid in one of the many open grooves. The attendants then leave the body to be devoured in less than an hour by the hundreds of vultures awaiting their gruesome feast, plying their loathsome vocation. Days later, after the bones are bleached in the sun, they are thrown into a circular well in the centre of the tower to be reduced to ashes by the elements, and thus rich and poor alike, meet at this grave.

We visited another cemetery,—the burning Ghat of the Hindus. Here were to be seen several fires, burning piles of wood between iron uprights upon which corpses were burning, with two others lying on the ground awaiting their final reduction to ashes. These methods of disposing of the dead gave me a creepy feeling and yet both are surely sanitary. Yet who in America could entrust their dead to such a funeral? The day, as a whole, upset my equilibrium and I retired to an unrefreshing sleep, indisposed and annoyed by mosquitoes, for even the best hotels are not screened.

Dec. 21st

Wandered about native quarters and bazaars, for it is here that we really see life as it is lived by the great majority. There were tiny shops everywhere; for example, one 3 feet wide and 7 feet deep selling perfumes; another 4 feet by 8 feet selling stationery, ink, pencils, etc.; others with trinkets and jewelry, in fact, all wares imaginable—the proprietors squatting among their mer-

chandise; everywhere filth, and beggars, some sightless, dirty men and women sitting or lying about the sidewalks, often with little children in arms. My heart went out to the little ones whose lives begin so miserably and with so little promise. I saw a little girl about five years old scraping up cow dung from the street with her tiny hand into a receptacle, to be dried later and used for fuel. It is easy to imagine a father's thoughts. One sickens of it all, the filth, the wretchedness, the unpromising future, and would fly to far-off America, God's greatest, blessed land, bestowed upon white men.

Dec. 22nd

Ahmedabad, as history would indicate, may have been, in ancient days, a beautiful city, likewise prosperous; but it is far from attractive at present. Although a city of over 200,000 population, there are no paved streets, no decent hostelry, and it is enveloped in a cloud of dust except during the rainy season. It is, however, of commercial importance, having some seventy cotton mills employing one-fifth of its inhabitants at salaries of approximately 60 rupees (\$15) per month per adult. Its winding, narrow streets are flanked on both sides by the usual native shops and ill-kept houses.

There is here a modern Jain temple, the first we have seen and visited in India. One must remove his shoes and proceed in sandals or stockinged feet, and when once within the temple walls one feels the requirement not unreasonable, for it would appear that Franklin's proverb, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness" was a religious precept with the Jains; that is, as applied to their place of worship. A welcome contrast to the usual filth and

squalor of the Hindu temples of South India. There are also several Mohammedan mosques in Ahmedabad, but hardly of the first importance. Mention, however, should be made of Sidi Saiyads Mosque, a small structure but possessing two arched windows filled with exceedingly exquisite stone tracery in designs of tree stems and branches, all most delicately wrought. An Arabic inscription in another larger mosque, Jami Masjid, impressed me even more than the mosque itself, tho one of the best in Ahmedabad: "This high and far stretching mosque was raised by the slaves who trust in the mercy of God, the compassionate. He alone is to be worshiped; truly mosques belong to God; worship no one else but him."

Towards evening we were afforded a most unique and unusual sight. We were driving along an artificial lake when suddenly we halted, our drivers shouted some unknown words, and soon we were literally surrounded by huge monkeys, a hundred or more friendly chaps greedily accepting nuts and other food supplied us by our guide. They would grasp one's hand containing a quantity of nuts and hang on, while with the other paw they would remove one at a time and eat. There were real old grand-daddy monkeys, friendly mother monkeys carrying their babies in arms, so to speak, and others still suspicious of their far-removed descendant (?), keeping their distance or remaining on the limbs of the trees.

A mosque with by far the most pleasing setting is outside the city proper and is quite the largest—Shah Alam mosque. We passed through its portals at close of day and its two minarets rising above the cloistered

walls present a charming picture silhouetted against the golden western sky.

Dec. 24th

There are days at home that are indelibly and happily imprinted on the pages of our memory. It's likewise on a trip through India; there are days and places that stand out like oases in a desert and our day at Mt. Abu was such. Beautifully situated, a representative hill station of India, and of about 4,500 feet elevation, Mt. Abu is a charming place with restful and attractive environments, including mountains and a beautiful small lake. It is here that is located one of the principal shrines of India—the Dilwarra Temple. Colonel Erskine befittingly paid tribute to and described this Jain temple as follows: "Amongst all these lavish displays from the sculptor's chisel two temples, namely those of Adinath and Nem-nath, stand out as pre-eminent and especially deserving of notice and praise, both being entirely of white marble and carved with all the delicacy and richness of ornament which the resources of India art, at the time of their creation, could devise. The amount of ornamental details spread over these structures in the minutely carved decorations of ceilings, doorways, pillars, panels, and niches, is simply marvelous, while the crisp, thin translucent shell-like treatment of the marble surpasses anything seen elsewhere, and some of the designs are just dreams of beauty. The general plan of the temples with their recesses and corridors lends itself very happily in bright weather to varied effects of light and shade, with every change in the sun's position". The large central dome and those before each of the many

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shrines, in the surrounding cloister, are gems of exquisite stone carvings. The designs are diversified and numerous, some with richly carved, delicate pendent-like forms, others of artistic, conventional designs, geometrically faultless, nearly any one of which could be rightly termed an art treasure. The graceful arches are also treated with equally accurate and marvelous chiseling, the marble appearing alabaster-like. All this entrancing loveliness was created centuries ago, in 1032, long before America was dreamed of. Even at that time, when labor received scarcely any recompense, one of these temples cost \$50,000,000. Not even a remote corner is left uncarved and one is impressed with the thought that to those who wrought, it was a labor of love and devotion.

"In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part;
For the Gods see everywhere."

(And I would add the beautiful moral that follows in this poem) :

"Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen;
Make the house, where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire, and clean."

Dec. 25th

We were at a remote junction point in India, Chitorgarh, at sunrise this morning when Arthur and I

awakened, shivering in our bunks, wished one another a "Merry Xmas", each knowing in his heart the emptiness of the salutation under the circumstances. The best place in the world to be on Christmas Day is home. To be far away from our loved ones on this festive day is indeed a sacrifice. The disappointment of the morning was softened in the afternoon by a pleasant boat ride on Lake Pichola at Udaipur, most picturesquely surrounded by mountains on every side and with two islands especially attractive because of their charming summer palaces and walled gardens. The day was fading when our two boats were rowed along shore, they having been lashed together to enable our most gentle, interesting, and intelligent guide, Lakshmi-Lal, a Hindu, to discourse to our party. The rugged mountains to the west were sharply outlined against the golden sky and to the east appeared the full moon in all her majestic glory, a moonlight equaling a dim daylight.

The evening meal took on quite a Christmas appearance. The ladies had prepared a Xmas Tree (deciduous, not conifer) which was decorated and surrounded with trinkets—playful gifts, one to another. The manager of the hotel entered into the spirit of the occasion, suitably decorating the table and serving a most palatable meal; fitting toasts were drunk; Auld Lang Syne, Home Sweet Home, and America were sung; and thus we ended the day to retire with the heart still unsatisfied filled with a deep longing for home.

Dec. 26th

We drove in queer, uncomfortable, dilapidated, two-wheeled Tonga carts about the environs of Udaipur,

visiting Udai Sagara Lake and the Sa Bari, or Slave Garden. The garden, attractively laid out and largely planted with roses, contains some splendid trees, and is well worth a visit. Driving to the palace we passed through a most interesting street, crooked, hilly, on both sides of which were shops, houses, and temples. Many were decorated with unusual and striking frescoes of animals, gods, etc., painted against the white-washed walls of the buildings in vivid bright colors. The women, some were carrying their babies on their heads in a basket, others balancing in like manner two large brass water jars, one above the other; women with splendid brown busts, their bodies resembling copies in bronze, of marble statues, with scant drapings and silver bangles on arms and ankles. Here one sees many little babies with rings painted about their eyes with lampblack, giving them a most weird look, their mothers believing it a guard against eyè trouble.

We visited a Hindu temple, not important, but I desire to mention some music. We had proceeded to the entrance of the inner shrine and from within came a weird yet fascinating and charming chant—a weird rhythm producing a strange sadness—Hindu in style, of course, yet quite like our Indian music in character. A well developed chant, then gradually diminishing in tone to an elusive pianissimo hardly discernible, to break forth suddenly in a fortissimo of tom-toms. I wish that a McDowell might have sat as did I for several minutes, within this mystic, enchanting atmosphere; he could not only have given us a true tone reproduction, but could also have expressed in tone the picturesque setting surrounding the ceremonial worshipers.



Lake with Marble-palaced island — Udaipur

Palace tower

“

Temple scene

“





The Maharana Palace is a tremendous affair, in fact three palaces built in three different periods by the Maharanas, the uniformity of the design being, however, preserved and giving the appearance of one great edifice. Standing as it does at the top of a great hill and overlooking the city, the lake, and surrounding country within a wall of mountains in every direction, the palace white in color, flanked with octagonal towers crowned with cupolas, is indeed an imposing structure. Entering through its outer gates, into a large terrace or Chouk, within its outer walls, one finds elephants shackled, cows wandering about, also geese, turkeys, chickens, and myriads of pigeons. The palace within is honeycombed with narrow passageways and steep staircases, many attractive courts paved with marble and provided with fountains from the connecting balconies of which charming views may be had of the lake, islands, mountains, etc. The palace rooms, halls, and corridors are usually strikingly decorated, and generally have large glass chandeliers, some crystal, some colored. Many of the walls are inlaid with mirrors and also colored glass mosaic; here we even find beds, tables, and chairs made of crystal glass; a mistake to thus implant the furnishings of the Western World in Indian palaces, thereby producing an exotic appearance. When one contrasts the White House at Washington with all this tropical, ornate splendor maintained for a Maharana's gratification and pleasure, one cannot help but think how much better to expend the money in irrigating projects in the surrounding arid, but fertile and productive land, and also in increasing the literacy, intelligence, and general welfare of the people.

Dec. 27th

Ajmer—just another Indian city, untidy, full of dirt and filth, little shops perched along the sides of narrow, crooked streets winding through city gates; temple courts filled with pilgrims, beggars, loafers, and mendicants, a heterogeneous listless mob; everywhere the air pregnant with dust and that all too common Asiatic smell, an unattached odor not to be associated with anything in particular, except India, or perhaps the odor of perspiring humanity.

A familiar scene in India is the well, from which water is raised by means of a windlass, a leather-skin bucket, and oxen ascending and descending an incline built for the purpose; thousands of acres of land are irrigated by waters thus laboriously hauled from these wells.

Dec. 28th

Our home burned a year ago tonight—a terrible experience.

Dec. 29th

Jaipur is called the "Pink City" and rightly so for block after block of its buildings are painted in a dull pink shade. Very little glass is to be seen in any of the buildings, the first floor being occupied by the usual small shop with open front and closed at night by wooden shutters, while above, the windows are largely replaced by small latticed openings through which the dwellers therein can peep out. The streets are wide and generally paved and laid out in rectangular blocks, giving a very modern appearance to the city. Jaipur was founded in

1728 by Jai Singh II, is a walled city with several gates, and to the north and east is surrounded by low mountains.

One sees several modes of travel quite different and distinctive to Jaipur; the short compact two-wheeled Ikka cart with canopy top and frequently highly decorated, carrying two comfortably besides the driver, but into which are sometimes crowded five people. They are usually drawn by a horse, but it is no unusual sight to see them drawn by two huge oxen or bullocks. There is also another vehicle drawn by oxen and called a chariot—with four low, clumsy, wooden wheels, above which is a slatted body supporting a canopied top and curtained sides, within which passengers huddle. One passes camel caravans moving silently, also elephants carrying their loads of human freight, rocking like a ship in storm, their cushioned feet noiseless, a tinkling bell the only warning of their approach. We visited the Maharaja stables containing elephants, many camels, some three hundred horses, and numerous vehicles of state and otherwise. An entertaining sight in Jaipur is a visit to the wild tigers in a large stone and iron enclosure, large ferocious beasts, fine to look upon, when thus properly caged.

The ancient capital of Jaipur is Amber, an abandoned place, some seven miles to the north; it is interesting indeed to visit this old city. We drove part way in carriages but rode about the deserted city and up the hillside to the old palace on elephants with heads ornamentally painted in various colors, moving both legs on one side at the same time as they proceeded, giving a queer, rocking, rolling movement. This was a novel experience

and added a charming local color to our visit. Amber is picturesquely situated in a rocky pass in which nestles a pretty lake. The old deserted palace, built in 1600, but in an excellent state of preservation, is far more beautiful in its surroundings, splendid in its architectural character, and enjoys a much more imposing setting than the present palace of the Maharaja, at Jaipur. It contains some especially attractive latticed galleries from which we looked upon the placid lake and silent mountains. The palace is visited occasionally by the Maharaja in connection with religious ceremonies. It contains a shrine to Kali before which is still daily sacrificed a goat in lieu of a human being as of yore in the days before Great Britain forbade such human sacrifices. Jai Singh may have had some good reasons for changing the capital to Jaipur, and possibly also a desire to perpetuate his fame as a builder, for his own glorification; but, to me, Amber is far more interesting than Jaipur.

Dec. 30th

"En route to Delhi"—

Many miles of the country between Bombay and Delhi are level or slightly rolling, partly desert, with low mountains usually seen in the distance and occasionally in the foreground. Here and there in irrigated fields, grain is growing, a lovely emerald-green like an oasis in its arid surroundings. Everywhere are shrubby green trees, that look grey in the light of the fading day, and the landscape is covered with clumps of tall, dry, yellow (golden) pampas grass with feathery tops and especially attractive in the sunlight, waving in the breeze. We cross great, wide, dry, sandy river beds, in which flow broad shal-

low waters during the rainy seasons. As the train speeds through miles of this sparsely inhabited country, one sees herds of antelopes, now and then the black buck, and even droves of camels.

I watched the sun disappear back of a low mountain this evening and thought how its golden glow was at just that moment visible to my loved ones as the sun rose over the mountains to the east of Pasadena. I bade it good-night and charged it to carry a loving good-morning to those in the homeland, as it kissed our little ones with its soft morning light. Thus the day is not coterminus with the setting sun; but our horizon may be extended even to encircling the globe.

Dec. 31st

"Delhi"—The Rome of Asia, the scene of the Indian Mutiny of 1857. The former home of the Great Mogul Sovereigns.

We visited first the fort, within whose walls are located the Palace and Pearl Mosque. Within the palace one is particularly impressed by the beautiful and delicate inlaid mosaic work, flowers, vines, wreaths in soft pastel shades, produced by inlaying colored semi-precious stones in white marble; not over decorated or gaudy, as is so often the case in ancient and even present Indian palaces, but with a delicate and refined loveliness. Within the Audience Hall on a dais once rested the famous Peacock throne which was emblazoned with rare gems of fabulous value estimated at \$30,000,000 and which was carried away in 1738 by the Shah of Persia. It is to be hoped that in the present post-war settlements England will demand the return of this throne to its original rightful

habitation, the city of Delhi. Near the fort is the great Jami Masji, the Cathedral Mosque of India, and it being Friday, an important day of worship with the Mohammedans (their Sunday) I visited the mosque to observe their form of worship. The mosque has a pleasing external appearance; it is elevated on a high platform or base, and has three entrances, the mosque proper forming the west facade, so to speak, and facing the east as is the case with all Mohammedan mosques. Within is a square marble basin filled with water. There is a special elevated balcony allotted to Europeans, who are not permitted to enter the square during worship, but allowed to observe from this vantage point. At about 12:30 the worshipers began to assemble, entering through the gate into the great square and proceeding to the basin in the the centre where all performed their ablutions, washing their hands, faces, mouths, and even their feet, all in the same water, after which they would kneel in one of the innumerable squares on the pavement and facing the mosque, salaam to "Allah," placing their foreheads twice on the pavement before them, rising and extending their hands before their faces in supplication, again repeating the performance. Finally, at one o'clock a bell sounded, a wail or cry arose, and all formed in lines before the mosque. And at proper intervals during the reading of the Koran by the muezzin (priest), all would rise and cry out, and again fall to their knees repeating the ceremony several times. There were at last 2,000 present, but we remarked the absence of women whose presence in our places of worship is always in the majority.

As I retired to my room one of our servants, Albert,

waiting at the door asked if he might enter and warm himself by our small grate fire. It was quite cold, and servants are often required to sleep rolled up in a blanket on the floor of the hall or before the door of their master. He presented an interesting figure and study as he sat on the floor before the flickering firelight fast asleep—a dark, sad, melancholy countenance. I watched him in the dim light of the burning embers, trying to fathom his soul or what it revealed of the great desire and hope of these people, silent—or latent—within the Hindu mind, their national ambitions, and eternal hope. There will come a day of awakening.

Jan. 1st

This has been another red-letter day in India. We visited Old Delhi, a drive of some ten miles, partly through open country, the chief object of interest being the "Kutub Minar." One is profoundly impressed by the magnificence of this grand monument, a regal Mohammedan structure, approximately 250 feet high, nearly 50 feet in diameter at its base, and tapering to about 10 feet in diameter at its top. Fergusson praised the Kutub Minar, claiming that its purity of design and exquisite detail exceeded Giotto's Campanile at Florence. Its sides are fluted in different designs for the first three stories and each story differentiated by a narrow projecting balcony, each section also surrounded by broad rings or bands of carved inscriptions adding both interest and beauty to the structure. Surrounded as it is by miles of open country, dotted here and there with mosques, tombs, and old ruins, the setting is perfect, giving full opportunity for observance of light and shadows with-

out interference. Near its base, and within the Kutub Minar enclosure are some exceedingly charming ruins: artistic, well proportioned stone arches and columns, and richly ornamental, carved stone pillars forming the surrounding cloister of an ancient Hindu temple of which only the ruins remain. Here Hindu, Mohammedan, Jew, and Christian, alike, may at least quietly worship the sheer sublime beauty of "The Minar."

We next visited the tomb of Humayum. It is approached through a gate into a fore-court, beyond which is a portal of the tomb, and, as seen through this portal, it is an impressive, noble edifice, especially if viewed in the evening sunlight. It formed the motive or plan for the far-famed, inspired, Taj Mahal.

Leaving the tomb we drove to the old fort of Purana Kila, of great antiquity, and nearly a square mile in extent. We watched the sunset from the top of Sher Maridal within the old fortification; on the deserted plains before us, dimly outlined, were mosques, tombs, ruined fortifications, and crumbling towers—a land of monuments—remnants of an earlier period and people.

"Strange is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of darkness thru
Not one returns to tell us of the road
Which to discover we must travel too."

Note: Arthur served a "Happy New Year" dinner tonight.

Jan. 2nd

Sunday quietly and restfully spent with a carriage ride in the afternoon.

Jan. 3rd

The day was occupied visiting some of the bazaars in Chaudi Chauk, and making a few purchases of cashmere shawls of which glorious displays may be seen, the antique ones being real works of art.

Good hotels are rare in India; in fact, none exist, if judged by American standards. Even here in Delhi, in the Maidens Hotel, a modern structure, the service is entirely lacking except in the dining room. In connection with our room there is a bath, containing a real tub, but usually nothing more than a galvanized tin tub is supplied, in size about like a wash-tub, the water being brought in buckets. The hotel has in the room a printed set of regulations, one item of which states that towels will be furnished Wednesdays and Saturdays; we arrived Thursday, and found one hand towel and one bath towel. They failed to furnish us fresh ones on Saturday, and as we left on Tuesday we are unable to say whether new ones would have been supplied on Wednesday, or whether a guest was expected to use one towel indefinitely. In many places one is required to supply his own bedding, as is always the case on sleepers.

Acting upon the request of the United States Department of Agriculture, I spent the afternoon investigating bamboo seeds, and arranged to have samples of all varieties sent forward and any bulletins pertaining thereto.

Jan. 4th

Agra—the Mecca for tourists visiting India, and the home of the far-famed Taj Mahal.

We are told that one should not immediately visit the Taj, but rather, first, other places of interest in and about



Agra, arranging the trips so as to spend the late afternoons and twilight at the Taj with a moonlight visit, if possible, or at sunrise.

The great fort is a massive, red stone structure begun by Akbar and concluded by succeeding rulers. It has a circuit of over a mile and is surrounded by a deep moat. It is most inspiring when viewed from the river below, its high walls extending upward some 70 feet or more. The Moti Mazjid, or Pearl Mosque, within the fort is exquisite in its chastened beauty, lined throughout with marble—blue-gray veined, it is indeed pearl-like in effect and in its purity of design rarely equalled.

The Diwan-i-Khas, a private audience chamber or hall of those ancient rulers, while not large will always be remembered by me along with the palace of Delhi, because of its beautiful stone carving and its effective inlay (*pietra dura*) on white marble, with cornelian, lapis-lazuli, agate, etc., in floral design, neither carving nor inlay a confused mass, but just sufficient for refined elegance.

Besides the Pearl Mosque and the Diwan-i-Khas there are many other gems of architecture within the extensive enclosure of the fort on which a great monarch lavished much glory: buildings, courts, corridors, balconies, overhanging galleries, and surrounding cloisters, through which one wanders at will. As one reads of the great monarch, Shah Jahan, and the pathos of his latter days, the centuries are rolled back, and within the small Gem Mosque replete with beauty and built by him for the use of the royal ladies, we see this master builder imprisoned by his heartless son, Aurangzeb, the murderer of three brothers, or we fancy him standing on the hanging

balcony of the small Jessamine Mosque with its beautiful *pietra dura* and latticed marble work, looking to the east with longing eyes and a saddened heart on the vision of his creation, the Taj Mahal, a memorial of his love for his royal mate of earlier, happier, days, a tongueless silence bidding his soul await in peace their re-union in the Great Unknown.

Jan. 5th

Fatehpur Sikri, which we visited this morning, was once a royal city, the abode of the mighty ruler, Akbar, who built it; but now a long-deserted and abandoned city. Within the palace enclosure, besides all the buildings necessary to the conducting of his affairs of state, there was also a palace for each of his three wives, one of whom was a Mohammedan, one a Hindu, and the other reported to be a Portuguese Christian. Thus he was true to his religious precepts even in the matter of wives: "There is good in every creed; let us adopt what is good and discard the remainder."

Within a large quadrangle, on the west side of which is the mosque, is the tomb of St. Shaikh Salimi. It is entirely surrounded by beautifully carved marble screens. Above, or over the cenotaph, is a canopy inlaid with mother of pearl. Though small, this sepulchre is a precious and pleasing edifice. A legend connected with the saint makes his tomb a shrine, to which Hindu and Mohammedan women resort, praying for the saint to intercede in their favor—their desired blessing, a child.

The south wall of the quadrangle contains a high entrance gate, 170 feet high from base to top, and Mr. Fergusson expresses the opinion that its appearance is

noble beyond that of any other portal attached to any mosque in India. It contains a most interesting inscription: "Said Jesus in whom be peace—The world is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house. He who hopes for an hour hopes for an eternity—The world is but an hour. Spend it in devotion—The rest is unseen."

Jan. 6th

Were there no Taj Mahal, the tomb of Prince Itmad-ud-daulah, Prime Minister of the Mogul Emperor Jahangir, would be the objective of tourist pilgrimages in India. It stands within a garden, as do nearly all these regal tombs, and while small, it is of perfect proportions and has a commanding, majestic dignity. When first beheld, the mosaic inlaid work of the first story is hard to differentiate from that of the exquisite marble screen above. Its extreme simplicity of design is what calls forth our admiration and although covered with colored mosaic inlaid on its marble surface it does not impress one as ornate, but refined and chaste in character.

We visited Akbar's tomb, one of the most famous mausoleums in India. Akbar will ever be remembered, however, for his greatness as a ruler in life—and not for any glory or fame that may be added by his tomb. Although it is a massive pile within a park of some 150 acres, it fails to impress one, undoubtedly on account of the splendor of other tombs at Agra.

Last evening I again visited the Taj Mahal, for I could find no words to fittingly express my impressions of yesterday. One is dazed, as by brilliant sunlight. I went alone, to meditate and enjoy its sublime beauty undisturbed.

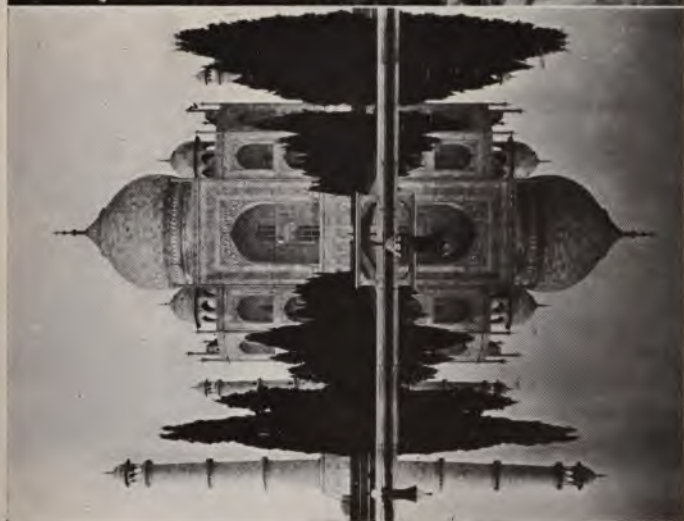
The surroundings, outside the enclosure, are a fitting park approach to this peerless shrine. Through a superb gateway one enters the formal garden immediately surrounding the Taj, which is in keeping with its dignity and affords charming vistas and advantageous views. The Taj is best remembered as a beautiful creation in its entirety, as first viewed down the long marble waterway, planted on each side with stately cypresses. One slowly walks into its indefinable mystic sphere, paying silent tribute to this shrine reared to love, its reflected image mirrored in the placid waters. I wandered to the terrace on the platform of the Taj; I had, the evening before, seen its marvelous decoration of mosaic, semi-precious stones in geometrical and floral designs, and the interior with its glorious screen of alabaster skilfully and artistically carved, a feast of loveliness; and I was now desirous of viewing the Taj from across the river. I secured one of the keepers, who led the way down the steep, dark stairs of the northwest tower; we hailed a ferry man and were soon across the Jumna. The Taj from this vantage point further indelibly imprints our memory with its sheer loveliness, especially as seen in the twilight. The secret of its beauty is its simplicity. Up the river a short distance I saw fires burning along the water's edge and upon inquiry learned it was a burning ghat. Human nature is prone to swing to the opposite extremes, and so I directed the boatman to pole me up the river, the Taj keeper accompanying us, and we soon landed among the several biers, consuming their gruesome commitments. The great fort and palace above on the river and the glorious Taj just below were marked contrasts to the dirty, ill-kept burning ghat:

one the proud achievement of a mighty ruler (Akbar); another, an exquisite expression of love to a favorite queen, the pride of the palace, by a loving husband, Shah Jahan; the ghat—the earthly, fiery equalizer of all Hindus at death, rich and poor, high and low castes, alike, reduced to ashes. I heard weird cries and soon over the brow of the hill came four men bearing a body wrapt in a white cotton cloth and lying on a litter. It was followed by two or three others crying or chanting a weird wail. They ran to the side of the river and indifferently threw down their human burden, and at once began carrying wood wherewith to consume the same by fire. There was no apparent feeling nor tender emotion displayed at these obsequies. One's heart grows sick. An attendant raked from the ashes all that then remained of a Hindu woman—an ornament once worn upon one of her toes, and handed it to me as a souvenir of my visit.

We returned by the boat to the landing below the Taj, the keeper lighting the way up the dark steps of the tower, catching an occasional glimpse, through cut stone screens, of the river below, the silent spectator of the palace, the burning ghat, and the Taj with their varied scenes. Though but a few rods intervene between the Ghat and the Taj, a wide abyss separates this gruesome cemetery of the Hindus and the exquisite sepulchre of the Mohammedan queen.

"We sail the sea of life—a CALM one finds,
And one a TEMPEST—and, the voyage o'er,
Death is the great haven of us all."

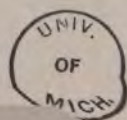
What a world of contrast is India; is there another land of such extremes? Again we were upon the terrace



Taj Mahal—Agra



Kutub Minar—Delhi





surrounding the Taj and viewing in the fading twilight its majestic, mystic beauty silently commanding our silent, meditative, reverent adoration, its finials and four stately minarets point to the stars, already visible; the surrounding trees appear black in their leafy foliage. The keeper salaamed, and barefooted moved silently away, with graceful, firm steps, but noiseless, like a cat. The pyramidal cypresses along the watercourse outlined my way of exit and appeared like sentinels to enchanted lands; daylight had faded into night, the glory of the Taj Mahal was veiled by darkness and now viewed only by the spirits of the night. The exquisite cut-brass lamp that lights your way through the portal, as you leave, sheds a dim light and as I took a parting look, the small light of the lamp, like a flickering soul above the cenotaph, was all that was visible of this most impressive sepulchre of the world.

Long before daybreak this morning, I arose, dressed hurriedly, and stepped into the tonga, engaged the night before and awaiting me at the door. We drove hurriedly to the Taj. It was moonlight, last quarter; but the light was sufficient to cast shadows. The sky was brilliant with stars. We arrived at the fore-court of the Taj, knocked at its portals and after some minutes, I was admitted by the faithful keeper, an attendant. The veil enveloping the Taj, when I left the evening before, was now being gradually withdrawn. The moon, crescent in shape, was an appropriate companion piece to this Mohammedan tomb—a crescent surmounting its finial. The Taj seemed as unreal as the faint reflection it cast in the water course; the curtain of night was drawn back; the stars dimmed as a light streak appeared in the

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east; dawn was born; birds twittered their morning greeting and many large black ones flew overhead, always eastward, towards the coming light. The Taj, first an enchanted nocturnal uncertainty in the surrounding night; voices were heard and in the distance a bugle broke the morning silence; a world was awakening—the mirrored reflection of the Taj in the waterway intensified, a radiant bubble floated from dreamland in the gentle morning light, and gradually the Taj assumed a lustre like the great oriental pearl that it is. I have seen the Taj Mahal—or was it a dream?

“Alone with Thee amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and silence of the morn.”

Jan. 7th

It is not a palace, nor a temple, that we visit at Cawnpore, but a tomb. It sheds a glory of another kind, however, and contrasts sharply with the jewel of Agra. It is not the splendor of marble that holds our admiring attention, but the heroic sacrifice of life to a cause that we reverence, as we stand before the simple, plain, memorial erected to those who died for their country at the hands of that ungallant, ignoble, murderous mutineer, Nana. It is a sad story and grips one's heart. This is consecrated ground where died martyrs for England's cause.

Jan. 8th, 9th

Lucknow is an important commercial centre, a thriving city of over 250,000, and has many lovely parkways and

commons. Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Delhi were the three main points of disturbance during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. The history of this uprising is exceedingly interesting. The heroic defence of Lucknow of the comparatively few brave British, something less than 1,000 and about 700 loyal Indian troops against appalling odds of the enemy, numbering some 60,000, has no parallel in history. We were fortunate in being shown through the old compound by E. H. Hilton, who was one of the besieged, eighteen years old at the time and now one of the four living survivors. It is not that he said so much, as we wandered through these extremely picturesque ruins, appearing quite like some spot in England, with the partly destroyed buildings vine-clad, a profusion of flowers, and the lawns well kept, but it was the old soldier's graphic description of the event as witnessed by himself, the intonation of his voice, and the thankfulness to God for their deliverance that greatly moved us and held our rapt attention. We are again forcibly reminded that those who live on through the coming ages are after all those that live a life of sacrifice, even to laying down their lives, if need be, for others. Over the old ruins of the residency at Lucknow floats a Union Jack—the one place in India where it is never lowered, even after sunset.

I have been much interested in the manner of pricing silverware in the shops of the Lucknow silversmiths. There are some very nice pieces of silver to be had, with designs thereon characteristic of India. One selects what ever he is interested in; the pieces are put on one of a balanced-beam scales and enough silver run Indian silver coin of approximately thirty

value) are placed on the other end to counterbalance the silverware. This represents the actual amount of silver in the piece of ware. The rupees are then counted. You then add thereto from thirty to fifty per cent, according to how good a buyer you are, and the extra rupees you pay over actual weight represent the merchant's compensation for labor of manufacturing and his profit, for the silverware is pure rupee silver. Imagine the delight of buying in our country sterling silverware of a good design, by placing the piece in a scales and paying therefor in silver dollars of equal weight plus fifty per cent to cover manufacturing cost and profit. At all events, even though the per cent of profit might necessarily be greatly increased in the United States, the buyer would find this system a most satisfactory one.

Jan 10th

Benares—The Holy City of India and an important city in the sixth century B. C. As is Mecca to the Mohammedans, so is Benares to the Hindus, a place to which no less than a million Hindus make religious pilgrimages annually, its innumerable temples crowded with pious devotees, their ultimate object being to worship and bathe in the holy waters of the Ganges. The narrow alleys and passageways, though filthy and smelly, are interesting, teeming as they do with thousands of native pilgrims; and within uninviting shops may be found the famous Benares brass ware, or brocade silk interwoven with gold thread, for which this city has been renowned for centuries; this lovely fabric is still produced here by hand and is obtainable in beautiful harmonious combina-

tions of colors. This sacred city of Benares is filled with temples—temples with mysterious grotesque images. I will mention but two, the Durga or monkey temple, with its chattering inmates, both Hindu and monkey, and the Golden Temple, Temple of Biseswar—Siva, with its gold-covered dome, hemmed in by other buildings and only partially visible from the second story of an adjoining building. It is filled with a surging mass of half-naked native worshipers and from it come the sounds of clanging cymbals and the beating of drums, a heathenish clamor. In the immediate vicinity is also the "Well of Knowledge" (Gyan Kup), at which sits a Hindu priest dispensing its liquid, at a *pice* each, to the visiting pilgrims who carry away this holy water in their "lotas", a brasslike bottle, and who are deluded into believing that they may thus obtain special enlightenment.

History records the complete destruction of a thousand temples by contending victorious Moslem armies in the twelfth century but others have arisen in their place, and there are altogether some 11,550 temples in this religious capital, as every rajah or chieftain of Hindu religion has, during the ages, built for himself a temple or ghat in Benares. Many are filthy and vile, through which sacred bulls, necks garlanded with flowers, wander unmolested, their excrement everywhere. There are also innumerable shrines of all descriptions: *lingums* everywhere (emblematic of the god of reproduction). One of our party asked if they typified a musical instrument, to which someone ventured the reply that it was the most universal organ.

In the early hour of the 11th we floated down the Ganges in a small two story affair, misnamed

"The Pearl," supplied by the Rajah Moti Chand, viewing its many temples and ghats along the river banks. A thin fog obscured enough of the garish details of the famous ghats to enhance the scene and quicken the imagination, not unlike the surrounding mystic religious atmosphere. We landed at some of the ghats, which are great stone steps leading down to the river, on which thousands of Hindus are seen bathing in the waters, filthy in the extreme—fanatical worshipers lapping up the polluted microbe-impregnated holy water; one sees Indians as beautiful as statues, clad only in loin cloths and with their hair tied up in knot at the back of the head or worn loosely hanging. Many have fine features, almost effeminate, with mysterious eyes and beardless chins, slender waists and limbs, and ears ornamented with earrings. There is also along the bank a square stone tank, Manikarnika Ghat, enclosed by stone steps which lead down some 40 feet to its pool, about 35 feet square; its waters are stagnant, putrid, and ill smelling; nevertheless, thousands of Hindus bathe herein and drink its loathsome liquid, even accrediting it as being Siva's perspiration (no inviting thought), but to them holy water. Is it to be wondered that cholera and other diseases are always prevalent in this land, and the best plans of well meaning medical men frustrated? The dead, too, visit the river, their bodies carried here to be burned on funeral pyres of wood by the water's edge and the ashes cast on the sacred Ganges. Thanks to the British, "Suttee," widow burning, is prohibited; and therefore this cruel, wicked practice is no longer witnessed. There is a temple nearby—Napalese Temple—on which are such vile carvings, equal to any Pompeian



Character studies in Temples and Mosque





scenes or frescoes, so obscene that ladies may not look thereon.

What a marked difference in this land between the Hindu and Mohammedan religions; the one with its innumerable gods, Siva, Vishnu, Brahma, Lakshmi, Ganesh, Devi, Kali, and hundreds of others; idolatrous worship of images of all sorts; its temples adorned with likenesses or caricatures of deities, ignorance and superstition the controlling factor; the place of worship reeking with filth and vileness (the Jain temples the exception) the other with one God, and Mohammed the prophet, their places of worship—the mosques, symbols of simplicity in design, no imagery permitted; instead, lovely graceful elegance and purity in effects. The one suggesting a hideous nightmare; the other an evening benediction.

NOTE: This is not intended, however, as a comparative statement in regard to the moral quality of the devotees of these two religions.

Jan. 12th

Arrived at Calcutta this morning and immediately went to an American dentist and had an aching wisdom tooth removed. Spent an unhappy and painful day. Much worried over receiving no cable from home. Two letters awaiting me here, the latest dated November 26th in which Bonnie Bess speaks of being worried over Priscilla's continued bronchial cold. This, coupled with her statement to me when leaving that she would cable no bad news, naturally makes me uneasy at receiving no Xmas cable, nor any answer to my cabled greetings

of Xmas, also of New Years. Perhaps they have gone astray; at all events, I am not enjoying perfect peace of mind.

Jan. 13th

Priscilla appeared to me early this morning in an uncertain illusive sort of way. The lines I note here, along with about as many more, were spoken by me (in dreamland) to Bonnie Bess. I immediately awakened and arose and wrote the three lines following. Whether they were intended as a Eulogy or an Elegy was not clear; if the former, surely the delight of a fond father's heart thus to extol the virtues of his child; if the latter, what an unbearable, crushing blow:

"The breath of her Maker still a perfume on her lips,
The light of God's countenance bright on her brow,
The scintillations of the stars lustrous in her hair."

I shall never again absent myself for so long a time from my family. All the interesting and beautiful sights of the world cannot compensate for the loss of the happy hours with one's loved ones. Also one's mind cannot refrain from occasionally giving thought to the awful consequences of death; a loved one no longer our blessed daily joy—Oh! how one would then begrudge these fleeting moments lost to us during our absence—a grief that even time would not assuage.

I today cabled my secretary requesting immediate advice regarding my family—

NOTE: A cable received five days later advised that my family was well—letters that were received from home,

however, nearly two months later revealed the interesting fact that at the very hour of my dream, doctors were saying to Mrs. George that Priscilla was seriously ill; she recovered a few days later. Once before, during my absence in the Service, we had a like experience, except that in that instance I was ill and Priscilla insisted to her Mother that such was the case.

Saw six men carrying a piano on their heads, surely a novel moving van. The coolies of India invariably carry all loads on their heads; even stone ballast for railroads or earth removed from excavations is handled in this manner. It is told that a contractor once supplied wheel-barrows with the result that the coolies carried the additional burden of the wheel-barrows on their heads.

Visited the botanical garden at Calcutta and viewed the large banyan tree, approximately 1,000 feet in circumference at limb ends; a small forest in itself, with its many tentacle-like roots reaching to the ground to add a supporting column to the further extending growth. The garden is very beautiful and contains a splendid collection of tropical trees, shrubs, vines, and plants, and is artistically laid out with beautiful drives and walks.

Jan. 15th

Left Calcutta yesterday evening for Darjeeling, the final closing scene of our visit to India. We traveled in the best train we have enjoyed in India.

Early this morning we arrived at Siliguri, and after partaking of *chota hazri* we were soon again en route on the most miniature train I have ever traveled on. Only

two feet gauge, an engine of 75 h.p., weighing 14 tons with drive wheels of approximately two feet diameter and pulling a luggage van and four coaches. I have never before seen so much energy crowded into 75 h. p. The speed is limited to less than fifteen miles per hour and needs to be, for one often sees both ends of the train at once, there being zigzags, curves, figures S's, and loops, some with a radius of eighty feet and a nearly constant gradient of 1 in 25. Two natives sit on the front of the Lilliputian engine, distributing sand by hand, when necessary, to prevent slipping.

The distance to Darjeeling is 50 miles and we ride in an open car which affords us a splendid opportunity to enjoy the constantly changing panorama before us. At every turn a lovely view presents itself. We leave behind us the low fertile plains of Bengal and are soon rising into the forest-clad first range of the Himalayas. Many places along the railroad are dense jungles of large green trees, giant bamboos and high feathery topped grasses. As we reach the higher elevations, 4,000 to 5,000 feet, tea plantations are in evidence, terraced on the mountain sides. This district gives employment to some 55,000 coolies, and produces over 20,000,000 pounds of tea annually. Great clumps of red poinsettia flowers dot the near landscape. A charming view is had of the plains below, traversed by rivers, appearing like silver threads in the distance.

Kurseong, with approximately 5,000 feet elevation, we reached at about 10:30, and stopped there for breakfast. Again on our way to Darjeeling we soon came into sight of Mt. Kinchinjanga. One is surprised upon suddenly beholding its grandeur and quite unprepared



Darjeeling—Mt. Kinchinjanga



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for its magnitude. A little later on, Darjeeling appears, situated on the ridges which are dotted with villas, summer houses, etc., and with an elevation of about 7,000 to 7,500 feet.

Darjeeling is the summer headquarters of the Bengal Government; with its colossal background of the Himalayan giants, its scenery is indescribably grand. The view of the mighty Kinchinjanga and the adjoining towering heights presents to our view a great white wall of perpetual snow, glistening bright in the sunlight or cold and grey and austere in the shadows. Kinchinjanga is forty-five miles in the distance, but looks not more than eight or ten, and is over 28,000 feet in height. One sees twelve peaks of over 20,000 feet elevation and many others of 15,000 upwards. Superb mountains raising their supreme peaks to noble heights, white in their snowy purity. A word picture cannot be painted, giving any conception of their sublime grandeur, and they must be seen to be fully appreciated and even then are quite incomprehensible. Like as though in a world set apart, never even sullied by man's presence, unconquerable, peerless heights, defiant of men's efforts to peer at them from above, a privilege belonging only to their Creator.

Jan. 16th

Last night I watched the sun disappear back of a deep black cloud tingeing its crest with gold. In the distance were the glorious heights of the Himalayas, still radiant in the reflected glory of the setting sun, partly in shadow, strongly contrasting to the soft pink glow of those snowfields that were still bright in the

sunlight on the summits. Gradually the darkness below climbed the mountain sides leaving them cold, grey, snow-clad peaks, slowly blending into darkness; now unseen mountains raising their heights toward glittering stars and awaiting the shining light of the morning sun to again reveal their majestic splendor. We arose at three-thirty A.M. and at four we were astride horses or carried in dandies on our way to Tiger Hill, some seven miles distant. All was darkness, only the stars shedding a faint light. We immediately began climbing the mountain back of the hotel; far below were the misty clouds, a dark grey or drab; one could easily imagine the surrounding mountains forming a landlocked sea at their feet, but upon which only phantom ships ever sailed, the lights of Darjeeling outlining a city on its shore-line. The trail led along the mountain sides and part way through forests of oaks and magnolias and large quantities of rhododendrons, which must be glorious when in bloom, firs, cedars, and spruce, all seen, however, on our return trip, for all was darkness as we journeyed towards Tiger Hill. We neared the top at 5:30 A.M., a grey streak appeared in the east, and the birth of dawn drove night away. We got our first glimpse of what appeared like puffy clouds, but their sharp lines undeceived us and Mt. Kinchinjanga, that giant of the mountains, was revealed in the dim morning light, cold, grey, ghostlike, and mysterious, as faintly outlined against the sky-line, it towered majestically four miles above the masses of clouds below, which were drifting a mile above sea level. We reached the top, 8,500 feet; the east was becoming golden; and its soft shade was reflected by the summit of lofty Kinchinjanga,

gradually descending its side, and lighting up its immense snowfields and the tops of the lower mountains in the majestic order of their heights, painting them in brilliant hues with nature's paint-brush. Away in the far distance, some one hundred and seven miles, was seen the peerless Mt. Everest standing forth in bold relief. Below, and all around us was a great sea of billowy clouds, which by degrees were gently illuminated and tinted by the morning light—God's light. The extraordinary grandeur of the scene was heightened by the exquisite coloring given to it—"As morning gilds the sky."

A view ineffably glorious, beyond words to describe; unrivalled mountain scenery never to be forgotten; one stands in speechless admiration. We have seen the Himalayas calm, austere, majestic, glorious, eternal, a fitting finale to a visit to the land of great extremes—India.

Mention should be made of the decided difference in the appearance of the people in this district. They are a Mongolian type, an influx from Tibet, which is only one hundred and fifty miles away. They contrast sharply with the Hindus not only in physical appearance but in their general disposition and character, for, unlike the Bengalese, who seem rather servile, sombre, and phlegmatic, these people are cheerful and nearly always smiling. The men wear cues and the women are given to excessive ornamentation with jewelry. Gold discs of three inches in diameter are worn in the ears, some with massive turquoise ornaments five or six inches long; beads around the neck support a gold, silver, or cheap, hollow metal box three or four inches square and an inch thick, in which are carried printed prayers; and

there are also other neck ornaments, from some of which are suspended small silver and bone toilet articles—earspoons, toothpicks, nail cleaners, and what-not. Their fingers are adorned with many rings and their wrists with bracelets. Women and children carry unusually heavy loads using a “tump strap” over their heads, as does the American Indian, which helps to support the load and keep it properly placed on the back. I have seen old women thus carrying luggage or coal in baskets, loads not weighing less than seventy-five pounds, and little girls, five or seven years old, with burdens equaling at least one-half their own weight. The children generally, however, appear bright, cheerful, and healthy. The men, too, are strong, and capable of great physical exertion.

Everywhere on the mountain sides of the district of Darjeeling one sees “prayer flags,” short white flags, but with great perpendicular length. In fact, Darjeeling is quite unlike any other part of India, giving one a partial glimpse or suggestion of Mongolian life.

Jan. 17th

The officials of the Darjeeling and Himalaya Railroad very graciously placed a private train at our disposal and invited a visit to the Titsa River country. After leaving Darjeeling in the morning and going to Siliguri, we left Siliguri at about noon and were soon journeying in the real jungle land of India, passing through great forests of luxuriant tropical verdure, magnolias, palms, bamboos, ferns, pampas grass, an impenetrable tangle of wild growth, of virgin forest, the railroad keeps along the river bank, the water in places placid and deep,

elsewhere swift and rock strewn, of a pale green hue—the melted snows of the Himalayas. On both sides of the river are charming mountains, the best tree-covered, rugged scenery we have viewed in India, an enjoyable contrast to the thousands of miles of plain country.

Jan. 18th

Visited the great bazaar—Hogg Market in Calcutta, the best we have seen in India; everything available, needles and pins, notions, wearing apparel, piece goods, hardware, jewelry, traveling equipment, meats, fruits, and vegetables. The vegetables and fruits were attractively displayed and clean. The meats were more sanitarily handled and displayed than at any other market place I have visited in India. One is importuned everywhere, "Sahib, just have a look, needn't buy," and constantly followed by boys and old men ready and anxious to carry any purchase you may make, in their baskets balanced on their head, "a baksheesh" (gratuity) their reward later.

Jan. 19th

We were today the guests of Mr. Donald S. Gray. Boarding one of the Standard Oil Company's launches, we cruised up the Hoogly River some twenty-five miles. Along its banks are located many of the great jute mills of Calcutta with an annual output of this product amounting to approximately \$250,000,000, and representing the chief industry of the district. We stopped off at the little French settlement or possession of Chandergore. The trip was very enjoyable and only marred by the gruesome sights in the river: floating dead

bodies, both human and animal, again emphasizing the vileness of the waters of the Holy Ganges, worshipped, bathed in, and drunk by the Hindus. Many odd crafts are seen and almost exclusively propelled by native oarsmen, with long sweeps made of bamboo poles, to the end of which are fastened a short, flat board.

It is hard for me to understand how a bright, capable young American can be content to serve in India, a land comparing in every way so unfavorably with America.

Jan. 20th

Called upon some of the government officials to whom a letter of introduction gave me access. They were all English except for one very high-class native. They discussed with me very frankly India's present status, the immediate future and what it promised, and the ambitions and desires of India's teeming millions or, perhaps to speak more correctly, of their leaders.

I hope to say something on the subject in a résumé of our trip through India.

Jan. 21st

Our boat was supposed to sail today but leaving has been postponed until Sunday morning, the 23d.

Visited an interesting zoological garden this afternoon, invitingly arranged and containing, as a whole, a good collection of animals and especially of water fowls.

Jan. 22nd

Today I experienced one of those things that happen unexpectedly and are oftentimes the more interesting for that very reason. Two of us drove to Kalighat, some little distance, the first part of the drive through splendid

parkway and past the race course. We finally arrived in a congested village, presumably a ward of Calcutta, uninviting but interesting, with dirty streets, along which were shops and hovels, many of the former filled with images of the goddess Kali, which implied that we were nearing the object of our visit; the gharry stopped and several native guides offered their services. To engage one usually means that several others follow along, edging in a word now and then, or following along quietly—but, of course, all expecting their “bak-sheesh.” We entered a small enclosure surrounding the temple of that terrible, blood-thirsty goddess, Kali. We have visited Dravidian Temples, Jain Temples, Hindu Temples, Mohammedan Mosques and innumerable shrines, but nowhere have I witnessed such a wild frenzy of idolatrous worship as here, sincere, I am sure, but to a western mind revolting to the last degree. Before this goddess of blood, in ages passed, appalling human sacrifices were made. As we witnessed goat after goat led to the executioner’s block, its head unfeelingly struck off with one blow of the knife in the presence of men, women, and children, our minds naturally drifted to those earlier bloody scenes when the offering was a human being. If England has accomplished nothing else (and she has done much for the Hindu) she has at least stopped unnecessary revolting sacrifice of life as propitiation to idolatrous gods.

INDIA—“A RÉSUMÉ”

Jan. 23rd, 24th, 25th

Sailed early this morning for Rangoon, following the winding, shifting channel of the Hoogly River, a hundred

miles to the sea. We find the *Elephanta* a splendid ship of the B. I. Line. Everyone in our party happy to be leaving India, especially the Grand Hotel of Calcutta, grand only in name, unsanitary, no service, poor food, miserable beds, and unkept rooms. One suffers many discomforts and inconveniences traveling in India, but it is worth it all—exceedingly interesting and enlightening. It is well to get a glimpse of how the other half of the world lives; it stimulates love of country and vividly brings to mind the great blessing and privileges enjoyed by Americans.

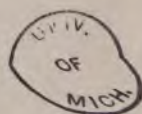
If one intends visiting the south, as well as the north of India, then there is much to be gained by a trip to the lovely island of Ceylon, going from there to the south of India, visiting Madura, Tanjore, Madras, etc.,—and on to Bombay, after which one may take the journey through northern India, ending at Calcutta. In this way the most important and improved cities of India, the more beautiful buildings and mountain scenery, are enjoyed as a parting impression. Mt. Abu, Udaipur, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow, Darjeeling, and Calcutta are striking contrasts to the cities of southern India. To visit majestic Mt. Kinchinjanga, that noble, glorious peak, three miles of its lofty heights above snow-line, its snow-capped summit exquisite in the glow of sunset, carries one's thoughts heavenward, an evening benediction to our waiting hearts, so needful and refreshing after six weeks of constant mingling with a people to whom, as someone has said, life is an agonizing struggle, an appalling sacrifice. Mt. Kinchinjanga's elevating influence, however, gives but temporary relief from what at first appealed to me as a picturesque parade of



Drawers of water

An Indian woman and child

An Indian Fakir



humanity, but which viewed for weeks becomes irksome. The unending tide of a pathetic, somber, ignorant, brown people, their bodies bare except for a loin cloth or meager covering; the tramping, listless horde of wretched mendicants; the filthy temples with their fanatical, deluded, idolatrous worshipers of grotesque imagery and polluted holy waters; the tanks and ghats, with their thousands of Hindus to whom bathing is a religious rite, yet the religion itself needing a cleansing ablution; the dusty, dirty streets and alleys filled with strange, crude, Oriental vehicles and a heterogeneous horde with their hovels of dried mud and tiny shops, like dog kennels, all reeking with that penetrating Asiatic smell. I shall always remember the long trails of dust and the evening fires, the pungent odor of burning manure fuel; the ever present caste marks of the Hindu and the besmeared body and countenance of the holy man; the barbaric display of bracelets, anklets, ear and nose ornamentations; the community pipe, its long stem passed from one to another of those squatting around its bowl; the ever present rabble of natives, squatting, chattering, crowding, begging, or passing one quietly like shadows, moving noiselessly in their bare feet like a black panther. A land of drudgery, the bullock and water buffalo being the beasts of burden, India lacks advanced, modern agricultural implements to lighten tasks or increase productiveness; a land where human effort is held so cheap, the irrigation of thousands of acres accomplished by elevating the water by hand or by the assistance of the patient ox, brothers-in-burden to these Hindu drawers of water; a land where the cows are sacred and seem the most content of all living things,

the ashes of their dung a mark of sanctity, and also gathered and seen drying everywhere for fuel—grotesque India, the land of extremes.

As in all other countries, milk is an important factor to the health and life of children; therefore the sanctity of cows should be swept aside and their usefulness fully realized. I am told by good authority that in many districts if two-thirds of the poorer cows (many sterile) were slaughtered and their meat made use of, the remaining one-third, on the increased food, would produce more milk than at present; add to this intelligent breeding as has been done in our own land and a great economical advance would be made.

A dark people, and I sometimes wondered, if also a dark mind—ignorant, superstitious, and enslaved by a religion, the tyrannical caste system of which is alone sufficient to condemn it, a religion diametrically opposed to the idea of the Universal Brotherhood of Man as expounded by Christ. Nevertheless, one has a profound respect for the quiet, humble sincerity of the Hindus in their religious worship; one hopes that their future reward may compensate for the tragic sacrifices constantly made. Their fortitude in enduring suffering; their melancholy resignation; their unresisting despair—all evoke pity! pity! pity! from us sojourners in this land of resignation. If we could but transplant into the followers of the Christian religion some of the sincere devotion of the devotees of the Hindu religion which is so lacking in sympathy and charity, and give to them some of the uplifting beauty of the Christian religion, it would be helpful to both, for each may learn something by comprehending the philosophy of the other. Oft-

times I have been awakened in the night by the dismal wail of some native, always gripping me, a cry of despair in a land of anguish.

What is to become of it all? A land of over three hundred millions of people, two-thirds Hindu, with centuries of tradition, but a great family divided against itself with its castes, sub-castes, and tribal dislike one for another, and some seventy-five millions of Mohammedans entirely apart from them. Can any general concerted action towards a common cause, some national existence, be accomplished, or are the Hindu people as a mass too grossly ignorant to have their primitive minds, which are enslaved by a cruel caste system, moved to more than an unfortunate insurrection doomed to failure, instead of a concerted action in which rank, position, caste, and tribal allegiance are all sacrificed to one noble common cause for India? The question is one for able statesmen to consider, but as for myself, I see on the far horizon of the overcast sky a small gleam that will sooner or later bring the light, the awakening. However, if they desire a greater liberty they must deserve it and be capable of resisting the peril that greater freedom carries with it; and with it also must come the destruction of caste as existing in India today, for you cannot give freedom and still enslave by caste. I fear, however, that grave disaster will visit India without British guidance. India faces imminent danger from within, due to tribal and religious variations. They should foster a loyal understanding with England, for regardless of the latter's motives, one recognizes that Great Britain has done much good in India. If India hopes to realize her political desires, any effort for

greater national privileges must be along a path of loyalty and peace; thus India will far earlier arrive at her goal and thereby also give to the world an example of the gospel of goodwill toward man. Be this as it may, in the meantime England should profit by past experiences and, much as the necessity should be regretted, she should be able to use the iron hand should a situation arise requiring armed force. Trouble may some day become acute and England must maintain respect for her authority if determined to discharge the duty of guardianship.

One admires the calm courage of the British in their task of governing and advancing the welfare of India; a thankless job, which as an American citizen I am glad is not the undertaking and obligation of our country. Selfish motives may have prompted much, but one at all observing and taking into account the India of the past, realizes that England has done much for India and surely at this moment is extremely tolerant and liberal. India is not at present able to take the reins of government into her own hands. She would make a mess of it and as an old intelligent Bengalese tersely expressed it, "Were England to step out of India, Punjab would within forty-eight hours invade Bengal and not a virgin or a rupee would remain in Bengal." Experience has shown that liberty tenders great value, but also conceals great perils. England must needs use a firm hand if necessary in the present crisis for the good of India, for the good of the world at large.

"For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;

And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportioned loads on each."

GOLDSMITH.

I have often been asked here in India regarding the negro problem in America; people are unusually surprised to learn that there is a smaller percentage of negroes as compared with whites at the present time in the United States than immediately following the Civil War. Generally speaking, the negro is looked upon as a highly fecund race; although this was true in the days of slavery and decades thereafter, it does not hold true at present, as the figures for births and deaths among negroes today are nearly identical. In America we have no cross-bloods that are recognized as Eurasians—a half-blood, or any slight percentage of colored blood makes a negro in America; intermarrying of white and black is forbidden in nearly all states. To the negro is accorded full citizenship and he is provided with all the facilities for a good education, but it does not necessarily follow that the white man recognizes or accepts equality of races. The Eurasian in India, the results of a mixture of White and Indian blood, is in my opinion an unfortunate condition. Many instances are cited where a young "eight anna" (sixteen annas equalling one rupee) Indian half-blood boy, working in some government office, responded to the call of a name that startles some Englishman, being his own, and which upon quiet investigation later proves to be the result of an indiscreet act of his at an earlier period.

After considerable inquiry, more especially among intelligent natives, I believe the missionary an influence

for good, not necessarily forcing our religious ideas, but through enlightenment, sanitation, medicine, and nursing, uplifting the wretched, poor, and ignorant, planting and encouraging the seeds of advanced civilization and the gospel of Christ. There is an abyss between the Hindu creed fraught with superstitious and idolatrous worship, and the gospel of the Saviour of Men, over which the missionary, through Christ, must pilot the dark Hindu. The Western civilization, which some of the great Hindu leaders (Mr. Gandhi and others) condemn, is, after all, their salvation if they but accept its best. With the acceptance of Christianity or with Christian influence extended, the wicked caste system must pass; let me add that India can never be a self-governing country otherwise, and I predict its death knell will be sounded within ten years. This is clearly evident if one reads between the lines of the utterances of the intelligent Hindu leaders, Gandhi and others, who now recognize a modification which, if analyzed, surely means the beginning of the end of this enslaving, unrighteous caste system.

I could again enjoy a visit to the great Dravidian Temple at Tanjore and the opportunity to feast again on the marvelous carvings of the Jain Temple at Mt. Abu; or again to take a boat ride on the placid waters of the mountain-enclosed lake at Udaipur with its glistening white palaced islands; once more to reflect quietly within the shadow of the Kutub Minar and to sit at twilight or moonlight at the Taj Mahal in silent admiration of its exquisite beauty, mystic, enchanting, almost unreal; to pay again reverential respect to the martyrs at Cawnpore before their sacred memorial; to enjoy another ascent to the heights of Darjeeling, and to revel

in the eternal glory of Mt. Kinchinjanga and the adjoining heights of the Himalayas, as viewed in the transcendent glory of the setting and rising sun.

Many thanks are due Lord Curzon for his work of restoring temples, historic buildings, etc., which has added so much to the interest and pleasure of the traveler in India.

The future hope of a land is in its rising generations. I find that children are children everywhere, the vast difference being in their environments, some of which in this land are extremely saddening. They laugh or cry in a universal language understood by all. A smile usually begets a smile, affection is rewarded by affection. My heart has gone out to thousands of little children whose careers I should enjoy following under American environments. I have had little girls affectionately cling to my hand and follow me about, not for "baksheesh" but for something more, a spirit of confidence and affection, even though neither understood the language of the other. It may be expecting too much, but one may at least hope that through some agency that God will provide humanity the world over may rise to high levels and more equitably enjoy a fuller measure of the blessings the Creator has provided for mankind, for after all, "Humanity is one and how small is the world."

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CHAPTER IX

BURMA AND THE STRAITS SETTLEMENT

THE LAND OF BUDDHA

Jan. 26th

Rangoon with its picturesque 300,000 inhabitants appears like a well established city with the beginning of, and an opportunity to develop into, a really beautiful place. There is just enough intermingling of the Far East (China and Japan) customs of dress to add a bright color to the more somber shades of the Indian or Burman. The river is covered with sampans, like flocks of ducks—boats with narrow bows curved upward, the side rails extending beyond the back of the boat and upturned. In the stern stands the rower, who manipulates the craft with speed and precision. One always best sees native life at the great bazaars, which are a distinctive feature of Indian and Burman life. The Municipal Bazaar at Rangoon is of immense size and here the native buyers and sellers characteristically mingle in the stalls and tiny shops, where every imaginable ware is offered for sale. The women are dressed in white waists and tight fitting skirts of gay colored silk, their jet black hair done up in a band on the top of their heads, many with rings

worn on top and sides of ears and with huge cigars in their mouths, of which all Burmans are so fond. They are far more happy appearing than the average native of India with whom they pleasingly contrast.

Rice and teakwood are the principal items of export from Burma. I find the balance of trade with America in our favor to the extent of approximately twenty-five million dollars annually; but in Calcutta it favored India about one hundred millions, due largely to our extensive trading in jute products.

Royal Lakes, a park of Rangoon, is most attractive and the drives charming as they wind along the shore-line of the artificial lake. The grounds are rolling and well cared for and filled with palms, feathery bamboo, flowering trees, poinsettia, and large green trees. There is a promontory extending out into the lake; here a band plays during the afternoons, and we may pleasantly enjoy the music and the delightful view across the waters to the Golden Pagoda glistening on the hilltop to the west. The view is very pleasing and restful in the soft light of the setting sun. A visit to the great Shrine Dragon Pagoda is interesting. It is claimed to be the finest and most venerable place of worship in Indo-China, containing many sacred relics and visited by thousands of pilgrims. Its entrance is guarded by two gigantic leogryphs, grotesque appearing lions, or huge dogs, conspicuous in their coats of whitewash. The pagoda, bell-shaped, pyramidal, and spirelike in structure, is deceiving in its height and magnitude. It is situated on an elevation of 1166 feet and approached by a covered stairway along which are numerous beggars, also stalls at which are offered for sale food, tea, soft drinks,

imagery, trinkets, and lovely flowers as offerings of worship. The pagoda is gilt from base to summit and in appearance is like an imposing gigantic finial, being 370 feet high and a quarter of a mile (1355 feet) in circumference at its base. All about in the enclosure immediately surrounding the pagoda are numerous shrines containing an army of Buddhas, white or glittering in gold-leaf, calmly sitting cross-legged in silent meditation. Everywhere are bells to be struck by passing worshippers, possibly to call attention to their acts of piety. Before many of the shrines are bowed picturesque worshippers, especially the women, who in their gay Oriental colors appear quite like huge flowers—human iris, snap dragons or daisies, as the case may be, and blending perfectly with the floral offerings strewn before the silent irenic Buddha. Flowers seem always to smile in their effulgence, the same if in the garden or wild wood, as a bridal bouquet or funeral wreath, before a pagan god or in the hand of an innocent child; a constant never fading source of bright loveliness fresh from the hands of the Creator.

Jan. 29th

Yesterday afternoon and during last night we journeyed on the "Road to Mandalay." The great valley to the east of the Irrawaddy River, which the railroad traverses, is flat and very productive land. One sees many storehouses for grain corresponding to our grain elevators, except that the buildings are low and the grain is stacked in bags. Everywhere on the landscape pagodas are visible, for eighty-six per cent of the Burmese are Buddhists. The cattle appear well fed, sleek, and

vigorous; likewise the bullocks hauling the creaking carts.

Mandalay is a city of 150,000 inhabitants, but without any hotel fit for Europeans. We arrived in the early morning and arranged to sleep in very comfortable cabins on a steamer of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, on which we are to sail tomorrow. We first visited the Municipal Bazaar, for here one is always assured of a good glimpse of native life. Women share the responsibility of shop-keepers, many of the stalls or tiny shops being presided over by the fairer sex; and they also share the privilege of smoking, and men and women alike smoke huge black cigars with equal complacency. The characteristic difference between the people of India and Burma is at once a noticeable and pleasing contrast. The Burmese are merry, bright-clothed, and free from the tyrannical melancholy effect of caste; they show unmistakably their near relationship to the Chinese. The women are attractive looking, all alike delight in gay colors and silk attire; and they are generally well clad. The market contains the usual display, to which were added quantities of lacquer ware and some unusually attractive and interesting native woven baskets.

If there is any one feature especially noticeable in Mandalay it is the "Yellow Robed Fraternity"; everywhere one sees the shaven head and yellow garb of the Buddhist priest.

The old fort is a mile square and surrounded with a moat filled with water. Its stone walls are surmounted at regular intervals by attractive teakwood watch-towers, of several diminishing stories of Burmese design. Within the wall is the old palace now unused, its gold-leaf and

carvings in teakwood suggesting the Oriental splendor of earlier days.

Jan. 30th, 31st, Feb. 1st, 2nd

On the Irrawaddy River.

The sunrise was exceedingly beautiful, rising over the low mountain range to the east of Mandalay, the sky golden with shafts of light ascending high into the heavens, and the drifting clouds tinted with exquisite hues. Those who arose early saw it from the Irrawaddy River, for we slept aboard the boat which left at 6 A.M. for the down river trip, Mandalay to Prome, three hundred and fifty miles, and on to Rangoon, a distance of some six hundred and fifty miles. The hillsides are dotted with pagodas standing out bright in their whiteness.

The next four days we spent aboard the river steamer Assam, of the Irrawaddy River Flotilla. Our trip is very restful, the waters quiet, and the rural scenery pleasing; and the continual regular singing of the native lookout one on each of the barges lashed alongside, marking the shallow river depths with their sounding line, and calling the same alternately, chantlike, tends to lull one to sleep. We passed the ruined city of Pagan, and Murray informs us that here once a mighty city stood, its Oriental splendor stretching along the river for twenty miles and containing 13,000 pagodas and monasteries. It is now but a small deserted place, and of interest chiefly to Archæologists. There is no present shortage, however, of pagodas, for they are as plentiful on many of the hillsides along the river as haystacks in a western alfalfa field.

Scattered along this river district there are also thousands of oil wells, comprising one of Burma's principal industries. We continually pass rafts of teakwood logs on which are small thatched straw huts, the habitation of the three or four men who guide the raft on its slow floating journey down the river to the mills at Rangoon. Now and then as the steamer stops to drop one of its barges and to take on another loaded with its freight or to have additional cargo carried on, we go ashore. The village itself is usually three or four miles back from the river but there are always a few native huts on the sand banks of the landing places. Here the poor natives offer their cheap lacquer ware or other trifles, the proceeds of occasional sales assisting in their scanty existence. Life seems to be lived in a very simple form—their food a handful of rice, a cup of tea, a little fruit; their shelter a hut of straw or matting; and they wash or club their clothes on the river's edge which also serves as the family bath tub. On the sand-bars, some a mile or more in length, are often to be seen a few fishermen's huts with their boats and drying nets alongside. The river has many native craft carrying square sails swung from masts near the bows; astern are exalted poop-thrones (the only description I can think of) rising above the after cabin and canopied with matting. Some of these craft contain some really interesting carved teak wood sterns.

Aboard the steamer is a chatty old Englishwoman with whom we are obliged to travel around the world at each meal as she recounts her travels through thirty-seven countries she has visited. She talks incessantly, has seen better days, and must have been a remarkably in-

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teresting and charming woman in her younger years, even now possessing splendid poise and gracious manners, her aged and faded features still suggesting her earlier beauty. She now wears gaudy, cheap jewelry and tawdry dresses—smokes many cigarettes and, they say, takes dope—the pity—these human derelicts.

Feb. 3rd

One thing has especially impressed me in Burma. Nowhere in Rangoon, Mandalay, nor in the villages along the river have I ever been importuned for alms by beggars, nor have the children asked for "backsheesh," much to my relief after India. The only exception is in the Great Pagoda at Rangoon. In fact, while the lands of India and Burma join, the people are far removed from one another in temperament, and there is a great contrast between caste-depressed India, and Buddhist Burma, whose people appear carefree and happy, a land exuberant in vegetation, where the day is born again each morning in freshness.

Feb. 4th, 5th, 6th

Rangoon presents a charming picture as we sail down the Irrawaddy River towards the sea, the city gradually fading on the flat horizon. We sailed at 2 P.M. on the 4th for Penang and Singapore, aboard the "Edwana," enjoying the lovely waters of the Indian Ocean for the following days.

Feb. 7th

Spent a very enjoyable day at Penang, one of the Islands of the Straits Settlements, a British possession.

It is a lovely place with attractive homes, clean streets, and luxuriant vegetation. We drove several miles over a splendid road winding along the shore, or overlooking the quiet sea with its mountainous islands in the distance.

The scenery is tropical, there is a lovely sandy beach strewn with large rocks, and growing along the shore are many cocoanut palms leaning out towards the sea, with native thatched huts scattered at random among them. The air is gentle and salubrious. In the afternoon we drove to the interior of the island, seeing extensive rice paddies, some being harvested. Our drive also brought us to the Snake Temple (Buddhist) so called because live snakes are seen everywhere throughout the Temple, on tables, entwined about the altar and on the idols themselves—a vile, disgusting exhibition.

As we sailed from Penang Harbor at 10 P.M. we enjoyed a real South Sea treat—the crests of the waves in every direction were capped or tinted with a phosphorescent light. I stood forward on the ship and watched the water as it rolled back from the prow, all aglow with this exquisite illumination, caused by myriads of minute pelagic forms.

Feb. 8th

At sea en route to Singapore.

Feb. 9th, 10th

The entrance to Singapore Harbor (coming from Penang) is very pleasing indeed; the channel is narrow; the waters clear; and the harbor is formed by, and studded with, pretty islands covered with tropical verdure and dotted with inviting homes overlooking the

sea. Chinese are the prevailing type on the docks, for of Singapore's population of 350,000, more than one-half are Chinese. They present a new picture with their two-piece suits and their wide bamboo hats, resembling a parasol worn as headgear; and as it was raining when we came alongside the dock, several wore raincoats of thatch, giving them the appearance of a peculiar upright fowl with ruffled yellow feathers (dried and shredded palm leaves) and a hooded crest.

Singapore is a busy port, the gateway to the Far East (China and Japan) and a cosmopolitan city; for, due to so many steamers en route from Occident to Orient and vice versa stopping in this harbor, one sees every nationality. The streets are clean, the city orderly and well kept, with good municipal and commercial buildings, and a splendid water front; and a hundred vessels may be seen lying at anchor or alongside dock, loading or discharging cargoes. There are also myriads of junks or luggers presenting a forest of masts, or a pleasing picture when gracefully sailing with their batwing sails of a dark reddish brown. The temperature is rather close and depressing, especially during the middle of the day; and Singapore has but two seasons, the wet and the rainy. The prices that maintain in the shops are on many articles as high, or even higher, than in America and generally one gets less here for his money than in our own country. In fact, it might be stated that while prices as a whole are perhaps higher in America than in the East, still nowhere else does one receive the quality, the service, and attention that is given in the United States.

The inhabitants, as I have stated, are largely Chinese

and the men, especially, have impressed me very favorably. They are good-natured and usually smiling, so different from the dark gloomy men of India, larger in stature, and I might add, in mind, happy appearing, not somber and morose. It greatly increases my already keen interest in our visit to China. Walking along the water front of a lagoon-like harbor within the city, teeming with junks and Chinamen, some of the latter working, some eating, others loitering, I came across a small outdoor theater, a temporary affair used during the Chinese New Year period. The stage was elevated approximately 6 feet, was about 20 feet long and 10 feet deep, with small narrow wings on each side, and was entirely open in front and covered with a thatched roof. Upon this stage or platform was a company of Chinese actors depicting Chinese legends. While the cast of characters appeared to comprise men, women, girls, and boys I later learned that all the actors except two or three men were boys. When dressed in their female attire of bright embroidered silks and wigs of jet black hair done in Oriental fashion, their faces highly colored, they deceive the casual onlooker. Their acting is both interesting and artistic. The orchestra is composed of two or three Oriental pieces relegated to one of the wings of the stage. Any of the actors not performing are onlookers from these open wings. No recompense is requested from their street audience nor from those on the balconies and in the front upper rooms of the houses facing the stage. We are informed that the expense is entirely borne by the wealthy Chinese merchants of the immediate vicinity, and the performance is enacted for the enjoyment and enlightenment of the

Chinese public in general, during their New Year festivities.

There is a Malay fishing village in the suburbs of Singapore that offers an interesting bit of native life. Huts built of bamboo and thatch are clustered closely together in a grove of tall cocoanut palms beside the sea. These huts are built up from the ground a few feet, the rooms small and the entrance so low that one must stoop to enter, but clean and inviting within although extremely simple.

I have always enjoyed pineapples; but I now realize that one has no idea of the deliciousness of this fruit if only had from our home markets. They are extremely juicy and so sweet that to add sugar would impair their taste and when eaten they practically melt in your mouth, leaving scarcely any fiber. They are here offered for sale by street vendors, and one can hardly resist their tempting appearance, all peeled and sliced, although nearly always I bought a whole fruit, peeled it with my pocket knife and set to and soon finished it. Pineapples are certainly the queen fruit of the Tropics and, outside of these and bananas, in my opinion the Tropics offer none equal to the variety of luscious fruits of the Temperate Zone.

The rubber plantations about Singapore are idle; the trees untapped, due to the slump in the price of rubber. In Java grave losses have been suffered by the sugar interests. In Ceylon the tea market was paralyzed. India was endeavoring to adjust her difficult domestic problems and is in the throes of political unrest. Europe is clouded in mists of distrust and fear. A World War must needs bring the necessity of a world-wide readjust-

ment of affairs and conditions. The present downward trend in prices of commodities is a natural reaction from inflated currency and abnormal margin of profits as a result of the war. The present reduction in prices that is slowly but surely coming all over the world will be accompanied by a deflation of currency and a more nearly normal exchange. It is doubtful if prices will ever again be as low as in pre-war days, but any reductions will be welcomed by the consumer, and financial panics need not follow if reasonable production can be maintained and the working man gives an honest day's work for his hire. Before sailing on an extended voyage I have always found certain medical precautions beneficial—and what the world needs at present is a good dose of calomel followed by Epsom salts and a few days of moderate eating to clear the present disturbed system of its bile of the agitators, the acrimonious secretions of the Bolsheviks and the froth of the scare-mongers. There are statesmen, too, that need the same medicine in a mental form to enable them to navigate the Ship of State with clearer vision and healthier perception. With Harding in the stirrups and his policy outlined; Congress settled down to "more business in Government and less Government in business;" the elimination or modification of the excess profit tax, accomplishing its receipts by a direct sales tax; extension of the payment of our (U. S.) war indebtedness over a longer period; Wall Street once more in its shirt-sleeves; the financial centers satisfied with a fair normal interest rate and a willingness to support legitimate industrial undertakings; a normal production at reasonable profits; fair prices to the consumer; an honest day's work

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on the part of both labor and management; given these, the world's scar-marked visage may again be softened to an irenical look of growing contentment.

Feb. 11th

Sailed this P.M. for Java.

CHAPTER X

ACROSS THE EQUATOR TO BEAUTIFUL JAVA

Feb. 12th

The distance between Singapore and Batavia is over five hundred miles and the voyage requires about forty hours. Leaving Singapore yesterday and passing out of its beautiful island-set harbor we sailed for some time off a group of interesting islands covered with tropical vegetation (Rhio Archipelago). The equator is crossed during the night and the following day we pass through the straits of Banka between Banka and Sumatra. Banka Island, lying to the east, is noted for its production of tin—the miners being chiefly Chinese. At times we sail very near the coast and a low range of mountains in the interior of the island is visible.

Today is the birthday of Lincoln, that Great American Patriot; the Savior of his country—an inspiration to all coming generations. It is to be hoped that Our Country may always be especially blessed by the right man to pilot our national affairs whenever danger is impending.

Today is also the birthday of a little girl whose daddy wishes her the choicest blessings in God's power to bestow and desires to be worthy of the trust of parental guidance. I sent a cable of felicitations to little Bessie on the 9th inst.

Feb. 13th

Arrived early this morning at Java.

Tanjong Prock, the seaport of Batavia, is a small but good harbor. The batik sarongs in lovely shades of bronze, blue, yellow, and brown, which are worn by the women and many of the men, and also the men's trousers, of gaudy cotton prints, immediately attract the eye. The women also wear dainty thin lawn sacques, "bajus." The faces of the natives are not as happy appearing as the Chinese of Penang and Singapore, more somber and reserved; the women, however, are rather attractive and good looking.

En route Buitenzorg we pass through miles of rice paddy fields; the small valleys and undulating land picturesquely terraced to permit of irrigation; the growing rice a variety of beautiful tender green shades. In the fields are groups of laborers dressed in gay colors and wearing bamboo head coverings of the size and shape of a Chinese sunshade, all so charming in their tropical setting. Here and there are little hamlets surrounded by cocoanut palms, mangoes, rubber trees, bamboo, etc. In the distance are the mountains, their summits in clouds.

Buitenzorg is delightfully situated—the tropical landscape rolling and a splendid mountain in the distance. It is pleasant, indeed, to sit on the veranda of the Bellevue Hotel which commands a fine view to the west, and gaze upon the green landscape stretching out before us; Mt. Salak, 8,000 feet high, in the distance, rising into the drifting clouds. Below is a small river with swift waters in which natives may be constantly seen bathing. There is a general air of cleanliness and prosperity. We visit the world-famed Botanical Garden which is located here.

What a delight it must be to botanists for it contains tens of thousands of specimens of plants and trees, all carefully labeled and catalogued. It is no less enjoyable to all lovers of plant life. The trees are magnificent, the plants and shrubs splendid, and the flowers of the orchids, nymphaeas, and lotus, simply lovely. To wander slowly through this splendid garden and enjoy its beautiful, intelligent display is, indeed, time well spent.

A small river winds through the park and there are also several interesting ponds planted with lovely nymphaeas (water lilies) and other aquatic plants and grasses near which I was loitering, taking pictures; four little girls of from eight to thirteen years of age suddenly appeared, holding their sarongs loosely about their wet bodies, their hair glistening with jewels of drops of water, looking like water nymphs fresh from their baths. They motioned and made me to understand to photo them minus their one-piece suits. One always sees game when without gun and ammunition; I had exposed my last film and two of the little girls had already prepared for their pictures standing in their delightful innocence before a beautiful palm. I went through all the motions of taking a picture but the only exposure made was their girlish loveliness, not to be later divulged by a sacrilegious unthinking negative.

Feb. 14th

Valentine Day—the first in twenty-three years that I have failed to send a floral valentine to “my Bonnie Bess.” At no time could I more desire the presence of this love token than this year, when far away in a foreign land.

NOTE: Learned later that this was attended to in my name by my mother.

We are traveling from Buitenzorg to Garoet. The country is resplendent with equatorial vegetation, lovely in its freshness, bathed in daily rains. In a pretty dell at the edge of a wood, beside a pool of water, I saw a native girl, bathing, the cool refreshing water on her naked body sparkling in the morning sun. At another place were some women standing in a stream doing their washing, a boulder their washboard, and surrounded by naked children, sporting in the cooling water among the rocks, oblivious to inquisitive eyes, enjoying the blessings of nature.

One glances at a comfortable, simple hut, tucked away in the shade of a few cocoanut palms, mango, and sawn manila trees, a clump of banana plants, a patch of cassava (tapioca), and some sweet potatoes growing close by, the rice in the near valley, a cool stream to bathe and refresh in; is not the simple peaceful life thus lived by many native Javanese, after all, an ideal existence? Advanced civilization affords many luxuries, but also brings many responsibilities and burdens.

The rice fields are beautiful to look upon. In places the eyes scan miles of this exquisite, green, growing cereal; the manner of terracing adds to the charm of the scene and, interspersed with clumps of tropical growth surrounding a hut or two, is exceedingly picturesque. Some of the large, flat areas of ripening rice look quite like fields of wheat just beginning to turn golden, for rice may be seen in Java, at this time, in every stage of development, from the small patches of nursery plants to

the ripening grain. I consider these rice fields of Java with their tropical surroundings and the background of the adjoining mountains, clothed with various vegetation to their very summits, one of the most pleasing scenes I have ever viewed. As we reach higher levels we note a few tea plantations. The country becomes very rolling, but always in every direction the landscape is rich in tropical verdure, and even to the mountain tops all nature seems to smile in her prodigal exuberance. Only the ever-present clouds seem to frown and they carry the refreshing rains that make this land bloom in plenteousness.

Feb. 15th

Garoet is an attractive and restful place, surrounded by volcanic mountains and with several nearby lakes. The days are warm but not depressingly hot, the nights cool and delightful, and at this season of the year there is just sufficient rain to give freshness to all vegetation. Javanese Girls besiege us at the side porches of our rooms here in the hotel, eager to sell their "sarong"—"Mister, buy just one—cheap—ten guilders—how much you give, Mister?" First one face and then another appears through the opening in the hedge. A visit to the market place gives one a good idea of the native vegetables, fruits, and food in general. We are further enlightened by our hotel serving us a specially prepared luncheon of "rice tafel" a Javanese dish composed of boiled rice, to which is added at least three dozen items of food—chicken, meats, fish, vegetables, condiments, sauces, etc. The proverbial American hash is a simple concoction in comparison.

An interesting half-day excursion is to the Boiling

Springs and Bagendit Lake. At the latter place we took a ride on the lake in a water craft that resembled a combination of a catamaran and a miniature houseboat. There are two canoes made from large logs hollowed out, on which is placed a platform and summer house or shelter built of bamboo, with thatched roof containing chairs and accommodating four or five passengers. In each end of the canoes are girls dressed in sarongs of many hues, each using a small, short paddle; and in the rear of one of the canoes stands a man who poles with a long bamboo pole. It is a novel, picturesque, but comfortable craft. I here saw quantities of water hyacinth, a beautiful fragrant flower, but I am told, exceedingly obnoxious to the natives due to its fast spreading habit of filling the streams and waterways of the rice paddies. At the landing place of the lake there were about a dozen natives, men, women and children, playing musical instruments called "Auklang," made entirely of bamboo, two upright bamboo pipes so constructed and hung that when shaken by the player they produce a muffled bell-like tone quality, which, heard from a short distance, is quite pleasing and tuneful. We witnessed a native dance in the evening. It begins by the dancer standing motionless except for a small twitching motion of the index finger of each hand; then they make convulsive movements of the hands, followed by a slow measured step with accompanying feet contortions and at intervals, with their bare feet or hands, they throw one end of a long scarf over their arm or shoulder. In their wildest frenzy the dancers may be excited to action resembling a dignified quadrille or possibly a cock strutting about a hen, but during all of this performance the face is immobile and expressionless. The

dress of the woman is a few ornaments in their plain jet black hair and about their neck; a tight fitting waist or sacque, a silver girdle, and a batik sarong as a skirt, their feet bare; their figure as attired is not altogether pleasing for they appear to bind down the breasts, draw in the waist-line and fasten their sarong in such a manner over the abdomen as to give a full appearance in front, slightly drooping the shoulders and bowing the back, thus greatly detracting from the charm of a naturally good, healthy figure. They chew while dancing, and when resting between dances sit on the floor, expectorating in a tin can and occasionally rubbing their teeth and gums with a large gob of fine cut tobacco to cleanse them of their betel-nut stain and add a little zest of nicotine. The men wear jackets, sarongs, caps, and are also barefooted. The music is furnished by an orchestra of about a dozen players who sit on the floor—their faces sober and unanimated, all continuously playing percussion instruments of bell-like tones, except one two-string fiddle. The music is a monotone in 4/4 time accompanied occasionally by a few measures of an exceedingly high-pitched song, sung by one of the dancers and sounding like mews of a cat.

Feb. 16th

We today enjoyed an interesting excursion to Kawah Kemodjan among the mountains and of 6,000 feet elevation. It is nine miles by motor and an additional nine by pony, the latter half of the trip being up a steep trail. It is a beautiful trail leading up the sides of the steep hills to the mountains and offering tropical scenery of rare loveliness. On each side of the path are quantities

of lantanas forming a hedge and covered with their pretty little clusters of pink, yellow, and orange colored blossoms; growing up through these are *datuna fastuosa*, with their gigantic stately white flowers, the poison from which is used by natives to administer deadly concoctions; below and in front of these shrubs are growing in wild profusion blue *ageratum*. The valley and sides of the lower hills are covered with growing rice in the terraced paddy fields; the steeper inclines of the higher hills are planted with cassava (*tapioca*) tobacco, peanuts, etc., and many of the fields are outlined by rows of banana plants. The deep ravines are filled with clumps of bamboo, some at least 70 feet tall, such a lovely feathery giant grass which is put to so many uses in the Orient and which is worthy of thorough investigation as to its adaptability to our country and climate. As we reached the higher elevations, we entered a great virgin forest chiefly of *waringin* trees—grand trees, many two or three feet through, with spreading, arching limbs forming a verdant vault high over our heads and commanding our admiration. They were shrouded in mist which confined our view to their realm and we were hedged in by a tracery of ferns—many being large tree ferns with fronds as strong as young shrubs, and other rank tropical growth profuse with lovely orchids and other flowers, on both sides of the trail. Not every one rides a pony. Some are carried in sedan chairs, slung on bamboo poles, four natives carrying the burden up the steep climb, a strenuous physical task. The ponies are small, weighing perhaps 500 to 600 pounds, but equal to their task as was convincingly demonstrated by one little, wiry animal carrying one of our party, weighing 276

pounds, up and back on this steep trail. There is a native attendant with each pony, and our cavalcade started off very quietly and slowly; but when one dare-devil let out a series of wild yells and set off at a merry gallop in which others joined, the attendants eagerly and joyously entered into the Wild-West spirit and thereafter every level place or slight grade was taken at a lively canter. It resulted in a couple of spills but fortunately no serious mishap. When we reached the pools of bubbling, hot mud and the boiling, sputtering water, it all seemed inconsequential as compared to the awe-inspiring, magnificent grandeur of the Yellowstone, but served no less as a reminder of the mighty chain of volcanoes active or quiescent, which form a backbone throughout the length of the island and in bygone days have exacted terrible toll. The pleasure of our stay at Garoet has been largely due to the courteous consideration of the proprietor of Hotel Papan-dajan, Mr. Hacks, who was exceedingly solicitous for our welfare.

Feb. 17th

One visiting Java is at once impressed by the attractiveness of the picturesque sarongs worn by the natives. They are usually of Javanese batik, which forms an important industry, and which is famous all over the world for its quaint beauty of design and the pleasing blending of colors, especially bronze, blue, yellow, and brown shades, produced by durable vegetable dyes. Djockja is one of the principal centers for the production of this article.

There are ancient Buddhistic remains that we visited by motor a short trip from Djockja that comprise a great

pile of stones surrounding a hill and called a "Stupa," covered with a profuse amount of bas-relief stone carving. However, the principal items of interest to tourists in Java, as I see it, are its lovely tropical scenery of unsurpassable beauty, its extensive rice fields and sugar plantations. The life of the natives can best be seen and judged by observing them at work in the rice fields and elsewhere, by visits to the principal market places.

Java though a tropical country and within 6 degrees of the equator seems to have a very equitable climate, especially in the hill districts where it is quite like a moderate summer and not subject to sudden changes.

Feb. 18th

As a great lover of fruit, I tasted many varieties in Java. The pineapples are not so good as those I ate in Singapore, nor do they compare in quality with this luscious fruit of Hawaii. All their citrous fruits are far inferior to those of California and Florida, and as for the bananas, I tried several varieties which were claimed as their best and which were very delicious, but found none superior to those from South America, which are so common in our market. The mangosteen (the best fruit I ate in the Island) I would not think of comparing with our luscious peaches; the sawn manila, a delicious fruit, could not be ranked with Bartlett pears, and none of the doekoes, remboetans, and djamboes are in any way equal to our cherries, plums, and apples. The jack fruit is of insipid sweetness, and the durian, a nauseous article tasting like a boiled onion with some oriental flavoring added, and there is nothing in particular to recommend either. It seems to be a characteristic feature of tropical fruits

to have very rough, tough covering, containing very large seed pits surrounded by very little fruit meat.

The island of Java is approximately 700 miles long and 35 to 125 miles in width; its population is 30,000,000, of which only 75,000 are Europeans and a quarter-million of Chinese, the balance are a mixture of native races. It is generally supposed that Sumatra, Borneo, and Java, with adjacent islands, were once a part of the continent of Asia, while islands to the east were a part of Australia. Of these East India Islands, Java is fifth in size. The western portion of the island possesses the best scenery.

Batavia is the capital of Java, the third city in size, and is somewhat like a Holland city in regard to its intersecting canals. The residential district is quite apart from the business section. There is nothing, however, about Batavia that is decidedly distinctive from other cities of these parts, nor does it offer many particular points of interest. It has a splendid museum in which is an exceptional display of arts and crafts characteristic of the Island and native life: basketry, weaving, musical instruments, aboriginal wearing apparel, primitive implements of war of an earlier period, and small interesting models of different types of native houses.

The city has perpetuated a striking example of the fate of an ignoble traitor. Peter Erverveld in 1722 conspired against his country (Holland), the plot was discovered, and he was executed, his skull put on a spike on the wall surrounding his home where it has remained ever since, at least so traditions state, although if true it now appears as though it were encased in cement and sculptured to represent a skull.

Java is off the beaten track of tourists, yet is very

accessible from Singapore and well worth a visit. Its native life is of a type peculiarly its own, and its exceptionally beautiful tropical scenery presents a charm quite distinctly Javanese. It is said that the birds of Java have no song and the flowers no perfume—undoubtedly an exaggeration; but I noted the absence of bird-song and I do not recall much perfume of flowers. In addition to the above, there are some things that I shall always associate with Java; white men with native black women as wives and their Eurasian offspring; the “dhobies” (washermen), those destroyers of clothes, beating them with a vengeance as though they had a grudge against them, or endeavoring to break the stones against which they were beaten; exceptionally hard beds with no coverings to place over you, a pillow for the head and a long round one used for a unique purpose and called a “dutch wife”; train schedules and excursions that seem constantly to require 5 A.M. rising but which well repay one by the beauty and delight of early morning in this charming tropical island; and last, but indelibly imprinted upon my memory, its indescribably beautiful green rice fields in their delightful and marvelous tropical setting.

NOTE: Sailed at 4 P.M. Feb. 19th for Singapore.

Feb. 20th

At sea—making the reverse trip to Singapore.

CHAPTER XI

OUR PARTY AND THE VOYAGE TO CHINA

Feb. 23rd

An interesting group of birthdays occurred in our party; yesterday, Washington's Birthday, was also the birthday of Mrs. W—, which was not divulged until the evening dinner when wine was served with the Madam's compliments. We drank her health, sincerely wishing her many happy returns of the day. She is a splendid fellow-traveler, with always a smile and a merry twinkle in her eyes and with an ability to bestow subtle flattery with just enough delicacy to prompt its acceptance as a compliment. I shall never forget her manner of saying, after tasting something unusually tasty—"Per-fect-ly de-lic-ious! I say, it is per-fect-ly de-lic-ious, Colonel."

Miss B's birthday was today and nothing was said of it until after a little party given by Mr. P—whose birthday also occurred on February 23, and he, too, was equally careful not to mention the fact until we were gathered for dinner and the glasses on the table indicated the festivity of which Mr. P— was the host. At the age of fifty or sixty a year added may be a small percentage of those gone before but an ever increasing ratio of those remaining. How short the span of life, and what an unsatisfactory prospect for those who believe that all

human existence terminates with death. Our friend P—, who is a lovable fellow, is an atheist; says he would give anything to believe in God and Christianity—says he is open to honest conviction, but demands material proof. How can one prove a spiritual or psychical condition by material matter? Is one honestly open to conviction if when approaching a spiritual subject, he demands material evidence? Is he not rather trying to establish his own premise and position instead of placing himself in a receptive mood to perceive the light from his sphere of darkness. There are still many things that great men of learning do not know; phenomena that cannot scientifically be explained. Why question God's purpose in not revealing by material proofs his great, divine, spiritual plan? The life of a positivist, who refuses to comprehend anything he cannot see and analyze must of necessity be one made up entirely of facts; the physical life of man being alone of consequence, to the exclusion of the spiritual; a life thus circumscribed to a vision of material things only needs a new perspective, which the spiritual alone can give. With the physical devoid of the spiritual and without the consciousness of the soul how can one attain a true understanding and wisdom? However, P— has a tender heart, is solicitous of others' welfare, is a good sport and a good bridge player, but a poor horseman. He says that for many years he labored not only by day but until late hours at night building up what has proved a successful business. I sometimes thought he was endeavoring to regain some of those lost hours of sleep as his head nodded or fell forward on his chest during thousands of miles of travel by steamer, train, auto, and carriage—a movie of, *How I Slept Around the World in Six Months*.

Miss W— (Mrs. W's daughter) is devoted to her mother, always well dressed, a good traveler, but requiring nearly as many trunks as the entire party and I have observed that the more we travel the less baggage we require; that is, if we are traveling purely for sight-seeing, observation, and enlightenment. There is little, if any, trouble securing clothes wherever you may be, and such as are best adapted to the conditions and climate; but regarding Miss W—, she possessed more poise than any woman I have ever met; in fact, so much that at times one had a desire to ruffle up her hair or pull her hat askew in an endeavor to upset her perfect, almost tantalizing self-control.

Mrs. H— is truly a saintly woman; one who could help a missionary (and such her husband was before death), a woman who could carry to others the gospel of Christ by her exemplary manner and spirit of sacrifice. Impatience or unkindness distressed her; she is a gentle woman, a kindly character; a Christian, with a sweet face radiating sympathy and affection.

Miss B— (Mrs. H's sister) is a beautiful pianist and a much traveled woman, capable of confining herself to a very limited wardrobe—an eager and observing traveler, frank, intelligent, and refined.

My mental picture of my dear friend Arthur in the Orient, as I shall always remember him, shows him good-natured, fat, and hot, carrying a leather bag so large that a small suitcase was carried within it containing a suit or two and countless stones and gems; many pairs of glasses, and a magnifying glass, which were required for looking at and inspecting the said gems, and curios which finally nearly affected his eyesight. In his white suits,

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his generous proportions were even increased in appearance, and the trousers which were constructed out doors in Ceylon, had seats in them built as if for carrying contrabands. He is loved by all and is as genuinely gentle as a Chinese; always behind, and yet never late; patience personified.

Feb. 28th

The past week has been spent in waiting at Singapore for the sailing of our ship to Hongkong. We today boarded the Steamer Wakasa, our arms loaded with Malacca canes, like all tourists visiting Singapore, and sailed at 4:00 P.M.

A self-styled astrologer came aboard the ship just before sailing, looking for a dollar or two from the easily beguiled. I told him I wished to know but one thing: namely, would we have favorable weather and a pleasant voyage. He assured me that we would, except for storms in the Mediterranean Sea. I thanked him, and also informed him that we were sailing in the opposite direction.

March 1st

Land, chiefly islands, visible practically all day on both sides of ship, and a lovely smooth sea.

March 2nd

Early this morning saw two submarines about one mile to the eastward of our ship—English, we were told. This evening the stars were unusually brilliant and interesting. Venus, the evening star, a luminary of the night shedding a light sufficient that the sea reflected a path of silvery sheen; to the eastward was Jupiter in all

its brilliancy; the North Star was but a short distance above the horizon and I watched the Great Bear as it gradually arose, in its orbit, from the sea. By 11:00 P.M. one could enjoy the novel experience of seeing the North Star and Great Bear and in the south the Southern Cross.

March 3rd

Calm sea, exceedingly fine blue in color, and at times even as deep a shade as indigo.

March 4th

A rough sea, wind, and rain. Today, or rather on this day (for it will be March 5th here when noon March 4th arrives in Washington, D. C.). Mr. Harding takes his oath of office and the good old Republican Party are again fully empowered with the control of the political affairs of Our Country. I am sure the change is generally welcomed.

March 5th

We were unable to secure first cabin passage on the Wakasa, so took second cabin accommodations with first cabin privileges. Our cabin has six occupants: four American, two Japanese. Yesterday and today we have been in a northeast monsoon nearly head-on, and the waves are running high. The second cabin is on the poop-deck far astern. First the stern starts to settle to the bottom of the sea, and then as the bow takes a turn at accomplishing the same job the propellers are raised high out of the water, violently shaking the whole ship in her porpoise-like progress.

What effect a rough sea has on the subconscious mind that would produce a dream such as I had last night, I

don't know ; but I dreamt that there was a high chimney at one corner of the Detroit City Hall on the top of which was balanced a plank (presume the ship was just then riding a high-comber) upon which stood a table set with food and before which I was seated balancing myself and nervously endeavoring to enjoy the repast, but really more concerned as to how I should get to a place of safety. Finally, seizing the legs of the table, using it as a plane, and jumping off into space, I was able to glide in safety to the roof of the City Hall below (the ship was probably just then sliding down a great wave). The law of gravitation around Fort and Woodward Avenues must have been on a vacation at the moment, or a mighty uplifting influence emanating from the Mayor's office—at all events I was impressed with the fact that the Mayor occupied about the same precarious position in regard to the successful operation of a municipally owned street railway system ; but perhaps by some equal phenomenon he might grasp each corner of an Evening News and with this stable airship effect a safe landing with his project.

When you are at sea and indisposed (a "gentle" word for seasickness) and some fellow passenger calls to see you in your cabin, ostensibly to condone with you, but in reality to parade his own seaworthiness and to remark on what a lovely voyage it is and how beautiful the waves are today, one is reminded of the remarks of a distinguished French lady who sent word to a caller that she "begged to be excused, as she was engaged in dying."

March 6th

I awake each morning on board the ship to find on my body a few more bites that invite vigorous scratching.

It is a gray day and the sea is still disconcerting; at least, as it affects the "poop-deck." Amidship the *Wakasa* behaves very well indeed, like the perch of a "teeter-tauter." Chinese junks are present in great numbers, indicative of our approach to Hongkong. We enter the harbor of Hongkong towards evening; it is surrounded by charming mountainous islands. The city along the water front and on the hillsides sparkles in its brilliant lighting, which is sometimes referred to as "the grandest illumination in the Orient."

CHAPTER XII

CHINA A LAND OF SMILES

March 7th

Hongkong Harbor presents an interesting and lively sight viewed in the early morning activity. Chinese Junks everywhere—most of them with canvas sails, but many with sails of matting. Their prow sets rather low in the water, but the after-deck is built high, wide, and commodious, comparatively speaking, and is almost invariably the place of abode of the Chinese skipper and his family. The women share with the men the task of operating the craft, sculling with equal effectiveness the long sweeping oar at the stern. Many ships lie at anchor and alongside the docks; for crafts of all nations visit this great harbor, a gateway to East and West.

The city of Hongkong (good harbor) is situated on an island of like name and of twenty-nine square miles area. It is mountainous, the granite slopes of Victoria Peak rising 1900 feet above sea level. Although within the torrid zone, and of the same latitude as Havana, Cuba, the winter climate is pleasant, warm, but not hot, and the temperature rarely below 60°. The population is over a half-million (535,000), only 13,500 of which are non-Chinese. I read a surprising statement that reports the birth-rate as only one-third to one-fifth the death-rate

during the years 1914 to 1917 inclusive (See Glimpse of China by the Taikansha) ; I had no opportunity to verify this, but it surely seems an error to me. The city extends along the shore of the island for a considerable length, has a splendid group of government buildings and likewise good commercial ones. A large export and import business is here carried on, as it is to a great extent the clearing port for Southern China in its trade with the Occident.

We visited the summit of Victoria Peak, where is located the Governor General's summer home, and from which a comprehensive and extensive view may be had of the city, harbor, and adjoining islands and inlets. Kowloon is just across the harbor to the north. The country hereabout is undulating and rather mountainous.

The city has a few good, wide, well paved streets running parallel to the sea-front, and these are intersected by narrow passageways. The large European and Chinese places of business are located on these principal streets; but it is the narrow passageways that are especially interesting, many lined on both sides with small shops, above which lives the multitude. All these alleys are teeming with merchants, vendors, coolies, and children, the latter just everywhere and in every direction that one may look. Their numbers are at variance with the statistics I have above quoted, for funerals, it would seem, must needs be an endless procession to keep pace with new arrivals, at least if the young of the street is any indication. One enjoys these Chinese children; they are attractive and happy looking, bodies well nourished and covered with ample clothing, none beggars.

An interesting street feature is the quick lunches and the peripatetic cook with his traveling restaurant, a small

fire, a kettle, and a few pieces of food. Customers stand or squat about eating or drinking from bowls or pushing food into their mouths with chopsticks. The Chinese men are very attractive to me, the humblest possessing a dignity of bearing. Some are in Western attire, as we know it; others wear round, black silk caps, long silk coats and trousers, the bottoms of which are neatly tied about the ankles, and white socks. The coolies are clad in blue cotton jackets and trousers of like material, and go bareheaded or wear broad bamboo hats with cone-shaped tops. The coolies generally have a good-natured, engaging smile; the clerks are obliging and courteous; and the merchants and men of affairs have an air of repose and dignity that commands one's respect. The women, as a whole, are rather plain appearing, but patient and kindly looking, and apparently good strong mothers; at least they cannot be accused of birth-control or race suicide. They take pride in their straight, jet black hair plastered down with a mucilaginous liquid, a long hanging braid or a knock at the back of the head with possibly a simple ornament therein, and jade earrings. They usually wear a plain black sacque or kimona, and trousers, the legs of which are the same size from top to bottom. These costumes may be varied by gray, drab, or dull blue silk garments with which are worn cloth slippers or wooden sandals that click, clack, click, as their wearers shuffle down the street; the feet may be bare or in hose, and bright violet silk stockings seem a favorite with Chinese belles. One sees very few feet deformed by binding, but on the contrary, they are usually of generous proportions. Babies are most sensibly carried slung in a small blanket on the backs of their mothers or on those of small children.

I have seen mothers sculling, or standing and rowing boats with babies thus fastened to their backs, rocking back and forth with the swaying of the mothers' bodies. I have seen a baby fast asleep on the back of a mother who is sitting on a street corner selling tobacco. One rarely hears them crying.

The food is the best I have had since leaving France. It is indeed a treat to taste again a steak or chops that smack of home. In India surely one eats to live and not lives to eat, and the farther one gets from India the better the curry, which I expected to find par excellent in that land. I have here permitted myself to eat the first butter and milk that I have indulged in since leaving Marseilles. I shall not, however, partake of any unboiled or uncooked vegetables or salads. It is also a welcome sight to see a bathroom with modern plumbing after months of bathrooms, so called, that merely contain a galvanized iron tub or a large earthenware jar or pot, from which one pours water over himself, and a dry toilet that is in no way in keeping with Western ideas of sanitation.

I cannot refrain from mentioning the lovely flowers that can be bought from flower stalls along Flower Street (a place worthy anyone's visit to Hongkong)—daisies, sweet-peas, antirrhinums, violets, marigolds, and roses at remarkably low prices—an armful for fifty cents. I cannot resist purchasing flowers thus offered for sale, not only for the joy their smiling presence gives, but because one should always encourage those engaged in this gentle business that gives cheer and spreads nature's radiant smiles to rich and poor—a token of love to mothers, sweethearts, and wives; and conveyors of sympathetic messages to the sick.

A funeral procession passed me today. First came fantastic paper figures and pieces of furniture carried by men. The deceased was conveyed in a casket swung from bamboo poles carried on the shoulders of six or eight bearers. The casket was covered by a red and gold cloth drape, and immediately behind it, mourning loudly, followed the widow in a rickshaw, after which walked a procession of at least a hundred men, some bearing banners with inscriptions thereon. I am told that the Chinese meet death almost indifferently, and with calm resignation. I am also reminded that some meet death quite inadvertently, for in China a life is held cheap. The following incident was told me by a Scotchman who has lived out here for twenty years and it is told as a truthful incident. A priest was walking along the roadside when he saw two men burying a coffin in a hole they had just prepared. He also heard some one calling out as if for help, and proceeded to investigate. He asked the men what they were doing, and they replied that they were burying a dead man; but the priest protested that he was not dead but instead was shouting to be released. "If he is not dead he ought to be," they replied, "for he was shot and we have been engaged to bury him and we do not want to lose our pay and what is more, be arrested for aiding in his escape." They proceeded with their task but the priest stood his ground and finally succeeded in rescuing the man. He took him to a hospital—and the Chinaman got well.

March 8th

If our trip is extended much longer, nearly everyone of the party will have had a birthday anniversary. Today

was my friend Arthur's birthday, and as I learned of it by letter just received from Mrs. S—, who commissioned me as her proxy, I today prepared for the festivities, feigning other engagements, while the party visited Macoe. The table looked pretty decked in flowers and a large and delicious birthday cake beautifully decorated with red candles. The occasion was enjoyable and feelingly celebrated.

March 9th

As we left tonight for Canton by steamer, the lights of the city, terrace above terrace, were exceedingly attractive, those along the water front bright and of a yellow hue, while those high up the mountainside looked like a part of the constellations; overhead was a blue canopy spangled with stars. The sea was flecked with phosphorescent glow, and a great wave of this luminous light of living organism was rolled back by the prow of the steamer. Immediately back of this wave and next to the hull of the ship the water was filled with myriads of glittering stars, as it were. How much loveliness nature has in store for us to enjoy, if we will but be observing.

March 10th

Arrived early this morning at Canton; the river bristled with small boats, many the only home of some hundred thousand men, women, and children, who are bred, born, reared, and die aboard these floating junk-houses. Canton, the capitol of Kwangtung Province, and on the course of the River Chu-Kiang (Pearl River), is seventy-eight miles by water from Hongkong. It is a great commercial distributing centre of South China, with a population of one million. It is noted for its manu-

facturing industries—bags, matting, silks, and embroideries. I saw jade of a quality that I did not know existed, —translucent, as dark as emerald, and with nearly equal brilliancy. Small pendants were priced at \$100.00 each, and a small necklace was shown valued at \$3,000.00 American money. Reports indicate that the exports are approximately twice that of the imports (58 and 28 million taels respectively). The modern part of the city has splendid buildings, banks, and warehouses, which give is quite the appearance of a European city; and there are further extensive improvements in progress. In the Chinese quarter the scene is entirely changed and the streets are so narrow that you can reach out and touch the buildings on either side with your hands. These exceedingly narrow streets or passageways are intensely interesting and representative of the old Chinese city that one has read of and hopes to see; the shops are crowded closely together and in front of them hang large Chinese lanterns and innumerable attractive hanging signboards in black and gold, blue and white, black and red, red and yellow, a network of them taking up nearly all the space between the buildings. These narrow passageways swarm with humanity that surges to one side to permit those who are carried in sedan-chairs to pass. Now and then a strong whiff of human excrement offends our sense of smell, as the carrier of this article of value (of value to the Chinese as fertilizer) passes along the street, carrying the feces in two large buckets hanging on either end of a pole; or when we pass a public convenience station, where all excrement is saved. In this district one may see silk weavers in little, poorly lighted shops weaving beautiful embroidered silks in lovely soft shades; two men are

capable of five yards daily and are paid forty cents, Chinese, per yard—equalling a total of \$1.00 American. One operates the healds from above the loom, thus controlling the pattern, and the man below handles the shuttle and batten—surely a crude method. I can see the look of surprise on the faces of these operators, were they to visit a modern silk plant in New Jersey with all its improved automatic machinery. As we glance through the open doorways, many busy looms are seen, usually operated by young Chinese girls, which I am told, is common throughout China, and on their backs, oftentimes, are strapped babies swaying with the motion of the weaver. Carved ivory is much in evidence, and can be bought at very moderate prices. A mother, conveying large burdens in baskets suspended on each end of a pole, will at the same time be carrying a baby on her back peaceably sleeping, or at least offering no objections. The small children's panties seem to have two legs but no seat in them, with amusing results at times. Children's heads are shaven in most fantastic fashions: some entirely; some in spots leaving tufts here and there (as on a French poodle), or a ring of hair on the crown.

It is easy to account for China's great population—children everywhere in flocks. Dr. Smith remarks in his inimitable book—*Chinese Characteristics*—that the earliest recorded commandment given by God to mankind was "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth." That command, it has been remarked by a learned man, "has been obeyed, and it is the only command of God that has been obeyed." This is certainly true as applied to China.

Fish are handled in a most interesting and inviting manner. Boats with compartments that are perforated

and through which the water continuously flows comes alongside the river steamers with large quantities of live fish; they are transferred aboard the ship to tanks which are filled with water, and through which fresh water is kept flowing. Thus they are conveyed to the markets and there offered for sale alive in tubs of water. In China one is assured of getting very fresh fish, or of any age desired, when purchased in dried condition. While on the subject of fish I wish to mention the fact that many of the skylights that one sees here admit light through large fish scales instead of glass, scales in size sufficient to be trimmed into little panes of about $2\frac{1}{2} \times 3$ inches, effective and economical.

We visited the city of the dead where bodies of well to do Chinese are deposited up to two years' time before burial (in olden days much longer); the depository covers a great deal of space and is made up of passage-ways and nice clean rooms of fair size, each of which is divided by screens of hanging strips of cloth scrolls, on which are Chinese inscriptions setting forth the history and character of the dead, and back of which, in a sealed coffin, reposes the deceased in peace and pleasant surroundings. The fore-room is fitted with tables and chairs and usually two smiling figures (why be sad—everybody is satisfied)—a place where relatives and friends may visit and rest, discoursing on the virtues, or otherwise, of the departed. It is remarked that the dead thus oft-times have better and more harmonious surroundings than the living. We later passed several hills, on the sides of which are the final resting places of thousands of Chinese.

In China, when you are dead that is not the end of

things—that is when ancestral worship of you begins, and you, perhaps, are more revered dead than alive. Filial piety requires children to serve parents while they live, but to worship them when dead. Every son fulfills this duty to his parents and in turn demands like from his son, filial piety thus being perpetuated from age to age—“Generations of today chained to generations of the past.” An example is Chen-shih-shu-yuan, a mausoleum erected to the memory of the Chen Family. It is a modern structure and, it is stated, has no equal in splendor in all South China. It is a group of buildings and paved courts—an ancestral tablet or memorial chapel built of granite and carved teak-wood, the roof surmounted by decorative porcelains. There are doors or screens of extremely fine wood, the carved parts of which are almost filigree in effect, and the crossbeams supporting the roof carved in interesting high relief.

There is also an old temple in Canton, of “Five Hundred Buddhas,” called Hualin Temple. It affords special interest as a study of facial expressions, as portrayed by the five hundred gilt Buddhist figures of more than life size. If true to life, then all types of character are represented—dyspeptic, tyrannical, satirical, stoical, philosophical, gentle, humorous—well, just too many variations to mention, more than Heinz’s proverbial “57.” It is said that a Chinese worshiper is sure to find at least one that bears a family resemblance. There seems to be no limit from which one may not depart from the original orthodox Buddha, like some preachers of whom it has been said that “if their text had the smallpox the sermon would not catch it.” Altogether, Canton is a most interesting Chinese city.

March 10th

The trip from Canton, by boat on the Pearl River, to Hongkong, is delightful. The steamers are first class, have good accommodations and serve good meals. Leaving Canton, one sees flat, fertile fields along the river with a background of beautiful hills dotted with just enough trees to enhance the beauty of the landscape. The river soon widens to considerable extent, being in places several miles wide, with innumerable isles, large and small, some rising sheer out of the river and composed of granite rock. Lower down, the river narrows between two rocky eminences, the water taking on the green color of the sea; on both sides are mountains in appearance not unlike those along the Hudson of which it reminds one, and the scenery is equally as good. It was a delightful day excursion, my only regret being that the cloudiness prevented my taking pictures of some interesting junks that passed close by our ship.

March 12th

I was invited to take dinner this evening with a small group of young Chinese business men. The dinner was served in one of Hongkong's famous Chinese restaurants. A large room had been reserved and a party of about twenty gathered at about 8:00 P.M. The room was furnished with three or four tables, stiff, straight chairs, and a divan or two; altogether an air of simplicity prevailed—no luxuriousness. The Chinese gentlemen were about equally divided in their manner of dress, some in Western attire, others in the Oriental dress and round silk caps of the Chinese. We sat down to what might be termed a light supper. First of all, tea was served

in small teacups which were filled and constantly refilled as one sat and ate and drank. A mixed dish was served to each on plates from a central bowl on the table and eaten with the use of chopsticks. Fresh towels, dipped in hot water and almost constantly passed around by the servant, served the purpose of napkins. Steamed rice perfectly prepared and another dish or two completed the meal, after which the gentlemen indulged in gambling, using Chinese dominos, and I was quite astonished at the amount of their wagers. It being a game between gentlemen, I felt that good manners necessitated my joining, and suggested that one of the party play a stake for me along with his own, as I knew nothing of the game; but apparently they divined my object, and most courteously declined to permit my entering a game I did not comprehend.

Some sing-song girls arrived on the scene, attractively attired in beautiful short silk coats and trousers of choicest silk, their hair banded in front and worn in a long, plain black braid behind. They sang in a high, almost falsetto, voice, their songs being Chinese legends. The singer played her accompaniment upon a small stringed instrument, the strings struck by two small wooden hammers, the flexible handles of which are made from split bamboo.

An hour or two was spent in a delightful interchange of views, chiefly political, and I was greatly impressed with the genuine friendly feeling towards the United States, warmly expressed by these young rising men of affairs. It is to be hoped that their confidence in America may not be shaken, and that the future years may cement a close, helpful union between these lovable, gentle man-

nered Chinese and the generous, frank, open-hearted, free Americans.

At about 1:00 A.M. a real Chinese dinner was served, which kept us occupied until after 3:00 o'clock: soup, fish, chicken, duck, shrimps, shark-fins, bamboo sprouts, roast pig, rice and many other things that I really could not classify—course after course, always served in a big dish in the centre of the table, from which one helps himself, picking out the pieces with chopsticks and occasionally using, of necessity, a chinaware spoon. The table cloth is surely a sorry looking affair with the drippings from the food conveyed by chopsticks from bowl to plates. The constant necessity of the wet, warm towel is obvious, and the service, as a whole, is lacking in the elegance of a well-appointed table service at home. Nevertheless it is friendly, the food palatable, the table etiquette exceedingly polite as accepted in the Orient and the Chinese are delightful hosts.

An interesting and quite charming feature of the dinner was the sing-song girls. Back of each guest there sat on a stool one of these young, attractively attired, modest mannered Chinese girls, having nothing to say, first one and then another taking turns at singing and playing, but usually quietly sitting on their stools and appearing like part of the decorations—picturesque Oriental flowers.

The young men indulged in Chinese college songs, singing with real spirit, and a genuine attachment had grown in my heart for these men by the time we took our departure.

The East is the East, and the West is the West, as has been said; but after all good hearts and comradeship may be found everywhere.



A gentle old Chinese
A great old Wall



March 13th

We hear the wondrous beauty of many places sung in verse and prose; and yet I cannot recall ever having read anything extolling the natural loveliness of Hongkong. We today drove about this island. Its natural beauty would be hard to equal in kind. I never could express myself as thinking that any one place in particular was the most beautiful; each may have a charm quite its own and not in any way similar to or detracting from some other lovely spot. Hongkong Island affords attractive views of mountain-enclosed waters and vistas of the open sea between high promontories; the quiet waters of landlocked harbors, or wind-swept waters with their waves beating against the rocks, facing the open sea. Undulating, mountainous, it has the luxuriant verdure of a tropical country. Splendid drives afford a panorama of rare scenic charm. The azaleas are in full blossom at present—a glorious riot of color.

March 14th

Packing up preparatory to sailing tomorrow. It is surprising to note the large loads, heavy cases, etc., that coolies carry suspended from a bamboo pole. I today saw two men carrying five good-sized pigs, squeezed into two elongated woven baskets and weighing not less than 400 pounds. I am daily impressed more and more by the endless variety of uses to which the bamboo is placed. I saw some excellent bamboo ladders, light and strong. What an indispensable article is bamboo to the Orient. I hope my friend Fairchild makes a really earnest effort to establish this most useful article in the United States.

March 15th

Arthur and I today left the deluxe tour, parting company with our genial traveling companions of several months. Mr. P—had sailed homeward last Saturday, and the four ladies remaining will proceed towards Japan at the end of the week. I doubt whether four more delightful, congenial, good travelers could be found than these four ladies of our party.

We are planning great things. We hope to visit the Yangtse Gorge. The trip has been prompted by the reading of a book just published, the author of which, Mr. Conrad Plant, was a pilot for thirty years on the Yangtse River. We shall make full inquiries regarding the details of this excursion at Shanghai. Our plans are such that our China tour must be completed by April 20th so as to arrive in Japan before the end of cherry-blossom season.

We sail on the Steamer Korea of the T.K.K. line. Going aboard ship is always a bustling procedure; the ship at anchor is surrounded by launches, and the gangway is thronged with passengers ascending and coolies going up and down bringing on the baggage. Chinese coolies show more intelligence, alertness, and quickness in action than the coolies of India. Many nationalities are seen embarking—Chinese, Japanese, British, American, etc. There is a pretty custom observed here: namely, firecrackers are shot off as a parting salutation to departing friends. Great strings of them usually hang from a pole over the stern of a launch, and they make a great racket.

We entered from the east and we sail out of the western opening to this really wonderful and beautiful harbor—altogether the finest I have ever seen.

March 16th

Saw a large fleet of Chinese fishing boats rigged with square sails this morning. Since leaving America last October 4th we have sailed some 14,000 miles, enjoying almost continually a good sea. The sea today is unruffled; and although there is a bright sun, it is getting colder, requiring heavier clothing. We are journeying northward from summer to spring.

One cannot but regret a circumstance that necessitated the selling of this splendid steamer, the *Korea*, and her sister-ship, the *Siberia*, as well as the *Mongolia* and *Manchuria*, even larger ships, to the Japanese by the Pacific Mail Line, due to the Seaman's Act or La-Follette Act, as it is also known. No one more thoroughly believes in protection of American labor than I do. That is a fundamental principle of the Republican Party; but this can only be accomplished in so far as we also protect American industries. The Seaman's Act, perforce, drove shipping from American to foreign control and naturally these foreign companies do not employ American labor. If it were deemed wise to restrict our shipping to the employment of American seamen, etc. (possibly a wise measure), then to be equally fair to the industry why not subsidize shipping sufficiently to overcome the handicap thus incurred, due to larger wages, union conditions, and the like. A great merchant marine is of great importance to a nation, as was demonstrated especially during the Great War. What would America have done without the extensive shipping of Great Britain with which to carry on the transportation of supplies and men. Luckily we were Allies, and let me add, we always will be.

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March 17th

St. Patrick's Day. Sea continues calm, the day pleasant with a gentle sun, but much cooler. To the west may be seen a low line of mountainous islands. During the morning we passed through another fleet of Chinese fishing smacks, not less than 300. Late in the afternoon the sea became yellow, due to the influence of the Yangtse River. We are nearing the port of Shanghai, on the Yellow Sea of yellow waters. The Yangtse River deposits earth from far distant lands, forming miles of land into the sea. Villages once on its shore are now far inland. We disembark early tomorrow morning at Woosung.

March 18th

This morning we were at Woosung, lying at anchor. We boarded the tender and passed a great fleet of Chinese junks lying 5 or 6 abreast and forming a line a mile in length up the Woosung River towards Shanghai. It is spring—the willows are budding, and green vegetables may be seen in the truck gardens along the riverside. The country is very flat and very little above the water level.

The Bund at which we land presents a very modern appearance with its splendid business buildings facing the water front and located within the International Concession, embracing several square miles, with a population of 600,000 of Shanghai's total of a million. Its position at the entrance of the Yangtse River gives this port pre-eminence over all competitors as Shanghai has water communication with about one-third of China; a great commercial city in which one could imagine himself in

most any country, according to the section of the city he might be in at the time. The Woosung River is filled with all manner of Chinese crafts propelled by oars or sculled by a great sweep, or with high narrow square sails set before the wind. Shanghai has an electric street car system, motor cars and carriages; but rickshaws are their principal means of travel, and tremendous loads are hauled by coolies on cumbersome but strong two-wheeled carts.

The queue was conspicuous by its absence in Hong-kong and Canton, as scarce as horses, of which I saw none in either city; here in Shanghai queues are frequently seen worn by coolies, large men, broad faced, more Mongolian in type. The order of things as concerns dress seems to be reversed—men usually wearing skirts or a long coat giving a similar appearance, and the women the trousers; and the men carry fans while the women smoke cigarettes. I like the attractive colors of the silks worn by many of the women, but prefer the concealing charm of the skirt, occasionally seen, to the inartistic trousers.

March 19th

It is a beautiful spring day; the magnolia trees are in full blossom, likewise the forsythia and flowering peach; spring flowers with all their cheer and brightness are plenteous, hyacinth, daffodils, primulas, and violets. I saw offered for sale violets in bunches containing literally thousands, bouquets four feet in circumference which may be purchased for 40c, American. One actually regrets that he does not know every American lady in the

hotel so as to send each a bouquet of this sweet scented, modest little flower.

I saw some coolies lose their tempers today, resulting in a fist fight; not, however, as we understand it in America. There were no blows directed at the head but on each other's backs and about the body, nor were the blows shot out straight from the shoulder, but their fists were used more as one might wield a wooden mallet, which resulted in one or two being "pushed out," so to speak, rather than "knocked out." A large, stately Sikh policeman in his splendid blue uniform and red turban witnessed it all, and, noting my amusement and also divining my thoughts as to why he did not interfere, explained that as long as they had no clubs or weapons he was not required to intervene. After a wordy discussion following the fray, everybody seemed to part feeling satisfied and no blood spilt.

We shopped in some of the leading Chinese silk stores. More beautiful silks, in both quality and coloring, I have never seen. The Chinese surely have a fine sense of pleasing color combinations as applied to this excellent fabric. The clerks are extremely attentive and courteous and even though you may not buy they are always polite, a politeness, however, that some one has likened to an air-cushion—"Nothing in it, but it eases the jolt wonderfully." It is, nevertheless, a good business asset.

We visited a large tea house (Chin-Lein-Kuen) filled with Chinese indulging in their favorite beverage. We were the only Europeans present. A surprising feature was the many young Chinese girls attractively attired and each accompanied by her "Amah" (an older woman servant). Their purpose and desire we learned was to

serve Circe's cup of pleasure, rather than a mild brew of harmless tea. There is a Chinese proverb, "The crooked tree when it is large will straighten itself." I fear the crook is set to the heart in these young individuals.

March 20th

This afternoon we rode about the city visiting the desirable residence districts, also the Chinese quarter. One hardly forms the opinion that Shanghai is a Chinese city, at least not in appearance, nor in the same sense as is Canton. We are told that we shall see true Chinese cities at Hang-chow, Soo-chow and Nanking. Today heard several song-birds, one in particular that reminded me of our robin, for his song was lusty, buoyant, and cheerful, a true harbinger of spring. He must have belonged to the thrush family.

The Chinese language is artistic in print, its characters (ideograph) even lending themselves as a pleasing design in silk or on jewelry, for example, "happiness" (Foh), "honor" (Loh), "longevity" (Zur), "prosperity" (Nin). These words would hardly appeal to one if stamped in Roman characters on a fabric or cuff-links. I do not know whether the language is equally poetic in expression but I came across the following beautiful bit of verse by Li-Po, to a fire-fly:

"Rain cannot quench thy lantern light,
Wind makes it shine more brightly, bright,
Oh! why not fly to heaven afar
And twinkle near the moon, a star?"

A friend of mine here in China told me of a Chinese reporter who reported an appealing address by an Ameri-

can, saying, "He spoke like a race horse; a dragon; a tinkling bell at eventide"—meaning that he spoke fluently and fast; intelligently and with high ideals; musically and pleasingly. This will serve to illustrate their picturesque manner of speech by inferential process.

March 21st

We today journey to Hang-chow. The country is flat and largely given over to truck gardens, which are, even at this season, well advanced. The broad-bean, which is extensively cultivated is here planted in the late fall, wintering over, and thus is an early spring vegetable. The Chinese are excellent gardeners. The peach trees are in blossom and the forest trees budding. This portion of China is of the same latitude as southern Georgia, and a temperature as low as freezing is quite unusual. The landscape is dotted with coffins, slightly elevated above the ground and covered with gray, bleached, straw matting, or in some instances incased in brick and tile. There are also innumerable small mounds throughout this farming region, in appearance like "bunkers" on a golf course, sometimes as many as five or six to an acre, six to ten feet in height containing the graves of thousands of Chinese. One gets the impression that it is quite as much the land of the dead as of the living. Broad canals or waterways traverse the country, furnishing water for irrigation, and on them native boats ply. One sees no highways. An interesting spectacle are large sails apparently gliding across the distant fields, the hulls of the boats obscured by the banks of the canal—quite the aspect of Holland. Mulberry trees are everywhere to be seen, an indispensable factor in the rearing of silk worms, which provides one

of the most important industries of South China. The older the tree the more knobby, due to frequent pruning.

We pass enroute old walled towns with interesting pagodas rising high above the low clustering buildings, also little, quaint, ancient villages beside canals and waterways, which are spanned by picturesque old arched stone bridges.

Hang-chow, the famed "City of Heaven," an ancient walled city at the south extremity of the Grand Canal, was referred to in history as early as 2,200 years B.C. and was a great prosperous city even in the tenth century. Marco Polo sang its praises six hundred years ago, pronouncing it, "Without doubt the grandest and best city in the world." It was practically destroyed with its inhabitants during the Taiping Rebellion in 1861-65. The present population of Hang-chow, with its environs, is stated as 650,000 and the production of silk is its principal industry. Here at Hang-chow is the grave of "Yuan Ch'ang the Martyr." At the time of the Boxer Uprising he changed the notorious telegram of the Empress Dowager so that it read: "To protect" instead of "To slay" all foreigners, thereby saving the lives of thousands of Europeans. This wise and humane act cost him his life, for the Dowager ordered his execution and his body was thrown in a rough box and buried; later, however, his wisdom was recognized and his body re-buried with full honor, thus bringing to pass his prophetic words uttered just before being executed: "I die innocent; in the years to come my name will be remembered with gratitude and respect." And just before his head was struck off, addressing Hsu Ching Ch'eng, who was also paying a like penalty for advising against the Boxer activities, he

added: "We shall meet anon at the Spirit World—to die is only to come home." As Messrs. Bland and Backhouse state in their book entitled, *China Under the Empress Dowager*: "So long as China can breed men like these, so long as the confucian system contains moral force sufficient to produce Stoic scholars of this type, the nation has no cause to despair of its future."

A visit to one of the large silk filatures is well worth while, interesting, and instructive, showing beautiful embroidered fabrics in many shades. Some fairly modern machinery is installed in the factory we visited, but much handwork is still employed. Less European influence is noted in this city, there being but sixty-five European residents. There are very few modern structures, the buildings being of an inferior type and the pavements generally rough. Not an automobile or carriage in the entire city—one rides by rickshaw or sedan-chairs. The city temple, commonly so called, is situated on the top of a hill commanding a good view of the city and near surrounding country. No high structures project themselves into the skyline. The city lies flat, its buildings low and quite uniformly white, plastered, mud walls with tile roofs. To the west is the lake, with its lovely islands and lagoons and on its shore line are picturesquely placed temples and pagodas and all with a charming background of low mountains. A walk through the business district was found interesting and whether in the large medicine house, Chinese bank, or one of the many small shops, one is always accorded gracious attention. As an itinerant observer one concludes that the Chinese are of a happy temperament, possessing dignity of bearing and serenity of spirit.

One riding in a rickshaw or walking through the streets of Hang-chow soon discerns that the same odors prevail as in Canton and for the same reasons. Some one has remarked that photography in China does not do it justice, for it omits the smells.

March 23rd

The day was planned by friends, delightful American people engaged in God's work in China. A trip by boat across West Lake, about the island, and a visit to Yeo-Fen Tomb and Ling-Yin Monastery. It was a rainy day but the sunshine of good fellowship dispels gloomy atmosphere as a mist is dispersed before the wind. It does not, however, enable one to take good photographs on a dark, gray day, which was my one regret as I saw many charming objects which the environments of Hang-chow afford. The lake is delightfully set among the surrounding mountains, is of little depth and a bottom deep with silt. History states that at the time of the Taiping Rebellion thousands of Chinese fled from within the city of Hang-chow and threw themselves in the lake, preferring death by drowning to the horrible massacre and indignities perpetrated by the rebellious soldiers who sacked the city. Eighty per cent of its population was massacred or driven to suicide; the lake was foul with dead bodies.

Here one sees the attractive, arched stone bridge over inlets leading to lagoons which, in their season, are radiant with lotus blossoms. The Pailows, or memorial arches, form pleasing frames in the foreground for lovely vistas of the small isles within the lake and the ancient pagodas rising on the shore beyond—the "originals" of

Chinese illustrations. The red double-flowering peach trees were in bloom, adding a lovely touch of color to this Oriental scene.

We paid our respects at Yeo-Fen's Tomb, commemorating a loyal patriot and soldier, against whom fake charges were preferred by a traitorous Prime Minister (Ch'in Hwei) with dire results. A succeeding Emperor discovered the fatal error and erected this memorial. It is told that at birth Yeo's mother had four Chinese characters branded on his back, Ching, Chung, Pao, Kuo—"He sought with utmost fidelity to preserve his Country." Pilgrims pay their homage by burning incense before the shrine and are also afforded an opportunity to vent their opprobrium upon the heartless Prime Minister by throwing stones or beating with sticks two nearby stone figures of this ignoble character and his wife.

In a lovely vale with a clear brook of fast running water, and rising at its back a well wooded mountain, the trees on the summit of which are shrouded in a low mist, facing high rocks covered with ancient carved figures of Buddha, and surrounded by noble trees, stands the Ling Yin Monastery, as I saw it, this misty rainy day. The entrance building and two halls, one on each side, form a fore-court rising in terraces to the elevation on which stands the pagoda, a modern structure of three stories, each of a receding size and with up-curved corners of the wide overhanging roof and cornice. Within are massive, solid wooden columns over 100 feet high and of Oregon pine. The temple court is thronged with pilgrims at this spring season; smiling Buddha welcomes every entrant to the temple, a benignant eternal smile to all alike of any creed or faith; on each side of the temple are the four

guardians or heavenly Kings—God of War, God of Pestilence, God of Thunder, God of Music—huge gods with savage looking faces. The Chinese believe it essential to propitiate the evil spirits, for if you appease the devil, surely no harm need be expected from good sources. Along the walls on both sides are the figures of the Eighteen Sages and three huge, golden figures of Buddha occupy the centre of the temple, their faces at times obscured as in a mist by clouds of smoke from the burning incense placed before these deities by the multitude of visiting pilgrims. It all, however, has the appearance of lacking spiritual piety and reverence, worshipers mingling their prayers with laughter and having their fortunes told by ignorant priests. Many upon entering the temple throw a copper before a huge bell, striking it with a block of wood, the act affording apparent amusement, rather than the hand of worship ringing forth a peal of praise to a deity. It can, nevertheless, be said in its favor that it does not so tyrannically enslave and command such dolorous worship from its devotees as the Hindu religion, to me still a terrible nightmare.

March 24th

Left Hang-chow in the early morning. It was rainy and cold. The wooden boards across the fronts of the shops had not yet been taken down. When a typical Chinese business place opens up, the entire store front is removed, exposing all wares for sale to passers-by. The rickshaw men wore coats made of cocoanut palm fiber and their customary bamboo hats of at least 2½ feet in diameter as a protection against the rain.

During our stay in Hang-chow we were guests of the

Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. The work of this organization and of American missions in China is extensive, and I hope later to say something concerning each.

We journeyed by railroad to Soo-chow, via Shanghai; the country to the west and south of Shanghai is quite similar—flat, fertile, and intensively cultivated, appearing like extensive gardens rather than farms, and intersected by canals and waterways. Much rape and many mulberry trees are seen growing.

March 25th

Soo-chow is an ancient city, prominent centuries before Christ; the walls still encircle the old city of approximately 9 square miles area, although at present a considerable portion lies without the six entrance gates. The Grand Canal passes through the city and canals also encircle it outside the walls. Soo-chow has nearly 500,000 inhabitants and is 53 miles west of Shanghai. Lake Taihu of over 800 square miles is in the immediate vicinity and is a favorite resort for Chinese with their houseboats. The streets are narrow and wandering, barely permitting two sedan-chairs to pass one another. The city has quite the aspect of Canton, though with no improved European section, for less than 100 occidentals live within this busy, thriving place. One really sees China in Soo-chow. Besides the Grand Canal there are many narrow interesting canals throughout the city. One is impressed by the fact that there are no automobiles or street cars, for the narrow streets would permit neither. Transportation is by means of walking, or riding in a covered sedan-chair, a rickshaw, or astride a donkey with his string of tinkling little bells. Policemen (soldiers in

appearance) with gun, fixed bayonet, and a blank cartridge, patrol the little narrow streets, a power by inference rather than in fact. Here, as in Hang-chow, silk is the chief industry.

There are some special items of attraction. The Poh-sz-tah is an historic pagoda of nine stories in height, one of the most important in South China, and by some claimed to be the grandest structure of its type south of the Yangtse River. A splendid view of Soo-chow and its environs can be had from its balconies. There are also the Twin Towers, or Pagodas, the remains of a destroyed Temple, and a leaning Pagoda, which in point of degrees off from perpendicular compares favorably with the leaning tower of Pisa, and is a picturesque old tower. Within the city is a famous garden Len-yuem, open to the public, and giving one an excellent idea of a typical Chinese garden. It is remarkable the amount of landscape work that can be condensed within an acre of space—ponds, canals, bridges, hills, trees, tea houses, rockeries, flowering shrubs, vines, etc. I regret that our time would not permit us to visit a celebrated bridge, Poh-toh-chia, near this city. It dates back to the 9th century, has 53 massive stone arches, and is 12,000 feet in length. Not less than two days should be given to this typical Chinese city, so full of interest.

We were given a delicious Chinese luncheon in the home of Koseng Zee, a delightful host. It is still some effort to negotiate a meal with chopsticks and a spoon; but it can be done, although I wish to state (not in a critical way) that these table instruments and manner of serving a Chinese meal do not permit as refined and pleasing manners as the ample supply of plates and side-

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dishes, knives, forks, and spoons used in our own land. The Chinese cooks know well how to prepare duck, chicken, rice, and many other very palatable dishes.

"Visit Soo and Hang—the next place is Heaven," is an old Chinese proverb.

March 26th

Nanking, a city of departed glory, the old capital of South China—a strategic point about 200 miles west of Shanghai and the place of contention in several bygone wars, from which she has suffered the attending cruel destruction of life and property. In the Revolution of 1911 the palaces and property of the Old Manchus were destroyed and that portion of Nanking they occupied laid to waste and ruin. Many were killed, and multitudes of wives drowned themselves rather than suffer revolting humiliations at the hands of the conquering soldiers. Where once stood the inner city of the proud Manchus now only a heap of brick and stone and vacant fields or cultivated gardens are to be seen. Not a building remains standing; they were literally pulverized, as completely as those in the battlefields of France. Chinese once enjoying affluence and wealth are now struggling for an existence. The city is surrounded by great walls, built in the Ming Period, 1368-1644. They are built solid of brick, are 24 miles in length and of heights varying from 30 to 70 feet, and 12 to 30 feet wide. At one time they enclosed a great city of a million inhabitants, whose population was reduced to a third of that number by the Taiping Rebellion. Cultivated fields now exist where once stood portions of this classical capital of China.

There was in South China a rebel chief, Hung Hsin-

chuan, who styled himself the Tai-ping-wang, or Great Peace King; a Christian fanatic, it is said, proclaiming himself a son of God and a brother of Jesus Christ. He soon had a formidable following, defeated all armies sent against him, and became the conqueror of a large territory in South China. He is credited with having some noble ambitions; for he enfranchised slaves, prohibited concubinage and prostitution, and also the vicious practice of foot-binding for women. He sent forth armies to subdue all China, but was finally defeated at Nanking in 1863 by the Imperial Government with the assistance of two able Chinese generals and the English General Gordon, afterwards known as "Chinese Gordon," Leader of the famous Ever-Victorious Army. The Great Peace King committed suicide by poisoning. Even to this day it is earnestly argued by some that had the Taiping Rebellion succeeded, a Republic would have been earlier established in China and thereby she would have been at present and in recent years in a more advanced and formidable position to defend herself against the aggressive policy of Japan or other nations.

One looks upon the recent Great War as the greatest destruction of human life by war, for it is estimated to have cost the lives of 13,000,000 men; and yet the most conservative estimate of the loss of life in China during the Taiping Rebellion, 1861-65 (same years as our Civil War) was twenty millions, and some figures place it as high as forty millions.

The Old South Gate is a massive structure of stone and brick, the outer walls 80 feet in height. Near its base is a canal that is teeming with junks and boats. As I stood over the inner archway of this mediæval gateway,

I watched a funeral procession passing just below me. It was preceded by grotesque papier-maché forms of animals; then came a band and a group of bamboo flute players, followed by a long line of priests with highly embroidered, bright red silk robes. Then came a crowd of coolies bearing banners and the deceased's sedan-chair, pieces of furniture, etc. Immediately before the coffin were the chief men mourners, dressed in white robes; and following the coffin came the women mourners riding in enclosed carriages and likewise robed in white, which is the color of mourning in China. The coffin, huge in size, was borne by twenty-four coolies. It was slung from bamboo poles, as is customary and covered by a red robe richly embroidered in gold.

We watched the traffic at this interesting point for some time; and I venture to say that here in this narrow street is the most congested traffic per square foot of any place I have ever seen. Besides rickshaws, sedan-chairs, carts, and wheelbarrows, there are some carriages drawn by sturdy little Mongolian ponies, and I also saw two or three automobiles. This constitutes the transportation facilities of Nanking. The chief requisite of a carriage driver seems to be a good husky voice to warn the pedestrians of the oncoming vehicle; for the narrow streets also serve as the sidewalks, and are filled with people who seem to have a habit of just escaping being run over. Just a word about the wheelbarrow of China; you will hear them even though you do not see them. Apparently they are never greased, and a passing railroad car of squealing pigs is only a faint echo as compared with a fleet of these wheelbarrows. They say that the coolies believe that the squeak will scare away the devil. Well!

I don't blame the devil. I must add, however, that they are far more scientifically designed than our American wheelbarrows. There is one large wooden wheel about 30 inches in diameter and exactly in the centre of the framework surrounding it, upon which the load is carried directly over the axle of the wheel which thus supports the entire load; and energy is only expended by the coolie in balancing and pushing the load, rather than supporting a large part of it, as on an American wheelbarrow. They carry loads of 500 to 800 lbs. on these crude vehicles; and when 30 or 40 are moving stone—speak about your endless chain conveyors, here you have one with a human touch to it, and the squeal of a hungry piggery.

Nanking, like Hang-chow and Soo-chow, has no water systems nor sewers—a disturbing inconvenience and requiring all the night soil (human excrement) to be carried away in buckets. There are many small ponds throughout the city wherein are washed the clothes, vegetables, and night pots. The boiling of all water and cooking of vegetables is the one ever-needful safeguard of the Chinese. The people, however, look strong and sturdy, and the children well and happy. It is not an unusual thing to see children of three or four years nursing from their mothers.

A good view of Nanking may be had from the South Gate referred to, and also by a visit to Chi-ming-sz (Cock-Crow-Temple) situated on a hill within the walls and overlooking the city and the immediate surrounding flat country and hills beyond. Purple Mountain is seen to the east, also remnants of General Gordon's trenches, and to the far west beyond the city walls the Yangtse River.

There are several high hills or low mountains about the city on the summits of which, before the Taiping Rebellion, were Buddhist Temples and Monasteries which were vigorously destroyed in the name of Christianity by the soldiers of the Great Peace King. China does not offer so much in individual things of interest as the general impression that one carries away. One enjoys meditating on the great wall before us, fancying the history and events that took place within its shadow—the scene now so peaceful, the mountains as if asleep, the waters of Lake Hsuan-wu-hu unmoved. How long will it remain thus? When will drums again be beaten on the Old Drum Tower to enthuse men into battle or awaken that great latent power of China to rise to a new order of things, to grasp her opportunities and develop her great natural resources, rather than be exploited by other nations and with Japan a threatening menace?

One of the most historical places of interest in Nanking is the Old Examination Halls. Many have been torn down, making way for new buildings and development in this part of the city; but fortunately a portion is to be saved to posterity, a memorial to the old classical school of Nanking. Once 25,000 of these small cells existed; row after row of narrow corridors on which these small apertures opened, each cell not more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep and 7 feet high. In these, scholars studiously labored for several days on classical subjects or thesis, provided only with a board to sit upon, another as a table, a candle placed in a niche in the wall, his books, and meager fare. A degree carried much distinction and was eagerly sought after even unto old age, many entrants being aged men often dying within these cells in

their final struggle for recognition. This Chinese classical form has passed, now replaced by modern learning, in which women and girls may participate. Where once the flowers of literature were cultivated, now among the walls and crumbling stones, nature's flowers are profusely blooming—dicentra, with its coral drops; a wild radish (so I was informed) with quantities of exquisite lavender flowers; and digitalis coming on to add its showy foxglove later.

We visited a Confucian Temple—Tsau Tien Kung. It impresses me more like a memorial hall or building at which one's attitude is that of paying respect to a great patriot or scholar rather than representing a live religion responding to the thirst of a soul for the living waters of life. The buildings and courts are formal and orderly, containing tablets commemorating Confucius and others; no idols, no gods. This creed seems to represent a scholarly conception and influence in harmony with law and morals and in no way associated with human sacrifice nor such revolting religious rites as were all too common in India where they still exist in part.

The Ming Tomb lies without the city walls and near the base of Purple Mountain. The approach for some distance is lined on both sides by large stone figures of animals and men. It was erected in the latter part of the fourteenth century and planned on a great scale. It is surrounded by brick walls forming several courts or gardens in which there are many flowering crabs and peach trees that were lovely with their profuse blossoms of rose and pink. Large foundation stones of great pillars serve as reminders of glorious structures once adorning this place. One passes through several gardens, or courts,

leading up to the tomb, a massive, solid structure of brick and stone, but all having the appearance of neglect. Beyond a hill at the back of the tomb rises Purple Mountain, entirely denuded of trees, as are practically all the mountains and hills I have seen so far in China. The Nanking University is setting a good example by extensive planting of coniferous and deciduous trees on these bare hillsides. There is a Chinese adage that "Trees are raised for shade and children for old age." They do not fail to raise children but sadly neglect the raising of trees.

I was passing a small Chinese school. Such a racket! You would have thought the children were enjoying recess and all trying to talk or shout at once. Quite the contrary—they were studying their lessons in orderly fashion, a dignified Chinese master in attendance. In this land the children study their lessons out loud. I judge that the louder they shout, the more diligence is expressed; at all events, it is argued that by this method the teacher knows that they are all engaged in their school work, while the silent system gives no clue as to what a child may be thinking of, perhaps planning some deviltry for recess. It is commonly stated that Chinese lack confidence in one another, especially (and apparently for good reasons) in Chinese government officials. I wonder if a school system wherein even in study a lack of confidence is shown the children might not unconsciously tend to inculcate this suspicious thought with its attending consequences. However, in our own country it is remarked that "people do not trust one another for two reasons: first, because they do not know one another, and second, because they do."

March 27th, 28th, 29th

We have spent a little more than two restful days aboard a Yangtse River steamer. We left Nanking the morning of the 27th and arrived at Hankow at noon the 29th. We are informed that four steamers daily, of the different lines, touch at the main river ports. The river is fully three-quarters of a mile wide at Nanking and maintains this width quite generally for many miles, narrowing somewhat as we near Hankow, but over a mile wide at this city. There is flat, fertile, farming country on each side of the river, with hills or low mountains, denuded of trees, visible a few miles away or occasionally coming to the water's edge. There are no woods, and the little villages scattered along the shore are composed entirely of mat buildings and bare to the sun, or hamlets nestled among a few trees, the houses built of mud walls and thatched roofs. This quite generally describes the country along the river from Nanking to Hankow, a distance of about six hundred miles. Thousands of wild ducks rise slowly before the ship, flying but a short distance to one side or the other of our course. Only two or three stops are made, and of these Kiu Kiang is the most important. It is famous for its chinaware, and is also a market for pottery. A splendid English Concession occupies the central portion of the city and Bund along the river. As we dock at these small cities, first is seen a pagoda in bad repair on top of a hill, usually with trees growing out of its roof; an ancient wall surrounds the city which is composed of one story buildings white or mud colored, with curved roofs of tile; the crooked streets are narrow, with rough pavements.

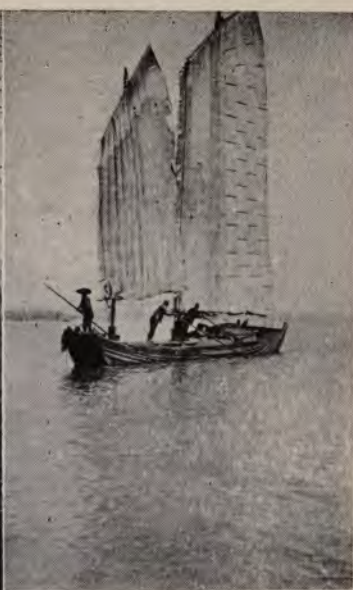
A large business is carried on by the Chinese junks, of

which thousands are seen plying up and down the river, making splendid progress with their large square sails spread before the wind. As we land at Hankow the wharf and riverbank are blue with Chinese; for blue denim seems to be the favorite material for the clothes of the coolie.

March 30th

Yesterday evening we got into a sampan and were rowed up into the Han-Shui River, which empties into the Yangtse at this point and separates Hankow from Han-yang. One is impressed by the myriads of junks, in many places lying ten abreast on both sides of the river and as close together as sardines in a box. It is stated that 25,000 of these crafts are in the immediate vicinity of "The Triple Cities"—Hankow, Wu-chang, and Han-yang. When one considers the hundreds of thousands of people living in junks and tucked away one place or another in China, it is no wonder that the census of cities is usually given as "it is estimated to be," for it is about like the man who took a census of a cloud of mosquitoes—he counted until he got tired, and then estimated. The population of Hankow is estimated as 800,000; Wu-chang 250,000; Han-yang 150,000.

This morning the sun is warm, the day pleasant, and we hail a boatman to row us across the river to Wu-chang. The boatmen row standing in the rear of the boat and looking forward in the direction they are going and throwing the weight of their bodies against the oars, a very sane and efficient procedure. About Canton and Hongkong many boats were operated by women; but here this work seems entirely the duty of the men. To go from



Paw-tung-sz Pagoda
Tomb of Confucius

A junk on the Yangste
The village barber



Hankow, with a foreign concession that in itself is a thriving modern city with splendid buildings, across the river to Wu-chang, is about like going from the great metropolis of Detroit across the river to Windsor, only more so, for the calendar is turned back a few thousand years, and not a word of English spoken. One climbs up crude stone steps from the landing place to the city wall and entrance gate above. Hundreds of coolies are busily engaged carrying water—muddy, yellow river water in buckets for distribution about the city; for here also there is no water system. What a tremendous saving of human effort could be accomplished by a pump, a few rods of water-pipe, and hydrants placed at convenient centers, if no more, with no severe freezing weather to complicate a simple surface system.

A good view of the city and river front may be had from Hwang-ho-lou Temple, situated on a cliff high above the river. The streets are the customary narrow passageways, hanging full of Chinese decorative signs and teeming with life. The binding of feet must have been more commonly indulged in to a later date in this section of China, for many more are seen here than any other places I have visited. I have seen girls as young as six or seven years whose feet were thus deformed. They are not only displeasing, but ungraceful as well, for those thus afflicted walk as if on short stilts. Many scurvy dogs are seen lying about, sunning themselves and "three little pigs going to market" is quite a common sight, a rope about their necks and led by their owner.

There is a celebrated old pagoda, Pau-tung-sz, about three miles outside the city of Wu-chang that is well worth a visit. It is seven stories high and has a charm-

ing setting on a hillside that is wind-swept and sun-kissed, and surrounded by some splendid trees at present fresh in buds, the more appreciated on account of their scarcity in China. On the slope leading up to the pagoda is a Buddhist temple. One passes through the entrance gate into the usual fore-court and proceeds through several buildings in which are enshrined large gilded idols and grotesque figures: Buddha, the Four Guardians, the Eighteen Counselors, etc. Each building is slightly elevated above the other on the rising slope and we pass from one to the other by interesting steps, doors, and passageways. At the base of the pagoda is a little pavilion where one may sit and drink tea served fresh from the fire, and look through a wide open arch upon a pleasing panorama, a body of water in the foreground, the Yangtse some five or six miles in the distance, and mountains still farther beyond. One can truthfully say that Chinese drink tea religiously, for in every temple you enter provisions are made for serving tea, and priests are always ready to brew you a fresh pot of this delicious beverage for a few coppers. From the summit of the hill back of the pagoda, which rises to a height equal to the pagoda itself, may be had a complete view of the horizon. The Triple Cities and the Yangtse lie before you to the northwest; and to the northeast is Lake Sha-hu with many a white sail gliding across its waters. It is a conservative statement to say that a hundred square miles of graves—low mounds and small scattering head-stones—are spread out before you, their area exceeding the cultivated fields. Many little hamlets of a few buildings dot the landscape; also large vivid yellow spots, fields of rape, in blossom, ladening the air with

an exquisite perfume. Small ponds are everywhere; the trees are just breaking forth in bud, and little yellow ranunculus and a variety of violets that abound on the hillside proclaim spring. The day is warm—that spring warmth that makes one restfully idle.

March 31st

Hankow is sometimes referred to as the Chicago of China. The foreign concessions represent a very creditable city, with large business interests and prosperous in appearance. The Bund is unusually attractive, especially when viewed from the river. This foreign concession must serve as an excellent example of Western civilization and progress, the Chinese quarters of Hankow being ramshackle, unsanitary, and dilapidated looking in comparison. The Yangtse River is navigable for large vessels to Hankow, which is the chief port of the Central District of China and has a yearly trade passing through maritime customs of \$115,000,000.00. The best hotels in Hankow are the steamers, the latest type having rooms that are commodious and clean—good beds, splendid bathing facilities, and excellent food. One thus has a good opportunity to study river life—a most important and interesting feature of China. The river banks swarm with Chinese coolies, and junks by the hundreds are moored along the water's edge. All handling of cargoes on and off the ships is done by coolies. It is unbelievable the loads that two, four, six or even more, will convey suspended from poles carried on their shoulders, always moving in step and rhythmically calling hey-hoo, hey-hoo or ae-ou, ae-ou. The low water season is just passing, and the river will now

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gradually rise as the snows on the mountains of Western China and the great Himalayas of far-away Tibet are melted by the summer sun, reaching its maximum in July and August. There is an extreme rise and fall of the river here at Hankow of 40 feet. The waters are too low at present to visit the Yangtse Gorges some 400 miles farther up the river.

One of the attractive social features of Hankow is the race course, which means much more than our customary understanding of a race track. Here not only is the racing held in its season, but there is a golf course, tennis courts, bowling greens, a fine clubhouse, dancing, swimming, and all kinds of entertainment.

The trees are fast coming into leaf. Today I saw in a garden several flowering trees: the magnolia, the flowering almond, crab, cherry, peach, and lilacs; in fact a tree peony was breaking bud, and there was also a goodly variety of plants in blossom.

April 1st

Sailed for Nanking on board the Woosung, a splendid ship of the China Navigation Company. We enjoyed a lovely sunset, the sun setting red behind a splendid range of mountains outlining vividly their serrated heights against the sky line.

April 2nd

A restful day; the quiet peaceful country; the ship noiselessly gliding down the smooth waters of the river; the air balmy; an easy desk chair—all conducive to impassive languidness like that of a lap-dog resting on a silken pillow in the warm sunshine. That reminds me—

you do not see Chinese women carrying poodle dogs around; they are too busy with babies. I never could understand why some women lugged around a toy dog, for about their only usefulness is to moisten postage stamps on their noses.

April 3rd

Arrived at Nanking, completing a most enjoyable week's trip on the Yangtse River; proceed this P.M. by rail to Chufou.

April 4th

When at Chufou you are not at Chufou but six miles from Chufou, and after you have been conveyed thither by wheelbarrow or mule and cart, you will wish that Confucius had been more thoughtful and placed his grave nearer the railroad.

We arrived in the early morning, too early, in fact, to breakfast on the train, and no breakfast was available at the railroad station. No one about could understand a word of English, nor could we manage any better with Chinese. However, foreigners come to Chufou for but one purpose, and the station master shouted across the railroad tracks towards some buildings and soon a two-wheeled cart appeared with a small white mule hitched thereto, and officered by a Chinese dressed in the usual padded blue denim clothes, a man with a dried-up, wrinkled face, a badly raveled-out, moth-eaten queue, but with the national characteristic Chinese smile. The cart was substantial—two heavy wooden wheels, no springs, and a small covered body—a miniature two-wheeled prairie schooner. My friend Arthur, 276 pounds

of human gentleness, seated on the floor cross-legged, like a Buddha, just filled the conveyance; the driver and one other could tuck themselves partly in front and partly on the thills. You do not ride all the way as there is a river to ford and a long stretch of heavy sand where the mule can pull the cart only. You also soon discover that the best way to make time is to walk and let the outfit follow, which necessitates much urging of the mule to keep up. The road, or rather the trail, is winding, deep with dust, and in places heavy with sand, and every bump is recorded on the solid axle and springless body. The country hereabout is level, and one may look for miles across the cultivated fields—no fences, no highways, occasional trails. Wheat seems to be the general crop and is drilled in rows 10 inches to a foot apart, and the soil actually hoed between the rows. An ox and mule hitched together may be seen plowing in the fields. We finally arrive at the outer walls of Chufou, pass through the gateway, and are halted by a guard. Conversation fails, for his is Chinese, ours English; but there is one universal language that all seem to understand, and this time "Silver" indicated our desire and he grasped it and its meaning.

Confucius would still feel at home in Chufou, for I doubt if there has been much change since his days there; there is a Confucian temple, deserted, looking like a country fair ground between annual exhibits; and the town in general is in a dilapidated condition.

The Tomb of Confucius is a mile to the north. Leaving the city you pass under a lovely stone pailow and proceed along a roadway lined on either side by hoary old cedars. We were again challenged by a guard when

we approached the entrance gate of the cemetery which is surrounded by a high stone wall. We had read that admittance was by pass issued by the local prefect, or to people of distinction. We employed new tactics, exhibiting a passport covered with many important looking stamps and signatures in its peregrinations about the globe. Surely he could read. One quick glance assured him we were "distinguished personages." The guard saluted, and we passed into "The Most Holy Forest." The cemetery (Kung-lin) is the burial place for Confucius and his descendants only, and covers a great many acres. It is filled with many mounds, small scattered monuments, and a grove of old cedar and juniper trees; and it is in an uncared for condition. We arrived at the tomb of this great scholar and philosopher—a simple mound, shaded by two or three large, old trees, before which is erected a simple stone tablet, about 12 feet high by $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, on which is inscribed in Chinese characters—"The tomb of the all-accomplished and most saintly Prince Wen-hsuan," a posthumous title conferred on Confucius, that great scholar, born in 551 B. C., who gave to China its remarkable classics on political and ethical life. Were he to return to earth he would probably order destroyed the temples erected as Confucian places of worship, for his were the ethical and moral teachings of a great philosopher, who had no idea of being enthroned as a deity.

April 5th

Travelers visiting the holy mountain Tai-shan must spend a night at Tai-an-fu. The Methodist Mission will provide for the stranger within these gates. There is

no hotel for foreigners. We were mighty hungry the evening we arrived, as we had had no food during the day.

The mountain is 6000 feet high, and from the Mission six miles to the summit. Ascending you pass through several gateways, the "First Heaven Gate" being where Confucius selected this route up the mountain. There are several small temples along the way and on both sides of the rocky pathway are interesting old cedars. The mountain stream beside the trail is dry. The plains below are threaded by wide rivers mostly of dry sand. We pass a troupe of Chinese Boy Scouts, a fine looking group of lads, faces bright, happy, and intelligent looking—a credit to the organization. I wonder if Baden-Powell originally ever dreamed of the wide-world extent of this movement he started and the great world power and influence it is destined to be.

To climb this mountain requires a stout heart. I have enjoyed following the trail to the summit of several mountains, but never have I tackled any that taxed my energies as this one. From the base to the summit is only about five miles, and a portion of that distance is a descent into a ravine with a steeper climb beyond, and as you rise a total of 5,500 feet in the five miles—one can form some idea of the undertaking. I believe I am more than safe in saying that fully 2,500 feet of the actual elevation is accomplished by climbing stone steps with risers of 8 to 10 inches and a gradient of 30 to 45 degrees. I engaged coolies and a chair, but made practically no use of them in the ascent. To be carried down steep, stone steps at a fast clip, sitting in a palanquin and carried by two coolies is a novel and thrilling experience—

a misstep sure to result in a serious fall. Many a worshipping pilgrim climbs these heights to the temple at the top. Emperor Shun offered sacrifice to heaven on this mountain twenty-three centuries before Christ, and the city of Tai-an-fu dates back to this period. Think of a land of such antiquity still alive and virile. As stated recently by the present Chinese Minister at Washington, D.C., Mr. Sze, when commenting upon this fact: "That fact alone compelled reverent admiration for the people of China and for their character. Unworthy nations did not live through millenniums; they died and were forgotten, or lived in the memory of bygone glory. There should be no room in the minds of any students worthy of the name for cheap sneer or easy contempt for China."

April 6th

En route to Peking, we pass through a portion of the famine district. The railroad station and platforms are guarded by soldiers and the crowds also kept back by barbed wire fence. Hundreds are lined up, begging a few coppers as the train pulls into the station. One question, however, the dire need of those we see, for at every siding there are many carloads of cereals being distributed to these needy Chinese, the greater need being to supply relief to the more remote districts. Surely there is plenty in this world for all, and at best so many of the Chinese have but the barest necessities of life. The pathos of it all is that such a famine should be visited upon a people that is so industrious and frugal. They are poor by condition. The most heartrending thing in connection with it all is the selling of daughters

for a mere pittance into a life of shame, due to necessity and complied to because of filial piety. Surely no one can condemn the girl thus sacrificed, a lotus blossom with her feet in the mire, but holding her head (soul) clean above the environment, if such a thing is possible. It should be a pleasure to give of our store to those who are hungering and suffering for sufficient to keep body and soul together. The Chinese, through it all, exhibit great patience and fortitude.

A sand storm is in full sway. Imagine a blizzard as experienced in our northern States when the snow is blowing and swirling, obscuring from vision everything beyond a few feet away. This is quite similar, except that the air is filled with sand, a weird yellow, and quite impenetrable, in striking contrast to the beauty and exhilaration of the snow (I have always enjoyed seeing a great snowstorm). People turn up their collars, cover their faces with handkerchiefs or cloths, for the sand and dust chokes instead of cooling, as does the snow. You can protect yourself against snowstorms by getting indoors; but nothing is impervious to this sand and dust.

April 7th to 14th inc.

We have come north a bit too fast, for the fresh budding trees have disappeared, only the willows showing green and the lilac buds swelling. Each morning I see passing our hotel long strings of camels, 25 or 30, these stately ships of the desert bringing coal or rice into Peking. In the streets are camels, donkeys, two-wheeled Peking carts (like small prairie schooners), wheelbarrows, and rickshaws—all typical Chinese modes of conveyance.

I should style Peking the City of Cities, for as you

wander through this great Chinese Capital you are reminded that you are in the "Chinese City," then the "Tartar City," next the "Inner City," again the "Imperial City," and finally the "Forbidden City." Each is in turn surrounded by a substantial wall, some 50 feet in height and containing massive entrance gates with tower forts above. It is a Capital of Capitals, for great nations of the world here have imposing legations within great garrisoned compounds, small principalities in the capital of another nation—surely a strange and unusual condition, and I know of no other great country that would so patiently tolerate it.

China does not furnish many examples of rare architecture, and her historical buildings are quite generally permitted to decay and become dilapidated looking, the thick gaudy paint covering of the woodwork peeling off and hanging in shreds. Peking is the exception, for here the Temple of Heaven and the Forbidden City, also the Summer Palace, afford architectural interest of the first importance.

Within a walled enclosure, the walls approximately 8 feet high and capped with beautiful blue tiles, is the Altar of Heaven, built in approximately 1420, the surrounding court paved—not a tree or shrub in evidence other than the old juniper trees outside the walls. In the center is a marble structure, striking in its chaste simplicity. A great round platform, without a building, rises in three tiers, circle above circle—the Imperial Place of Prayers in the days of the emperors. One must allow his imagination to fancy the scene that here took place in bygone days. Could anything be more impressive or eclipse the splendor of this place where

once a year, under the azure canopy of heaven, an emperor went forth to pray, presenting his petitions to his deity. Alone he stood in the center of the upper circle, 90 feet in diameter, and, on each succeeding lower tier, surrounded by princes, ministers, generals, etc., in the order of their importance, and all robed in their glorious embroidered garments of many colors.

We pass under artistic marble pailows to the Ancestral Tablets and Temple of Heaven, all a part of the magnificence of this Imperial Place of Worship. With the impression made by all this grandeur another thought steals into our minds—today, this is but a monument of man's exalted power and has no spiritual significance, or importance. Meanwhile in but recent years, missionaries—those humble servants of Christ, bearers of the Cross—have planted the seed of Christianity, which is destined to save the Orient and, in thus saving the Orient will bring the Western civilization to a fuller appreciation of its power—for Christianity is democracy, and always the friend of the lowly.

The Forbidden City, within the Imperial City, was built about 850 years ago, and is approximately one square mile in area. We enter by the Western Gate, the "Heaven Gate," before which stand the Stone Guardians and Dragon Pillars, is still reserved for the young emperor (emperor in name only). The large enclosure contains many buildings and is ablaze with color. The imperial yellow of the tile roofs predominates. This shade can best be described as that of the beaten yolk of egg, and is very pleasing. The decorations of the wide, overhanging eaves and the interior wooden beams are blue, gold, and white with touches of brilliant red.

The pillars are all of solid teakwood and rest on marble bases. There are wide marble terraces on which rest beautiful bronze pieces—tortoises, dragons, ibises, also stone lanterns and sundials. As a whole, the group of buildings is fascinating, and a charming skyline is created by the curved roofs with upturned corners, these corners decorated with small figures of animals and at the end of each roof-ridge a magnificent piece of decorative porcelain—all a monument of splendor to a past powerful dynasty.

A museum in connection well repays a visit. The exquisite antique handcraft here exhibited could hardly be equaled anywhere—choicest porcelains, china, cloisonne, bronze, ivory, jade carvings, lacquer, and embroidery work.

In another part of the Tartar City there is a so-called Winter Palace that has a lovely setting and from which may be had a splendid view of the City. A beautiful marble bridge spanning a stream leads to the base of a big hill which overlooks a lake, and the summit of which is crowned by a bottle-shaped temple. This might well have served as the Summer Palace of the Empress Dowager, but instead, like Louis XIV, she dissipated the funds of a nation to gratify a proud imperial fancy, and built the far-famed Summer Palace in the suburbs of Peking. The money so extravagantly used was intended for strengthening and building a Chinese navy and thus diverted from its needful purpose, later resulting in Japan's defeat of China's navy, provided as it was with sand-bag ammunition. In consequence, the Empress Dowager lost her throne, and a republic was established. There is a Chinese adage that "You can

substitute a turnip for an egg only once." Had the navy program been pursued—the result is an interesting conjecture, a rank surmise, for "such answers lie in the laps of the Gods." This Summer Palace is a mass of buildings and halls, roofed with yellow and green tile, and it has many doors or gates and a labyrinth of passageways. Great stairways lead from one building to another on succeeding elevations of the hillside. There is a temple, in which the temple gong now stands silent, that is located on a paved terrace just below the Imperial Palace, and from which may be had a charming view. In the background are the Western Hills or Mountains, before which are knolls or mounds dotted with old pagodas; in the foreground, a large artificial lake stretches out before us with decorative islands reached by arched bridges. At the water's edge below us are old cedar trees and a highly decorative pailow and near at hand the famous marble boat. One marvels at the patience that subjects have exhibited towards extravagant expenditures by their rulers for self-aggrandizement.

We journeyed by train to Nankow to visit the Ming Tomb and Great Wall. Some Chinese students from the Indemnity College were in our car, whistling, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." Surely Western influence is making itself felt, and much may be expected in the future of China from these students of modern thought. En route to the station we passed soldiers, mounted and unmounted, escorting a Chinese man drawn in a rickshaw, his arms bound down by a blanket, en route to execution, to be shot before a firing squad for a heinous crime. Beheading and tortur-



Jade-Lotus bridge—Pekin
Marble boat “



ing are no longer practiced since the birth of the Republic.

We arrived at Nankow, lunched early, and carried in chairs proceeded to the Ming Tombs. I have never felt comfortable, conveyed in these chairs, not because of physical discomfort, but mental unrest and fearing the possibility of any Chinese forming an opinion that we Americans are less hardy, and unable to convey ourselves, to say nothing of carrying another. The result is I walk at least half the time and usually write my notes when in the chair as an excuse for the necessity of riding. It is surprising to note that four Chinese coolies will carry a man in a chair a distance of twenty-five miles a day with apparent ease and at a fast gait. Large puffy clouds obscured the sun and the surrounding mountains looked purple, with bright sun spots here and there. At about half the journey, six miles, there is an entrance archway or pailow, elaborately carved and impressive in its isolation. A short distance to each side are mountains and they form a basin, horseshoe in shape, the open end the entrance, in which are located the Ming Tombs. A straight roadway leads for some distance directly toward the Tombs. We pass through a Tablet Tower in which is a Great Tablet setting forth the virtues of Emperor Yung-low; it is a huge monolith, approximately 20 feet high, 8 feet wide, and 2 feet thick, and rests on a gigantic stone tortoise cut from a single rock. Four Dragon Pillars near each corner of the tower keep faithful watch and guard against evil spirits of the sky. We now pass for a distance of three-quarters of a mile between two rows of large stone figures placed at even intervals along the "Holy Way,"

four lions, four unicorns, four camels, four elephants, four chi-lin, four horses, four military officers, four civilian officers, and four ministers—mute guardians of dead emperors. There are thirteen tombs of emperors of the Ming dynasty. We visited but one—Tomb Yung-low—the first emperor from South China. It is surrounded by the ever-present Chinese wall; old cedar trees lend their aged appearance to this ancient tomb and nearby are persimmon trees in blossom. It is a common sight to see old cedar trees growing out of the stone walls supporting tombs, entrance gates, or tablet towers; and from the tile-covered roofs grow shrubs the size of small trees. One wonders if it is a lack of reverence or funds that allows these buildings to lapse into decay. They should be preserved if only for their historical interest.

On the return journey I saw a lad of fourteen who had the year before been married to a woman of twenty; of course, the match was arranged by the parents, an all-too-common occurrence in China. A Chinese girl does not see her future mate until her wedding day. One is not surprised that such a system is sure to encourage concubinage, for the human element will assert itself and selection according to natural impulse will result. Not that I would attempt to justify promiscuity; it can only lead to sorrow. Even here in China where the first wife is duly recognized and is the accepted legal mother of all children, no normal women, even though tolerant, can be reconciled to such a condition for jealousy has always been an inborn trait in the human character since the beginning of things. Christianity and the education of the Chinese women must lead them from this bondage.

We remain at Nankow for the night. The boy raps on my door, brings me a pitcher of hot water, and says: "The day more better than yesterday"—surely the proper spirit in which to begin the new day. If you are observing, you will notice that the wrinkles in the average Chinese face (about the eyes and mouth) are produced by a smile.

An engine and caboose takes us to the Great Wall. We go through Nankow (south-mouth) Pass, which lies between rocky mountains, their serrated tops forming a sharp skyline. We walk up to the Great Wall from the railroad station at which we alight and soon arrive at the Old Eight Big Towers Gate (Che-yung koun), the gateway to Mongolia, for this is the ancient camel route to that Northland. Some Chinese boys are helping two American ladies negotiate the rocky trail, hoping for compensation of a few coppers; others offer trinkets for sale, old arrow heads, etc; they do not beg. China, as a nation, does not beg; but by her polite insistence and patient waiting hopes to secure her due recognition among the Great Nations. China, within twenty-five years, will seize her opportunities, develop her great national resources or other countries will further expand their influence and control—and China will be subservient to others. Personally, I see, and hope for, only the former; but it is the Great Wall I am dealing with—not politics. Larger walls I have seen at Nanking, for here the Great Chinese Wall is but 30 feet high and 20 feet wide at the top, but its isolated position here among the mountains, and the fact that it was built 300 B.C. across plains and over mountains as a great barrier for 1,600 miles against the Northern hordes are what im-

presses one. The immensity of such a fatuous undertaking, involving such prodigious labor, arouses our admiration and suggests the virility of the Chinese. It rises or rather climbs up sheer rocks, then down into canyons, and continues over peaks, following the tops of mountain ranges. The labor of millions of men was expended on this extensive military project, which finally proved futile, for the Mongolians did get into China, and the nations of the world still continue to strive against one another in competitive preparation for war, which inevitably leads to the downfall or humiliation of a proud, ambitious, aggressive nation, for these are dangerous qualities alike in man or nation.

I was greatly impressed by two object lessons here in Peking. After the Boxer incident in 1900, the Germans, among other things, required that China should erect a Memorial of Humiliation in her own Capital—a Great Stone Pailow (an archway) to the memory of their minister, Baron von Kettler, who was killed during this unfortunate uprising. There was an inscription chiseled thereon in Latin, German, and Chinese in the name of the Chinese Emperor, as follows: "The German Minister, Baron von Kettler, since his arrival in China faithfully discharged his diplomatic duties and won our confidence. After the outbreak of the Boxer troubles in the fifth moon of the twenty-sixth year of Kuang-hsu the said Minister was killed on the twenty-fourth day of that month at this very spot to our grief. This monument is erected in order to proclaim his good name and to point out what is good as good and what is evil as evil. Let all our subjects learn lessons from the past occurrence and never forget them. We order this." After the de-

feat of Germany by the Allies the Chinese had the satisfaction of tearing down this monument, removing the inscription from the stones and erecting it elsewhere in Pekin as a triumphant arch commemorating the defeat of Germany by the Allies. There is now carved thereon in bold letters: "IN MEMORIUM"—"IVRIS VINDICAT." Thus has been righted another diplomatic blunder by the Germans. "Gigantic evils speedily work their own cure."

I visited an old Chinese Observatory which furnished another striking example of German diplomacy; just inside the gate and in the grounds containing the Old Tower and instruments were a quantity of large wooden cases being opened. I stopped to inquire and learned that they contained some old Bronze Astronomical Instruments made by Kuo-shou-chin, Chief Astronomer of the Sing Dynasty some 800 years ago. They had just arrived, having been returned from Germany after twenty-one years. These had been carried away as trophies of war, also due to the Boxer Uprising. One box contained a bronze globe and pedestal at least 10 feet in diameter, another an ellipsis. There was also a large sundial and a huge quadrant, all marvelously wrought bronze, with characteristic dragon embellishments. They again rest in their homeland—a patient triumph by China over Germany through the noble justice of the Allies.

It would have been equally wrong and unwise today for the Allies to have carried away traditional German treasures of great historical value and to have demanded as a part of the treaty that Germany build an Arch of Victory to the Allies in Berlin. Although it would be

giving them a dose of their own medicine, any sane thinking person realizes that such acts are unjustifiable and are breeders of hatred, an improper example to rising generations who are in no way responsible for the diplomatic and political blunders of their national progenitors. Let us compare the actions of America as a result of this same Boxer Uprising. We were granted an indemnity of \$50,000,000.00 which we afterwards remitted to China on the condition that she use this as a fund to establish American colleges of learning in her own land, thus fostering a more intelligent understanding between the two nations, for "Scholars are a nation's treasures." The von Kettler monument, a cause for ill feeling, suspicion, and distrust in the end has become an embarrassment for two nations, first China, now Germany. The American monument, an Indemnity College, is an abiding, growing influence and power, creating a closer relationship and greater trust between the young Chinese Republic of the East, the outgrowth of an old Monarchy, and the Great Republic of the Western Hemisphere. If the aim of the United States in creating this college is attained, then this is the finest monument possible to erect in China to America's future ambitions and ideals, and will some day be recognized as one of the greatest diplomatic acts of the age.

The next morning I observed a short notice in the morning paper with the simple heading, "Ancient Astronomical Instruments returned from Germany." One can easily imagine the glowing headline of an American newspaper if under similar conditions our revered Liberty Bell was being returned to us; but China is always reserved and polite. The article closes as follows: "The

instruments will be placed in their original places in the Government Observatory as previously. In commenting on the occasion of the restoration of the Ancient Astronomical Instruments to China by Germany the Chinese Vernacular papers are all unanimously of the opinion that putting aside the painful Shan-tung issue, this is the only benefit the Government and people of China Republic have received as a result of China's participation in the World War." Quite true they got back their Old Bronze Astronomical Instruments but when Shan-tung was wrested from the thief, Mr. Wilson handed this Chinese Province over to the Japanese for safe-keeping. I note that Mr. Lansing in commenting on the Shan-tung question says: "From all this I am forced to conclude that a bargain has been struck by which the Japanese agree to sign the Covenant in exchange for admission of their claims. If so it is an iniquitous agreement. Apparently the President is going to do this to avoid Japan's declining to enter the League of Nations." The ways of politics surely are queer; "Human nature is seldom self-consistent."

April 15th

En route to Mukden.

The first thing that impresses you in Mukden after alighting at the splendid station, with subway under tracks, is its modern appearance. You are in the Japanese concession, which you will find is a marked contrast to the Old Chinese Walled City adjoining, which still remains quite like other Chinese cities. The aggressiveness of the Japanese is at once noted, especially in contradistinction to the Chinese. Another thi

will impel you to take notice is the elaborate hair dress of the Manchu women, an interesting contrast to the flattened-down coiffure of the Chinese women. Two monuments are erected here, commemorating the Japanese heroes of a great Russo-Japanese Battle that here took place.

Within the Chinese district there is an old Palace, the timbered ceilings of which are highly decorated in a riot of colors; the throne room where once a Manchurian Emperor held court is now tenanted by doves with telling effects.

The Ming Tomb (a drive of four miles) is the best preserved example of the kind I have seen in China. The large walled enclosure contains a fine grove of old pine trees; the buildings, gateways, etc., have the usual formal walled setting; but everything is orderly, clean and in a fair state of repair. Our monuments to our great heroes stand out in marked democratic simplicity to the elaborate tombs of these rulers.

The police and many of the people are wearing masks over their mouths as a protection against the plague that is so prevalent just a short distance north of here.

I today saw a very practical use made of a Chinese cemetery—a golf course had been built in which were located a great many Chinese graves, the mounds being excellent natural hazards as bunkers.

CHAPTER XIII

KOREA—AN ORIENTAL TRAGEDY

April 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st

We arrive in Seoul. It looks like a summer's day, for regardless of the weather (which is, however, beautiful), nearly everybody, men, women, and children, wear white. The men's white robes look like Mother Hubbard wrappers with white bows and tie ribbons at one side on the chest, and many wear crinoline hats two stories in height. The women dress in big, loose, white skirts with high, wide waist-bands, a little short waist—sometimes too short, exposing a portion of that very necessary part of a woman's anatomy. The little children ride astride their mother's backs, bound in a sitting position, apparently comfortable and contented for they neither fret nor cry and often are sound asleep, their heads bobbing about with the motion of the mother's body.

The country in general, en route from Mukden to Seoul, comprises small, flat valleys with low mountains rising on each side; a considerable number of small pines are on the foot hills, and little clusters of straw-thatched huts dot the landscape. Farming is the principal occupation, and the oxen (large bulls) are usually the beasts of burden. They are seen wending their way homeward

in the evening after the work of the day is done, hitched to two-wheeled carts or carrying a large crosstree saddle loaded with corn stubbles pulled up by the roots and dried for fuel, or twigs of pine trees for the same purpose.

We have again come into spring; the honeybees are humming in the willow blossoms; violets are in bloom, also the forsythia, azalea, and magnolia; and the flowering cherries are just ready to break bud—we are told the season is late which should bring us into Japan when the cherries are in their full glory.

The Old Korean Palace, dating back to 1483, and so revered by all Koreans, strikingly suggests the old régime although we are told that many of the important buildings within the compound have been torn down and removed by the Japanese, much to the displeasure of many of the native Koreans, who maintain that Japan is endeavoring to denationalize Korea, destroying her sentiments and traditions by enforced Japanese culture, changing the names of Korean cities and towns to Japanese names and by a general policy suppressing the people. They admit that their own previous government was poor, but suggest that the evils would themselves have brought about a better independent form of government in Korea. The Old Throne Room still stands in all its glory, a gem of Korean decoration, now containing a collection of historical antiquities. The old banquet hall, another building within the palace grounds, and which is decorated in lovely old soft colors is situated on a stone-walled terrace with a fine old stone balustrade. Stone bridges span the water surrounding the building and in the placid pond is reflected the many chambers with which the place abounds; the mount

old, artistic pines, the drooping willows, and flowering azaleas of an exquisite lavender shade. I looked on an old Korean gentleman dressed in a white silk robe, beside him his lady in a beautiful silk costume of delicate colors and materials, sitting in the shade of some pines and junipers gazing at an old ancestral tablet with turtle foundation and dragon-carved top within the palace grounds—the charming Korean mountains beyond still his country. One wonders at the musings of his mind. We can well imagine he draws a mental picture of his nation centuries ago, advanced beyond his neighbors in civilization. Witness: the great Iron Soup Bowl 10 feet in diameter, and the huge Iron Buddha within the Museum near at hand, both of which were moulded by his countrymen 1,400 years ago. The Japanese came to the Imperial Court of his land centuries ago naked savages, and now are the ruling force. Does he also dream of what so many Koreans express as a hope: namely, that Japan's imperialistic ambitions will lead her into war with greater powers—the white man—and Korea find the opportunity of realizing her independent, national existence. In front of all this rare loveliness, in fact in the front yard, so to speak, of the palace grounds, buildings were removed to make room for a huge modern Japanese government building—a splendid, efficient structure, I am sure, but as unharmonious and unassociated as Koreans and Japanese and not in harmony with the old restful Korean picture formed by the picturesque structures of a past dynasty. The modern architecture intrudes its mighty proportions and strength of domination as perhaps Japanese rule has been forced upon these gentle mannered Korean people.

Prince Li is the son of the last Korean Emperor and is married to a Japanese princess, much to the displeasure of many Koreans who look upon it as another act of assimilation extended even to the ruling family. It is stated that the late emperor was much opposed to his son's inter-marriage with the royal family of Japan, and, driven to the extreme, committed suicide, thus delaying, due to court etiquette, the alliance for nearly two years, hoping in his desperation that something in the meantime might change the political conditions of Korea and again establish them an independent principality. I do not state the above as an authentic fact but as a common rumor. However, the following statement was received by me from a most reliable source: "With regard to the death of the Emperor of Korea it is very difficult to disentangle fact from fable among the various reports that were current at that time. If he did not take his own life, his end was undoubtedly hastened by the action of the Japanese and the condition to which he was reduced." Prince Li receives an allowance from the Japanese Government which expense, however, is taxed against the Koreans; he resides in the Seoul Palace, Shotoku-kyn, within a lovely park. This park in its spring attire is a vision of beauty—Koreans sitting about on the terraces enjoying the spring unfolding its loveliness—the flowering azaleas, clumps of lavender; the forsythia, a riot of gold; the cherry buds breaking forth in a delicate transient beauty of pink and white; and hoary old junipers and pines, like those we have seen in Japanese prints. A dignified old Korean is sitting with his attractive young concubine exquisitely dressed, revelling in the warmth of the



Temple at Seoul
Korean with mourning hat
An Ancestral tablet





spring sun, his youthful thoughts and desires renewed in association. Groups here and there in their dainty, light-colored attire are sitting on the lawns heightening the color interest of the scene; also little Japanese and Korean children, many dressed in bright colors, the brilliant human flowers in this charming garden.

The buildings in Seoul are generally so low that you stoop to enter many of the little shops through the doorway. The streets as a whole are wide and paved, and the city has the appearance of being prosperous, containing many new, modern buildings. Besides the queer-looking crinoline hats I have referred to, and which, by the way, you very soon get accustomed to, you will see men who are in mourning wearing hats that look like old-fashioned straw beehives.

We visited the Y. M. C. A.'s excellent Korean building (Japanese Association separate), a splendid plant and an industrial department advancing the knowledge of handicraft and trades among the young Koreans as well as improving their social, moral, and physical welfare. These associations are doing a most splendid work throughout China and Korea. In the gymnasium I saw a lot of children from the Christian mission school, three Korean women teachers in charge of them, also a Christian man who is interested in the work, a barber who, I am told, opened his shop each day with prayer. These children were "a human bunch of posies," every color and shade imaginable in their wee kiddy clothes. They were very attractive children. They gathered in a circle seated on the floor and sang what I recognized as, "Jesus Loves Me, This I Know," and afterwards with heads bowed to the floor said a morning prayer—

this followed by other songs, recitations, and exercises. How lovely are children; there is no natural animosity in their pure souls, only love, happiness, and good-will shines out of their pretty faces. How sad that they must later learn and inherit the traditions and prejudices of their elders. Their sweet little "curtseys," innocent voices in song, would be an excellent sermon to some hasty, aggressive, and warlike statesmen; and yet we must all in our day take up our responsibility and carry on, looking forward to the better day to come.

We met a fine character, a Korean gentleman, Mr. Y—, seventy years of age and much older than that in wisdom, but still young in spirit, although he had suffered many trials for his people in years gone by. He was in the first legation Korea sent over to Washington, D.C. He asked the Chinese Ambassador over there what it was that made America so great and the Ambassador replied: "To be honest with you, I don't know, but they tell me it is the Bible"— and gave him a copy in the Chinese language. He read this Bible and threw it away because it contained nothing regarding organizing an army or building a navy. When he returned to Korea he went about the country, saying, Christianity is not the salvation of Korea, but independence from China. This got him into trouble with the authorities, as China at that time was a dominant political power in Korea over whom she exercised suzerainty; and he and his companions were all thrown into prison and kept there six years. While in prison there was a Bible class started and he and his compatriots would read the Bible by day and compare it with the Buddhistic and Confucian classics at night (for he was a Confucian scholar) with

the result that everyone of them became a stalwart Christian man. Later when freed from prison he was restored to political power and became the secretary of the Imperial cabinet under the Korean régime. He then went to those who had been responsible for his imprisonment and who were now in disfavor, and said: "Now is my opportunity for revenge, but I shall not take any; instead, I request that you all become Christians." About that time he became religious secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and has had as many as 1,800 men in his Bible class.

When the last political disturbance occurred, two years ago, in 1919, the Secretary of Interior of Japan wrote him, asking three questions: first, what was the cause of the uprising? second, what was its extent? third, what was its remedy? He replied something as follows: "Nations are held together by one of two things, either by confidence or by force. Since Japan had destroyed the basis of confidence the two countries (Japan and Korea) are now only held together by force; that as far as the extent went, many in Korea in the beginning were willing to give Japan an opportunity, but her despotic rule had finally resulted in the resentment of sixteen millions of people, every one of whom is now opposed to her. As for the remedy, he had none to offer and the Secretary of the Interior could not carry it out if he had, and that force worked out its own destruction and unless Japan changed her course her downfall awaited her." He was imprisoned three months for these frank, honest, solicited statements and for others, which for political reasons, are not here mentioned.

Japan has followed Germany's principles and policies

rather than England's in her attempt to assimilate the Koreans. She has shaped a policy like that of Germany towards Poland, rather than like the United States towards Cuba or the Philippines. We know Poland's final reckoning with Germany, and history has still to write the result of Japanese despotic rule in Korea; one sympathizes with the Koreans and regrets their thrall-dom. Alfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, once said that "Power unrestrained tends to tyranny." One recognizes that Japan has made many improvements in Korea, but why the necessity to attempt to destroy Korea's nationality? Why change names of cities, rivers, mountains? What good does it accomplish; for regardless of decrees the Korean names still remain in the minds and hearts of Koreans and even we travelers refuse to be bothered by the new Japanese names, not a part of our learning in school—Seoul will never become Keijo, nor will Korea ever become Chosen.

A Korean remarked that a piece of indigestible beef-steak an inch square in a man's stomach could cause more trouble than the cattle on a thousand hills. Koreans, I am told, have a fine sense of humor, which quality in Americans I have always looked upon as a national asset. This same Mr. Y—, when asked if he knew who started the uprising two years ago (1919) replied, he did. The spies got their books ready to note his reply and he answered: "God." Again they asked him who was really back of it and he said, "The entire Korean Nation." When in the courtroom under arrest at the previous trial he was asked if he believed in the independence of Korea. He replied, "Yes, for Japan's sake." "Why?" "Because like a boil or infection in

a man's body, it would ultimately cause death if not removed." A land with such men is still to be heard from. The same sage replied, when asked the difference between the Confucian religion and his own experience with the Christian religion: "Before, I had the root and stem; now, the rose." After all, Faith stands before fact.

"What a fair world were ours for verse to paint
If Power could live at ease with self-restraint!"

" 'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.
Not from his fellows only man may learn
Rights to compare and duties to discern!
All creatures and all objects in degree,
Are friends and patrons of humanity.
These are to whom the garden, grove, and field,
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield;
Who would not lightly violate the grace
The loveliest flower possesses in its place;
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give."
From Wordsworth's "Humanity."

CHAPTER XIV

JAPAN—A QUESTION

April 23rd, 24th

The day journey from Seoul to Fusan is very enjoyable; for many miles the railroad follows along a river of clear water with mountains constantly in view. One can easily appreciate Japan's desire to annex Korea; the country is beautiful, the land fertile and productive, and but a narrow stretch of water separates the two lands about the distance between Florida and Cuba. However, the wide sea of sentiment, racial tendencies, and desires that separates the people of these two countries is a sea that will require years of careful and studious navigation by the Japanese statesmen, for political typhoons are possible.

There is a splendid natural harbor at Fusan, the port of embarkation for Shimo-no-seki. One appreciates and admires the dispatch and order with which the passengers and baggage are transferred from the train on the pier to the steamer awaiting alongside. We enjoy a good crossing and in the early morning are at Shimo-no-seki, and now within Japan proper.

Generally speaking, the country from Shimo-no-seki to Miyajima is rolling, with high hills wooded with

small trees, among which are seen quantities of azaleas in bloom. The narrow valleys and those that widen to greater extent are intensively cultivated. Things look fresh, green, and attractive, and many little villages are tucked away among the foliage.

The sacred island of Miyajima is one of the "San-Kei," or three beautiful sights of Japan. It is a mountainous island about fifteen miles in circumference and beautifully wooded with pine and cypress. Thousands of pilgrims come to this lovely spot to worship at a famous Shinto temple, which is built on low piles, the flow of the inland sea at high tide surrounding it and mingling its briny waters with those of a clear spring brook that here loses itself in the sea. Before this temple, standing in the sea at high tide and on dry land at low, is a giant Torri or "Sacred Shinto Gateway," built of the trunks of huge trees, and in height nearly 50 feet. Tame deer unmolested (for dogs are prohibited from the island) roam among the tree-clad hills or exhibit their natural friendliness towards man by eating from his hand, if he will but be equally kind and harmless to them. Storks are seen standing in small pools, their images reflected in the water; little women of the Flowery Kingdom with splashes of color on their backs, a brilliant obi (sash) or a baby strapped thereon toy-like, and dressed in most startling shades; dainty, pretty Geisha girls, still in the charming attire of bygone days, carrying decorated sunshades and strolling along a walk lined with stone lanterns. We are beginning to see the originals of Japanese prints. Near the temple is a little ravine with a beautiful, clear, sparkling stream splashing over great rocks and boulders on its way to the sea;

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pleasing little bridges span it and in this charming glen are little Japanese inns with wee gardens in which are crowded the landscape effect of acres, and small "play-houses," so to speak, nestled beside the stream, hiding their modest size among the surrounding cherry trees now in full blossom, their white petals gently falling like snowflakes—the ground quite covered, while sunlight and shadows are playing over this entire artistic scene.

"What though the blossoms fall?
The Temple pine trees softly sing
Of life beyond it all."

The poetry of Japan is strongly impressed upon our minds here at Miyajima and only marred by an intruded thought; namely, Japan's military power and tendencies, for our camera activities are constantly being limited, due to many fortifications of which one is unconscious for they are nowhere visible.

April 25th

Kobe is one of the two great open ports, or gateways, to Japan (the other, Yokohama), having an annual tonnage clearance of forty million tons and being one of the most important cities in Japan. It has a population of about 600,000 and possesses many large industrial establishments. It is situated on the Inland Sea and its backyard is a range of beautiful, high hills, from which an excellent view of the harbor and surrounding country may be had. It might be termed a modern Japanese city, for much European influence is noted, and while some districts of it suggest Japan as

one expects to find it, still one longs to see the Japan more remote from foreign influence, and this we are promised at Kyoto.

April 26th

We stopped over between trains, while en-route to Kyoto, and took an automobile glimpse of Osaka, driving about for two or three hours, with the result that I know very little about the place except that it is the greatest commercial and manufacturing city in Japan, has many canals, and a population of nearly a million and a half people. We were rushed through a picturesque old Buddhist temple (Tennoji) of many buildings, some with fine, old wood carvings, and we were here shown a great bell cast in 1902, weighing 155 tons, with a height of 26 feet and 16 feet in diameter. Of course, the exhibition of any historical bell to an American brings to mind *only one bell*, a much smaller one; in fact, a cracked bell, but which to us is emblematic of the biggest thing in history, "Liberty" and its emoluments.

April 27th, May 4th

Kyoto and environs can crowd a week with interesting sights and excursions; there is something new and delightful every day. It is a rambling city of half a million people, and covers a much larger area than other cities in Japan of greater population. It is clothed in foliage, mostly pines, is nearly surrounded by low, wooded mountains, and is celebrated for its charming natural views. It was the seat of the Imperial Government for eleven centuries previous to the Court's removal to Tokyo in 1868. There are many attractive shops where beauti-

ful embroideries, cloisonne, gold lacquer, bronze and inlaid damascene tempt our purses.

I look out of my window. The air is laden with the perfume of the flowering trees and shrubs on the terrace below; a beautiful view is before me—the many little houses, low and with flat roofs of a neutral tone, almost obscure themselves in the surrounding trees; the hills and mountains beyond are fresh and green in their spring foliage and dark pines, and at times are partly shrouded by low, misty clouds. We are, however, reminded that Japan is practical, progressive, and commercial as well as picturesque, for below in the ravine is a large electric power plant, operated by the waters of Lake Biwa, seven miles distant and 120 feet higher and brought through a great tunnel under the mountain. This same aqueduct also serves as a canal and small cargo boats are conveyed in a steel cradle from the Kamo River in Kyoto up a cable incline to the level of the canal above (60 feet). A visit to Lake Biwa, which is the largest lake in Japan, approximately thirty-six miles long and twelve miles wide, is interesting and novel. We go by motor car and return by boat in the canal, passing under the mountain, the tunnel alone over a mile in extent. The drive to and about the lake affords delightful scenery, and on a hill covered with large pine trees, within the village of Ishiyama (Rocky Mt.) on Lake Biwa, there is an old temple in environments of great natural beauty. During a ride on the lake the small steamer was boarded by a lot of school boys, bright little fellows, every one, and I was soon surrounded by them and we were exchanging English and Japanese words, in which instructions I must credit them as having the advantage; before

we parted we had mastered a lusty fraternity yell, as follows, much to the amusement of all aboard—Nip-pah! Ameri-cah! Hur-rah! (Nippon-America-Hurrah).

Another excursion is to the rapids of Hodzu-gawa, which may be traversed in safe boats piloted by natives; an enjoyable and not too exciting experience. The river is of clear, green water, the low mountains on both sides smothered with small pine trees, largely re-foresting by the government. The ever-changing view of the gorge holds one's interest. The drive to the rapids is part way through a district devoted to farming and vegetable gardening. Constantly along the roadway we pass two-wheel carts laboriously drawn by Japanese tillers of the soil, and laden with buckets of human excrement, being hauled from the city—the never ending procession suggesting a sort of continuous elementary canal to the green fields of the country; the air is "odor-furious" (Kusai-Kusai). This is spring, and from the fields float odors to our olfactory portals, stern reminders of the Japanese fertilizing system. No wonder Japan has a goddess of the Latrina.

We are here in the time of the double-cherry blossoms, and also the Miyako Odori-Cherry-blossom Dance. The former are beautiful to behold, the colors exquisite, and the blossoms profuse; but the trees are not so plentiful as one might expect. The single cherries had passed over—we saw the best display at Seoul and Miyajima. As for the dance, it is better described as a series of posings or pantomines performed by Geisha girls, whose lips are painted vermilion red, contrasting sharply against their white powdered faces. They are dressed in lovely, brilliant kimonos. The dance is exquisite in its colorings,

stage settings, and Geisha costumes, these far exceeding the charm of the dancing, which would in our land rank as an amateur performance. There was a moonlight scene, the moon rising over the sea with a surf rolling and flattening out on the beach, the moon diminishing in size as it ascended into the sky, which was the best stage setting of its kind I have ever seen. The music, such as might have been played in Pharaoh's time, was furnished by the Geisha girls dressed in brocaded robes, twelve playing three-stringed banjos, and twelve others playing drums of two varieties. I wondered what impression a Pavlowa and ballet with a great orchestra accompanying would make on these people.

The Imperial Palace (Gosho) which is now used only on occasions of the Emperor's visits to Kyoto, is a symbol of orderliness, simplicity, and cleanliness. The grounds and buildings within a walled enclosure are extensive, but the palace has practically no furnishings. The throne room is severe in its simplicity, and the private audience chambers have no draperies or rugs, the floors covered with matting laid in rectangular squares of 3' x 6' and spotlessly clean. Visitors remove their shoes and don slippers that are provided. The only touch of color is the decorations on the sliding doors and the screens forming the partitions—on which are paintings by famous Japanese artists, one interesting series representing the seasons and months of the year. Cushions, possibly a low table, and the simplest of findings complete the furnishings of these rooms, when the palace is occupied.

Another Imperial building is the Nijo Castle, formerly used by the Shoguns (highest officer in the Japanese

government during the feudal period). The buildings are less extensive, but are more elaborate in their decorations, the ceilings being decorated in gold-leaf and geometrical figures in color. The doors and sliding panels, many covered with gold-leaf and some decorated with artistic Japanese illustrations by celebrated artists, are famous throughout Japan. They are in varying motifs—pine trees, tigers, old hoary cypresses, storks, cherry blossoms. It has been referred to as "A dream of golden beauty."

The Tombs of the late Emperor and Empress, who died in 1912 and 1914 respectively, are located here in Kyoto, situated in a park on the side of a great hill and overlooking the valley below, the location being the personal selection of the Emperor before death. The place is densely wooded, mostly with pine and bamboo; the tombs are two plain, massive mounds of concrete and stone, in front of which are formal terraces enclosed by stone balustrades, the entrance gate a simple pailow or torii built of four logs. Before these Imperial Tombs, loyal, devoted Japanese may be seen standing with uncovered heads, bowed in silent respect to the spirits of a departed Emperor and Empress.

Kyoto abounds in Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines, which are renowned for their architecture and more especially for the beauty of their setting. High up on the side of a hill, among fine old pine trees and lovely flowering shrubs, a quiet, restful place where one might sit and welcome the song of birds, is situated the Chionin Buddhist Temple. Artistic stone lanterns and large graceful bronze urns, overflowing with clear water, add to the charm of surroundings that are faultless in their

cleanliness. We enter the temple, our shoes removed; pilgrims are seen kneeling reverently on the spotless mats before a shrine of bright, golden lacquer within this great hall, which otherwise is extremely plain, an artistic blending of rich ornamentation with that of severe simplicity, an art in Japan. There is the smell of incense and there comes to our ears the sound of the temple bell, tolled by a shaven-headed priest. We sense the religious atmosphere of worship, the temple peopled by human bronzes; a religious peace reigns within, giving a serenity to our thoughts.

Higashi-Honganji, one of the largest single Buddhist temples in Japan, Kiyomizu, rich in legend, and Kitano-Tenjiu, one of the most famous Shinto temples—all afford interesting examples of Japanese places of worship and suggest the devotion and enthusiasm of the adherents of these religious faiths.

It seems to be customary in this land to place the temples in charming surroundings, adjoining parks, among noble trees or beside lovely gardens. The Japanese are apparently extremely fond of flowers and plants, and make much of their attractive gardens, some being extensive, others mere miniature suggestions within a small court attached to a humble home. I wish that I might paint an adequate word picture of these gardens. Were my friend, Mrs. Frances King, here, the description would be completed; I shall only be able to suggest my impressions. I have visited a great many gardens in and about Kyoto—those in connection with the palaces and temples; extensive private ones; some adjoining business houses; and others within the little courts of humble homes. I wish to add that, all things considered,

I believe that the lovely garden of a Mr. Ichids is the most complete, comprehensive, and finished, suggesting much thought and care and the creation of a charming little world all within its confines. In America we admire and strive for "perfect specimens," true symmetry, and noble proportions; in Japan, crooked or one-sided trees are encouraged, the main top will be cut back and limbs trimmed to create the unusual in nature, picturesque effects; and yet I must qualify my remark, for I have also seen limbs of trees bound to bamboo poles and anchored to the ground horizontally to produce and encourage wide straight spreading effects. The small dwarf trees that are so common in Japan should not be mistaken as a natural miniature dwarf variety, but rather the result of confining their root action to small pots; and they are thus the product of insufficient nourishment. Within these gardens are small lakes (ponds) with small rockbound islands, covered with gnarled, dwarf pines, small in size but old in years, or perhaps with only a huge boulder rising above the surface of the water; near the shore artistic stone lanterns; a slightly arched, stone bridge with a pergola over it entirely decked by a great wisteria vine hanging thick with purple blossoms, the air rich with its fragrant perfume; stepping stones across a small, meandering stream, or little bridges spanning the water and made of a large stone slab slightly arched; the clear waters of the pools containing the quiet, slow moving carp, rather than the quick, darting, wary trout (no discredit to the trout, please, for I am one of his greatest admirers); touches of color in their season are added by the flowering cherries, azaleas, peonies, irises, and maples; trails leading beside

streams and lakes, over knolls, and among trees—all creating the feeling of an extensive landscape and perhaps not more than an acre or two in extent. One visiting these gardens feels almost a religious atmosphere; that is, a feeling more akin to that experienced upon entering a cathedral or when listening to good music, our reverential attention producing meditation and putting us in a receptive, harmonious mood. So a proper Japanese garden suggests meditation—not cheerfulness and excited enthusiasm, which may be produced by a great mass of bright flowers or unusual, splendid specimens, fountains and rapid waters, but something more—contentment, repose, thoughtfulness, meditation, concentration, each the succeeding experience of the former.

There is another type of garden that you will find in Japan. You will see in an open court of a hotel, say 20 by 30 feet in size, which in America would be only sufficient for a formal basin fountain, a court paved with tile, a fern or two, and three or four chairs, here this open court will contain a lake, represented by a miniature irregular pool, 5 by 7 feet; a lagoon in connection therewith, of proportionate size; an outlet, the stream perhaps 2 feet wide with water rushing over a wee waterfall, winding its way into obscurity in the corner, and spanned by a bridge or stepping stones; rugged mountain scenery, in the way of big boulders surrounding the lake; lofty hills created by little earth mounds of 2 or 3 feet in height; and here and there the scenic charm heightened by a diminutive, stone lantern among dwarf Japanese cedars with gnarled boughs looking old and hoary, a few gold fish adding a flash of color to the water—all creating a false perspective as

though viewed through field glasses reversed. One can enjoyably live in the atmosphere of this quite miniature creation for hours at a time. How much that is lovely is ours to enjoy if we are in harmonious attune with nature. Like the wireless, we can only receive those vibrations and messages that are in accord with our own mental and spiritual fiber. It was Wordsworth who, speaking of being out of tune with nature, said, "Great God, I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn."

May 5th, 6th

May 5th is Boy's Day in Japan, and above many houses we see fish kites fluttering in the air tethered to high bamboo poles. Nor do they forget their little girls; and they are just lovely, and so attractive in their bright dresses, for on March 3rd the houses are decorated with dolls, and sweets are indulged in at little home parties. Ours is Mother's Day (the second Sunday in May) when reverential tribute is paid to her to whom, after all, in life, is due ancestral worship and who more nearly symbolizes the Creator by giving us birth, loving care, and unstinted sacrifice, and from the cradle to the grave points us the way to loftier, holier things, and to life everlasting. Thank God, I am still afforded the privilege and blessing of wearing a pink carnation—though her simple Christian life is marked by eighty years.

Just a few lines about the customs of the people. When Japanese meet Japanese there is much grave bowing and repeating of bows, bending forward until the upper half of the body is parallel to the ground. One could hardly say that the men of Japan have a uniform habit of dress; Western civilization has had a marked

effect upon Japan, and men may be seen in European dress, Japanese costumes, or a mixture of the two. The typical Japanese costume, however, is a kimono, in appearance somewhat like a man's dressing robe with extra wide sleeves, of dark shade, and ample length, over which is worn a shorter garment (*hori*); short white socks with separate section for the big toe like a mitten; wooden sandals that go click-clack-click on the pavements and are held in place by a string between the first and second toe; hats of all sorts and often none at all (the hat is the first article of Western wear that is adopted by the Oriental). The rickshaw coolies wear short jackets, tight-fitting full-length breeches, short, black socks with rubber soles, but no sandals. Men may also be seen, their garments tucked up about the waist, their legs bare as if they had forgotten to put on their undergarments, which we sometimes see here worn as we would trousers. The school boys quite uniformly wear short length kimonos of black, cotton material stamped with small, white figures, caps, no socks, and sandals. Of course, the Geisha girl is a sort of human butterfly in her very attractive attire. The Japanese women have charming manners, and their national costume is an artistically draped garment nearly always of a dark silk material with a brilliant touch of color added by a great sash (*obi*), short white socks, and sandals (*tabe*). These sandals are universally removed by all upon entering a home, or even many of the shops, and it is interesting to see rows of them lined up before the entrance to temples and other public buildings. When a great crowd rushes across the platform of a railroad station, the racket produced by the multitude of sandals is not unlike

that of a galloping troop of cavalry. These sandals have two cleats across the bottom that vary in height from an inch to three inches, the higher ones being especially desirable for muddy conditions. I was struck by the thought that if a Japanese should unfortunately find himself at any time with one leg shorter than the other he could correct the trouble when walking by using sandals of varying heights to equalize the difference.

Women have come into their own to a far greater extent in Japan than in China. It is interesting to note that the most advanced, progressive nations are those that accord the greatest respect and privileges to their women. If you will look at the faces of a car full of Japanese (I refer more particularly to the men), you will not see the same gentle, happy looking countenances that you would note under similar environments in a train in China. This might also be said of Americans, and I know no other land where the smile is so generally a national characteristic as in China. A smile radiates so much happiness and costs so little. These Japanese faces look more determined and self-willed; they are, however, happy and courteous and especially kind to their children. Liberties and pleasantries are indulged in by us sojourning foreigners that are happily received, and a smile returned. These liberties would hardly be considered proper, were the situation reversed in our own land. The children and the more matronly women are especially attractive and a smile or attention paid a baby or child always invites the appreciation of and a smile of gratitude from the mother. A mother's heart is pretty much the same the world over. Benjamin Franklin's maxim that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness"

must be a household motto in Japan, for here cleanliness is a national characteristic.

The immaculate condition of the houses and the meagerness of the furnishings, the preparation of the food, the sitting on the floor—all suggests a simplicity and freedom from arduous household cares in marked contrast to over-furnished homes of America.

Japan has a good school system, the people are content with their religious worship, are industrious, and prosperous (there are no beggars), and they appear sufficiently clothed and comfortably housed. A great deal of heavy hauling is done by the men but not nearly so much as in China. Oxen (bulls) are the principal beasts of burden; they are gentle and look like Jerseys of a dark type. Sometimes the family cow is not only expected to produce the milk and butter for the farmer's household but also to contribute to the production of rice by plowing in the rice paddies.

There are two beings in nature for which I have always respect and real abiding gratitude—the cow and the hen. The cow supplies so many of our needs, milk, a child's necessity, butter fat, cheese, meat, leather, and in India even the family fuel. As for the hen, what would the globe-trotters do without this modest fowl? She speaks a universal language, is always a reliable source of food when so many others fail us, and lays a good egg everywhere; and it is not of so much importance how it is cooked, as how soon it is cooked.

We are at Nara, which has retained the charm of old-time atmosphere. Tourist interest centers in a great park of more than a thousand acres where deer wander about at will; you will actually see hundreds of them.

There is an immense religious establishment within the park among superb trees. Constantly we hear the booming of a great bronze bell struck by a swinging log, swung by some visiting pilgrim, the boomer incidentally dropping a copper into the coffer of the temple. Within an immense wooden building is enshrined a gigantic Buddha that is surely not a thing of beauty, and far from benignant in appearance. I never expect to see more stone and metal lanterns than here; there are enough in this park that, if sold for a yen each, the proceeds contributed to Germany, would, I believe, pay off the reparation indemnity. The country hereabout is rolling and very attractive, and the wisteria at present is in its regal glory.

May 7th, 8th, 9th

The railroad journey from Nara to Yamada is amidst charming scenery, through narrow valleys, beside a rapid river on each side of which rises steep rugged hills clothed in foliage. The train reaches an elevation of 2,500 feet, and in the higher levels the country is not unlike portions of the Adirondack districts in northern New York State.

At Yamada is a Shinto temple of the first importance; not that the buildings have any particular architectural significance; for, in fact, they are extremely simple, even humble, and are renewed every twenty years following a primal custom, but it is a much revered and a very ancient shrine to the Sun Goddess, the acclaimed ancestor of the line of Heaven-descending Mikados. It is the setting that is worth a long journey to see. Passing under a torii and crossing a stream of clear water, wide

gravel paths lead one through a forest of patriarchial cryptomeria, which tower high above the huge camphor trees interspersed. These noble trees resemble the redwoods of California. Hundreds of pilgrims wend their way in the cool of the shade to the sacred inner temple of Ise Daijingu to worship, to offer a prayer of gratitude to the dead; filial devotion to the memory of ancestors, for the Shinto religion conforms to traditions and customs through ancestral worship. Murray says that Japanese boys and apprentices still abscond, making their pilgrimage (nute-mairi) to Ise, subsisting on alms, and custom forbids any rebuke from parent or master.

A visit to Toba is a delightful motor trip to a quiet little fishing village by the sea, and from a hill above the town is obtained a view of special loveliness—many small emerald isles and well-wooded peninsulas jutting into the sea.

We are stopping at a Japanese hotel—that is, a hotel conducted in Japanese style. It is true that it has a small European annex, but I requested that my accommodations be that of a Japanese gentleman. I was shown to my room, approximately 15 feet square and with a little veranda or porch, glassed in or open, as I desired, and overlooking a delightful and restful scene; sliding paper panels divided the room into two not quite equal parts; additional sliding panels of very light material, divided into small panes, separated the room proper from the veranda, the light being admitted when they were closed through white paper pasted on the sash, no glass being used. The furnishings, or lack of furnishings, were typically Japanese. You remove your shoes when entering, the floor being covered with spotlessly clean

mats laid in panels. There was one wee table about 18 inches x 30 inches and not more than a foot high before which was a cushion; on the table was a lacquer tray and a Japanese writing outfit. There was still another smaller table, not more than 12 inches x 15 inches and 5 inches in height, on which was a little pine tree growing in a pot and not more than 10 inches high. The walls were perfectly plain, their only decoration a modest, oval mirror, a Japanese scroll (*Kakemono*) of a pine tree, and another expressing a sentiment in two Chinese ideographs—*Tai-Kwan*, which was interpreted as meaning "Great Prospects." The bed materialized later, being simply quilted pads (two in my case) which were laid on the floor, a pillow, two clean sheets, and a pair of blankets. Across the hall is my private dining room which the description of my bedroom fits perfectly except that it is about one-half the size and looks out on a garden, and the plant in the room is a wee azalea in bloom. The first evening I was seated on a cushion before a table, the same as the larger one I have described, and served with European food and European table utensils. The service was beautiful, all was quietness, a dainty pretty Japanese Miss would noiselessly enter the room, bow graciously and kneeling before the table proceed to serve me my course. This was all very enjoyable but not strictly Japanese, and I requested that thereafter Japanese food *à-la* Japanese, be served. If my description can tantalize your appetite then perhaps I shall have in a manner succeeded in giving you a glimpse of my dinner the succeeding evening. I was summoned to the same little room, by the same dainty maid, but in place of a table in the center of the room there

was a table and cook-stove combined—these words are too prosaic to describe it fittingly—however, it was a table about one foot high and three feet square, and in the center was an earthen pot filled with hot charcoals. I was seated on a cushion beside the table, the serving maid kneeling on the floor; a small shallow spider was placed over the hot embers, three sauces were poured therein, soja-bean, hot saka, and something else, and a bit of sugar added. When this began to simmer there was placed in the spider from the platter small pieces and slices of fresh, raw chicken, sliced onions, and shredded Japanese asparagus. This was all cooked together—Oh! what a savory odor, and how it whetted the appetite, while you sat and waited for about fifteen minutes for it to cook; no cocktail was needed, and no impatience suggested; you were content with “watchful waiting”—noticing the simple culinary art of “Miss Mystery” handling daintily her chopsticks. In a little bowl set before me was cracked a fresh egg which was thoroughly beaten. The food is ready. I begin, with chopsticks, of course, an unused pair of wooden ones that you split apart and which I experienced no trouble in handling, for some reason finding them much easier to manage than the longer Chinese type. With your chopsticks you pick out a piece of chicken, or onion, or asparagus, hot off the griddle, dip it into the beaten egg, which serves two purposes, as a sauce and to cool the food sufficiently to prevent burning the mouth. As you deplete the dish, a fresh supply is added and in the meantime a bowl of hot boiled rice is served, and later fresh strawberries. Very few words are spoken—I know only a few Japanese words but my little maid is better

informed in English and manages to ask inaudibly: "You like Japan?"—"You like Japanese dinner?"—"You come from America?"—"I like American ladies."—"When you go home?" Slowly spoken replies using simple words are understood and every complimentary remark evokes a cute little nod, a sweet smile, and "I thank you." It is said that the best way to a man's heart is through his stomach; couple this with attractive surroundings and dainty, pleasing service, and the route becomes a smooth and fast one. I referred to the dainty maid of the Flowery Kingdom as "Miss Mystery," an appellation that fitted my fancy for I was constantly speculating as to what were her thoughts, her sentiments, and what was hidden behind that demure, smiling little mask. "A bird's heart is hidden by its feathers."

May 10th

We stopped over for a few hours at Nagoya, which in population is the fourth city in Japan and an active commercial city (sounds like Detroit). It, however, in my opinion offers little of interest to the tourist, an old castle in excellent state of preservation being the chief attraction. A castle in Japan, however, is of an entirely different character from those old interesting, medieval, stone structures associated with English history.

May 11th, 12th, 13th

With Miyanoshita, like so many other places in Japan, it is not what man has done to make it beautiful, but its natural scenery and unadorned loveliness that satisfy the visitor. It is located on the side of a great ravine, in fact, nearly a gorge, at the bottom of which is a

rocky, tumbling stream of clear water, many little rivulets adding their contributions and falling down into it from the heights above. It is dense in foliage with innumerable paths inviting one into shady glens. A short distance away, by motor, is Hakone, famed for its beautiful lake surrounded by charming mountain scenery, including that of Mt. Fuji. We are told that Otome toge (Maidens' Pass) affords an incomparable view of Mt. Fuji. We motored to the pass, gradually climbing along the sides of a slope. Cloud shadows were chasing each other on the green sward of the lowlands, and Lake Hakone was visible in the distance. The pass presents a great panorama before us—the valley below, the mountains beyond. Mt. Fuji veiled her face in the morning mist, the wind occasionally parting the filmy folds, permitting a tantalizing glance of her serene, lofty, chaste, white beauty and quickening our desire for a fuller view which, however, we were denied.

A few days ago a Japanese gentleman, who is very artistic and poetic, and who possesses a soul especially endowed with an appreciation of the beautiful in nature and religion, gave me an interesting word sketch suggesting the manner in which a pagoda symbolized the Buddhist religion. It appealed to me and I wish to jot it down while it is still fresh in my memory. A pagoda is a standard ornament to a Buddhist temple and portrays its doctrine. If you know the symbolic meaning of a pagoda you know Buddhist. The pagodas of Japan are universally of five stories, these representing the five elements—Chi—Sui—Foo—Wka—Koo (earth, water, air, heat, space); and at each roof corner hang small bells tinkled by the wind, illustrating cause



Torii at Lake Chuzenji



Pagoda at Nikko





and effect. Through the center of the pagoda passes one straight stick which also rises above the roof of the upper story, this upper portion or finial being surrounded by nine rings and at its base a lotus blossom. These numerals, one and nine, have a significance—one representing the prime numeral, while nine represents the last or greatest numeral, and within the range of the two, universality is expressed—the beginning, the end, the originator, the Creator, the universe. Therefore one, the central figure of the pagoda, represents the Creator, the Almighty God. The nine rings represent the universe. Time has no beginning, nor ending; therefore the rings being round, endless, also symbolize eternity. As the nine rings are around the one central stick, so the Creator is the center of the universe and around Him all things must revolve throughout all eternity. As for the significance of the lotus blossom: the lotus blossom does not open gradually, but suddenly, as religion is also revealed to man; it is a sudden revelation and not a gradual unfolding philosophy which does not satisfy the soul. Therein religion also differs from science, which arrives at conclusions by reasoning and facts; for, after all, a true appreciation of life can only come through faith—and faith stands before fact. From this you will see that a Buddhist believes in One Almighty God, the Creator. What is Almighty God? Answer: What is your mind; for, after all, one's God is his own mental conception of God. So you see, to be a Buddhist is to study one's self.

NOTE: The above interpretation of a pagoda is, of course, as applied to, and by, the Japanese and not the Chinese.

May 14th, 15th, 16th

Tokio is the capitol of the Empire and the dirtiest city I have seen in Japan. It is also the largest, having a population of 2,300,000.

The Imperial Palace is within a walled park surrounded by a moat, and our view is limited to a glance from without.

Tokio has some good government buildings and attractive parks. One of the most satisfying places to me was the Emperor's Shrine; the group of buildings are all of one story, and constructed of the natural finished wood of the cryptomeria and trimmed with polished brass. It is impressive in its simplicity and orderliness, and pleasingly located in the midst of a splendid forest park, which is the characteristic surroundings of Japan's shrines and temples. This idea of utilizing the loveliness of nature by placing temples and shrines in natural settings surrounded by trees, near singing brooks, appeals to me—Why not? We are told that: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." Bryant, too, expresses the uplifting influence of natural beauty in his "Forest Hymn":

"The groves were God's first temples.

Ere man learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,

And spread the roof above them—ere he framed

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back

The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,

Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,

And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks

And supplication.....

.....Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives."

Generally speaking, Japan has many little shops, rather than the big department stores, as we know them. However, here in Tokio is a very large department store and I speak of it merely in connection with an interesting incident. Thousands of Japanese visit this store daily; yet all on entering leave their sandals at the door and wander noiselessly in their tabis (short socks) about the store on the clean, mat-covered floors. Their sandals, umbrellas, packages, all await them at the door and are promptly forthcoming on leaving, due to an excellent system of checking and the efficiency and courtesy of the attendants. In other words, with practically no inconvenience, they leave the dirt of the streets that may cling to their sandals outside the store rather than tracked and scuffed about throughout the building. Of course, the sandal lends itself to immediate removal or use. Foreigners are provided for by placing slip-covers over their shoes.

We visit Shiba Temple among the trees, the sumptuous burial place of the Shoguns, which is exquisitely decorated with much gold and lacquer; but the burial place commemorating one of the most dramatic incidents in Japanese life is in quite another part of the city, and is the grave of the Forty-Seven Ronins--those loyal vassals of Ako who were actuated by a spirit of fidelity to avenge a wronged master. It is a famous and interesting story in Japan: Their master, Asano Naganori,

lord of the castle of Ako, was maliciously provoked to anger by Kira, one of the ministers of the court, his insults causing Asano to attack him with his sword with intent to kill, but causing only a wound, Kira escaping. Asano was arrested, his liberty taken away from him, he was tried before the council and it was decided that he had committed a crime against the dignity of the court and that he must commit "hara-kiri" (to disembowel himself) and his estate be confiscated. So Asano, obedient to the law, committed "hara-kiri." His retainers became Ronins, wandering Samurai (soldiers) without a master, their leader, one of the party, being Oishi Kurano-suka, a fearless man of intelligence who swore to avenge his master's death. He and forty-six others of the faithful retainers formed a confederacy to effect their purpose. Kira, learning of their scheme, took special precaution to guard against any attack and it required much ingenuity and long patience to delude their enemy concerning their designs. In the winter of 1702 the Ronins held a council and determined upon an attack to be made on the night of the 14th of December. In a snowstorm they made their way to Kira's dwelling, divided themselves into two bands, attacked simultaneously the front and back gate, and broke into the apartments. A violent fight ensued between the forty-seven Ronins and Kira's retainers. Kira's most skillful swordsmen were pitted against those of the Ronins, and in the end all were vanquished and put to death by the sword of the avengers. Kira, who in fear had secreted himself, was, after considerable searching, found in an out-house in the courtyard. He was respectfully informed by Oishi that they had come to avenge their late lord and they

bade him commit "hara-kiri." Trembling, he refused, and was thereupon killed,—his head severed with the same dirk with which Asano had killed himself. They took Kira's head, carried it to the tomb of Asano Naganori as an oblation, and each in turn performed the ceremony of burning incense. They then promptly reported their deed to government officials; the Supreme Council was convened; and the sentence pronounced upon the avengers was, that as they had committed this audacious deed they should each commit "hara-kiri." The command was carried into effect on the fourth of February, 1703, and their corpses buried before the tomb of their dead master. Their graves, marked by simple headstones, are visited by hundreds of thousands of pilgrims paying homage with fresh flowers and the burning of incense to the devotion and fidelity of these loyal Ronins.

May 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th

Nikko abounds in the things that man has always enjoyed: the mountains, lakes, waterfalls, rushing streams, glorious trees, flowering shrubs affording rambles through ever-changing scenes that constantly delight the lover of the beautiful in nature. It is by far the most charming spot I have seen in Japan, and I can well appreciate the Japanese adage "Do not say Kekko (magnificence) until you have seen Nikko." I am up in the fresh morning hours of the dawning day, for about an hour or two before I see any of the guests stirring around the hotel. These are superb mornings. So much of the early morning joy, its freshness, the pure air and sparkling dew are lost to those who rise late. The Japanese are up and doing. I meet the chil-

dren in the morning of life (and there are lots of them) on the road shortly after seven, en route to school, their lovely faces charmingly set off by their bright frocks. All radiating sunshine and happiness and bowing sweetly, they wish me "ohiyo" (good morning).

We motor to Lake Chuzenji, that is, for about one-half the way, then alight and walk beside a perfect mountain stream of clear, fast waters, rushing down a gorge filled with rocks. The sides of the mountains were covered with shrubs and trees in their fresh green of spring; and the wild azaleas showed clouds of lavender on the mountain sides. Little Japanese tea-houses invite us to stop and sip a cup of hot tea and refresh ourselves while listening to the song of the birds and the rush of the waters. Surely a pleasant five-mile walk with a constantly invigorating climb up the mountain trail. A familiar longing asserts itself—I always experience it in spring when the welcoming willow shows bud and the frogs begin to croak and the black-bird sits on the old dried stalks of the cattail of the year before and warbles his cheery song. Every disciple of Izaak Walton knows what I am referring to; it is May and the trout, that aristocrat of fish, is rising to the fly.—I had three "speckled beauties" for my dinner tonight and I caught them myself, over a dozen of them. There is a perfect trout stream between Lake Chuzenji and a lake that is higher up; the waters are swift and ice cold. Such a happy, healthful afternoon; not only the trout arouses our admiration of nature but the surrounding mountains, the great conifer trees, the laciness of the larch just breaking into leaf, and the whiteness of the birch. Even the yellow of the dried marsh reeds reflected

in the sun has its charm and we are just thankful again to be boys, fishing in the stream, forgetting all cares. The air is pure, our thoughts are wholesome, we are in harmony with God and Nature.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne’er express, yet cannot all conceal.”

Byron.

At Lake Chuzenji—4375 feet above sea level—the cherries are in full blossom; and the azaleas and the trees are also breaking leaf. The lake is a beautiful body of water and entirely surrounded by mountains, some whose tops are still streaked with snow. There is a comfortable hotel which serves excellent food, and altogether one longs to linger here for days. Nearby, a roaring mountain stream takes a sheer drop of over 300 feet (“Kegon Waterfall”) into a pool below, the water shooting high from the force of the impact, a sparkling cascade; and through the rising mists shines a rainbow.

One of the most revered and surely the most ornate and beautiful shrine I have seen in Japan is here at Nikko. It is lavishly decorated in wood carvings, which are painted in vivid colors, and it is here that exists the original of that well known wood carving of the Three

Monkeys—"Speak no Evil, See no Evil, Hear no Evil." In reality this shrine is the mausoleum of Ieyasu, the first and greatest shogun of Japan. It would be hard to conceive a more superb setting, the shrine itself enshrined in a glorious woods of cryptomeria, with aisles between lofty columns of these noble trees, eloquent in their silence and adding dignity and sanctity by their majestic presence. From the top of the great stone stairway of some 200 steps one may enjoy the study of light and shadows, the shafts of sunlight through these magnificent trees producing an exceedingly artistic effect, and the trunks of these forest giants looking like great brown columns supporting a canopy of green foliage.

Ah, why

Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in his ear.
 Father, thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns, Thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot toward heaven.
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker.

Bryant.

I hiked several miles to Kirifuri Falls one morning, an enjoyable tramp rewarded by charming scenery, a healthful bath of perspiration, and a good appetite. I met two Japanese young men in charge of about fifty little girls and a like number of boys, all about seven to nine years of age, tramping the trail through this beautiful mountain scenery. Quite unconsciously, Japan is thus inculcating love of country within these young hearts by visits to Japan's treasured landscapes, shrines, and temples. I meet also old men and women slowly wending their way, making life's journey together amidst pleasant natural scenery. I have even seen women far in their expectancy tramping through these hills and mountains; I mention these facts to suggest the virility of the Japanese people. It is not to be wondered at that there should be a large birth rate, necessitating territorial expansion, in a land whose religion, national traditions, community and ancestral cult and family obligations all expound and teach the duty of perpetuation of lineal descendants, the obligation of marriage, and the rearing of children enforced by filial piety, customs, and public opinion. Japan is apparently not concerned in birth control, but in taking care of and providing for her children of today and the future, which necessity must be recognized by other nations and an equable and humane adjustment effected.

May 21st

Matsushima is one of the Scenic Trio of Japan. Its chief beauty lies in the hundreds of small islands strewn over the bay of Shiogama, a sail among which is very enjoyable. There is here an interesting growth of coni-

fers, largely *Pinus Thumbergi* or *Maritima*. These lend a pleasing aspect, combining sea, islands, jutting peninsulas and pine trees. The pine, that queen of conifers, in Japan implies longevity and constant faith, a symbol of unchanging fidelity bespeaking strength and enduring unto thousands of years.

There was a religious festival being celebrated in Matsushima, the grotesque make up and dress of the participants being exceedingly humorous and not such as one would ordinarily associate with an intelligent act of worship, but rather the revival of some ancient fetish of a primitive people.

May 22nd

En route via railroad to Yokohama, arriving P.M.

May 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th

Yokohama is a city of nearly a half million population and the principal port of entry into Japan. I presume for this very reason there is here a mingling of the Oriental and Occidental that makes this place far less attractive as a Japanese city than those of the interior; for example, Kyoto, which I consider the most charming city in Japan. It was here at Yokohama, or rather at Mississippi Bay nearby, where Commodore Perry in 1853 knocked at the door of Japan, perhaps we should say with an iron fist, courteously but insistently, requesting that it be opened and a bowing acquaintance established with the outside world, and that Japan step forth from her picturesque seclusion and participate in the progress of the world. It was a friendly well meaning act on the part of the United States and

with beneficial results to the Japanese. Their prompt response, coupled with their native sagacity and cleverness, has developed a people, once satisfied with their seclusion, into a great Power now chafing at any exclusion.

There is here a fine harbor protected by a splendid breakwater, and I am not so sure but that we Americans may look with pride on this stone defense against the sea and at least to some degree associate it with our diplomatic relations, for it was built in 1889-1895 at a cost of approximately the amount of money that America shortly before returned to Japan, refunding an indemnity collected in 1864 due to the Shimonoseki Bombardment. England, Holland, and France also participated in the money distributed by Japan, an ointment to heal the wound of national pride; but history does not record that they also have made any like refund.

There are two places in particular that are given considerable touristic publicity in connection with Yokohama. One is the Great Diabutsui, built in 1252 at Kamakura and within easy reach by motor car. It is a gigantic bronze statue, nearly 50 feet high, of Buddha, who sits squint-eyed, legs crossed, hands in lap, the characteristic pose of Buddha, absorbed in his Nirvana. However, it is the most pleasing figure of this deified religious teacher I have seen in Japan and is located in charming surroundings. The other place is designated by a Numeral, the largest of the digits, and the place is so completely associated with this Numeral that on the menu of the Grand Hotel, where all dishes are numbered, and also on the musical and dance programs, no "Number Nine" appears. Multitudes visit the Shrine of the Dia-

butzui, and I am told that the numbers are not lacking that visit the Jimpu-ro or Joro-ya (brothel of the Yoshiwara) of Japan.

As I look out over the sea, my thoughts are no longer of Japan, but are winging far across the Pacific to those loved ones awaiting me in the home-land.

We sail in the early morning of the 27th (6 A.M.). We lie to for a couple of hours outside the breakwater, a thorough search being made throughout the ship for stowaways. We feel the pulsations of the engine, we glide smoothly to sea, and Japan soon fades away in the morning mists. We bow and say "Siaonara." The vast wide ocean is a striking contrast to miniature Japan. We are headed for America, the land where the working man ekes out an existence surrounded by comforts and luxuries which are enjoyed only by the rich in other lands, and where conditions at their worst, are better than those of most other countries at their best.

RÉSUMÉ OF CHINA AND JAPAN

I have deferred writing any résumé of China until after visiting Japan, that a more complete, comprehensive, and unbiased view might be had of the general situation; for China and Japan are so closely related in matters pertaining to their political and economic existence. In other words, I think it hardly possible to solve China's political and economic national problems without a concomitant consideration of Japan.

China will to me always remain a land of smiles; for, as I have remarked before, the cheerfulness of the Chinese is a national characteristic. In labor and even



Mt. Fuji
Japanese woman and child
Geisha girls



1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

in poverty, and there is so much of both in China, the people smile. The salutations of the Chinese are affable, and dignified, and courtesy is always extended to the stranger by these genuinely gentle people. I shall always feel it my duty to show special courtesy and kindness to all Chinese in our land, in a measure to repay a debt of gratitude I owe their people for the kindness shown me when a sojourner in their country. Generally speaking, there are few, if any, loafers in China, and of necessity even the children work.

The polite dignity and the impassiveness of the better class of Chinese men made a lasting impression, and one can never forget that ever-present smile of the coolie. We impatient westerners strive for that equanimity of character which the Chinese seem to possess as an in-born quality to such a marked degree.

The rosy-faced Chinese boy is a feast of human loveliness, a loveliness usually lost, however, as he matures to manhood. At times I could not refrain from putting my arms about the shoulders of one of them and just quietly, smilingly walk with him, benefiting by his smiling, gentle presence.

The Chinese girls, I am told by those engaged and interested in their spiritual and educational welfare, grasp with eagerness the opportunity of learning; they possess great brilliancy, and if education and enlightenment is more generally extended to both girls and women, they will be an impelling power towards China's attaining a great national inheritance. Two Christian gentlemen both said to me in nearly the same words, that if they had a million dollars they would give every cent for the education of Chinese girls, looking for their re-

ward in the great moral influence for good that the extended intellectual power of these girls would create. The Chinese women have not come into their own, nor is a fair, equitable standard of morals extended them by the men. They accept the responsibilities of life, motherhood, labor, sacrifice, with marked patience and resignation, and you cannot fail to recognize in them a potent, silent force that once fully emancipated will rise to great heights in China's future existence.

Honesty is innate in the Chinese people as a whole. Chinese merchants are traditionally honest; but their government officials are likewise traditionally dishonest. As the caste system holds India in harmful tyranny, so the "Squeeze System" of Chinese officials works towards China's undoing, preventing progress by destroying confidence in the government. China is lacking in political unity and the military strength to assure its future, and one of China's fundamental weaknesses is that while the Chinese possess a great racial pride covering thousands of years of tradition and ancestry, they are lacking in national pride, and thousands of years of traveling along one route or groove tends to build up a resistance to modern innovations. But there is hope. China is advancing since the Republic; she has abolished torture, given freedom to the press, expanded education; even though a mere ripple in her great sea of 400,000,000 people the vibration has begun,—and the end is yet to be written. She is rising to higher morals. China needs a strong man who possesses a great vision, with mighty faith and noble ambitions—a Washington, Lincoln, or Roosevelt, inspiring confidence and hope, a leader around whom they could unitedly rally. She needs aid and

unselfish encouragement from other nations in extending her railways, waterways, highways, lines of communication, and in the establishment of a national banking system and public free schools. China needs to develop industries to give employment and reduce the numbers endeavoring to exist by working on the farms—just the reverse of our situation in the United States, where tillers of the soil are being lured to too great an extent from the farm by our ever expanding industries. It is to be hoped that the “scramble of concessions” day is over in China and that China may be unselfishly aided and encouraged in developing her own marvelous resources. She offers rich reward to legitimate interests seeking fair return for honest dealings. I read that in China there is iron ore in low hills of about 500 feet in height, on or near the surface and present in such abundance that mere blasting by explosives is all that is required to secure it. As a rule it contains 67 per cent iron, and is regarded just as superior in quality as ores in Germany, America, and Sweden. One mine has a vein 80 meters thick of unmeasureable length and depth, is considered practically inexhaustible, and is roughly estimated as capable of producing for 700 years an annual output of one million tons. Naturally, China’s iron ore attracts Japan, and invites contention for special privileges and interests. On the other hand, China must put her house in order; there must be a clean sweep of dishonest government officials in order to insure confidence on the part of those with honest intentions toward her. China has a world of acquaintances, but how many true friends? She possesses an old adage she may well heed—“Form friends according to virtue.”

Before visiting China, my feeling toward that country, or rather that nation, was one of passive indifference. China was not disappointing, but a revelation. Today, after only a brief visit of six weeks in this land, China's future welfare appeals to me as a matter of great importance to the entire world, representing as she does one-fourth of the human race, and especially to America, as a Pacific power to whom, as a people, the Chinese exhibit so much confidence and look to in future with assurance and trust. I cannot understand why the United States should not accord to the Chinese any privileges conferred upon the Japanese. It is surprising how widely the good opinion of America has circulated in China—we must justify that faith and not disappoint China's confidence in America for future political conditions in the East depend largely upon America proving herself a true friend of China without selfish, aggressive purposes.

China's passivism to the influx of the Japanese is surprising and to a large degree influenced by past history. In olden days foreign races have invaded China only to disappear, lost in a sea of four-hundred million souls who are living in a land with practically no railways, nor highways, and largely excluded from communication with the outside world—a wilderness of humanity.

May I venture just a few thoughts regarding the inspiring influence which is gradually affecting China's future welfare? It is Christian people. The Protestant missionary and the Y. M. C. A. have been, are, and will, even to a greater extent in the future, be most important factors in China's development. America is doing much more missionary work in China than any

other nation. The majority of the big schools are American, sustained by American contributions. There is a growing tendency towards union work among the Christian missionaries. Union work among the Protestant churches at home has been found advisable, but in China it is a necessity. A United Protestant Church effort will be rewarded by manifold success. Evidence may be cited in the Union Theological Seminary, Women's Union Bible School, and Nanking University, all at Nanking, wherein the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Christian Churches are united in their noble efforts and are therefore attaining great results. At Chengtu, in Szechuen Province, there is another united institute of learning, the "Union University," which has been built through the combined efforts of all Protestant missions operating in Western China. This experiment, too, has met with very great success, and large extensions at Chengtu are contemplated. The success attained is prompting similar combined efforts.¹

Talk to Y. M. C. A. men, Standard Oil Company's men, old time skippers and pilots, and residents of many years in this country, regarding the missionary in China and then determine for yourself the good work of these Soldiers of the Cross, who love humanity for Christ's sake, and have no sordid desire to exploit a land or people for their own selfish financial gains. No one can honestly investigate the work of the missionaries without recognizing their great usefulness. My hat is off to these Christian pioneers in foreign lands.

¹ Combined in this work are the Canadian Methodist Mission, American Methodist, Episcopal, Baptist, and the Seventh Day Adventist Missions, China Inland Mission (English) and Friends' Mission (English).

The Y. M. C. A. is quite self-supporting. True, the cost of buildings has been largely borne by Americans, and more must be done in this direction in extending the work; but the Chinese have been quick to recognize the great moral and physical force exercised by this institution and they contribute cheerfully and willingly for their support and upkeep. Ex-President Lee, of China, when recently asked if he had a million dollars to invest what would he put it in, replied somewhat as follows: "I am not a Christian, but if I had a million dollars I would invest it in the Y. M. C. A.; for I know of no agency that does so much for the moral, social, and educational development of the young men of China."

With a few more years of sacred and secular teachings by these Christians, with unselfish aid from America as a Christian nation, China will stand alone, a great moral force, reconstructed on a Christian foundation and thereby a striking example of the power of Christianity, —perhaps, even to the extent of awakening the Occident to a revival of a fuller appreciation of this source from which the manifold blessings that are ours to enjoy in the West, have come unto man. "Azure Heaven rests on the heads of the good."

Japan

I think that most travelers to the Orient have a preconceived conception of Japan; a mental picture largely formed by reading and study. One realizes that there exists a wide difference both in language and customs between the Mongolian Far East, and the Western World, almost to the point of mystery. Personally, Japan had to me always been a very poetic creation both in nature and

people. I had not failed to take into account the tremendous strides of her people since an American commodore awakened them from their dream of seclusion; but the reality of their achievement, their national development, and future ambitions are only fully sensed by a studious journey among them.

Japan was fully up to my expectations and as I had fancied it in many a bygone day-dream, but ordinary photography does not do justice to Japan and Japanese life, for it omits the brilliant colors. I was, everywhere and at all times, accorded the most courteous treatment, and I saw no evidence of the incivility towards Americans that one reads of in yellow journals. I have spent many happy moments with the little children; I found the men everywhere courteous and the women most charming in their lovely manners. In fact, this lovely characteristic of the little women of the "Flowery Kingdom" is one of the most pleasant recollections that I carry away with me from Japan. The hotels were good. The railroad service splendid. Cleanliness is a nation-wide quality.

The people are thrifty and industrious and an air of national prosperity and contentment generally prevails.

Japan has been largely written of in a poetic strain and quite naturally so. I found, nevertheless, many cold, prosaic facts (and smells) in this land of the mat-makers, these habitants of wooden cities and paper houses, which would become but tinder boxes in the event of air raids by airplanes, that great offensive and defensive weapon of future wars.

First of all, if I wished to establish a charity as a memorial to myself in Japan, it would be a large hand-

kerchief factory supplying free to the children this most necessary article.

I do not believe that the Japanese are capable of competing in world commerce with the Americans mentally (I mean this in its broadest sense); nor do they possess the inventive and productive genius of the Americans. I have found universal complaint throughout the Orient that the Japanese merchants and manufacturers do not deliver goods up to the sample and are looked upon as generally sharp and cunning. We Americans know full well the force of Lincoln's remarks about fooling the people and the Chinese also have an adage, which I have before referred to, "You can substitute a turnip for an egg only once." The American is good pay, a good loser, a good trader, and gets keen pleasure out of business, and that pleasure enriched by the better article he is able to give a customer at the same price as some competitor.

I do not believe that the Japanese people are necessarily of a militant spirit. I do think, however, that as was the case in Germany, a strong military caste predominates in the government. In fact, the constitutional power of the Minister of the Navy and the Minister of War is so great that it is stated as being sufficient to thwart the efforts of the Prime Minister if he is not in accord with them. Those responsible for Japan's attitude may not necessarily reflect the will of the people, for it is possible for a small powerful influential group of men in Japan to direct the government's policies. It is a common remark oft heard in your travels in the Orient that "Japan is the Prussia of the East." Japan's armaments have developed to proportions that appear far beyond her

needs of defense, which creates distrust, although she insists that her naval program is only one of defense; however that may be, a program absorbing nearly one-third of her annual appropriations is hardly a temperate one. She has been accorded a place with the "Big Five" on the Trans-Governmental Limited and, by association, her pride and ambitions increased and a more aggressive policy fostered, which may lead to intemperate expansion until eventually she will be obliged to defend her actions before a world tribunal, in which case she will probably be able to offer the same excuse as did the Scotsman who was taken from a train and brought before the magistrate for being disorderly and who pleaded that he had got into bad company—"Yee see, Sir, I had twa bottles of speerits in ma bag and a' the ither men in ma compartment wer teetotalers." Germany should afford an excellent study for Japan.

The Japanese papers, voicing the sentiments of the government and people, surely indicate that the eyes of Japan are constantly turned towards America, and, as in our own country, there are remarks that were better unsaid—such, for example, as those of Admiral Sato, inciting his fellow countrymen against America by malicious, false statements to bolster up his arguments for an excessive naval program. A big navy as a means of defense may be excellent preventative medicine; but for aggressive purpose it becomes a dangerous beverage.

From direct contact, conversation, observation, and reading the editorials of Japan's leading papers voicing the government, Japan's aggressive designs and policies become quite evident. The Yap Island question and the according of full privileges to Japanese in the United

States, are questions that prick her national pride, but the all-absorbing question around which all of Japan's diplomacy and naval and military expansion revolves, is that Japan means to resist any interference by the United States in her policy in China and the Far East. It is a pre-preparation for settlement of policies, the recognition of Japan's "Special interests and rights" or the Open-door policy of America, with equal rights and opportunities to all. China realizes that Japan's naval program means an attempt to dominate the Pacific, which in reality means dominance of China, politically and economically, and I fear they suspect Great Britain of being a party to the game as an ally of Japan.

Japan's policy in China and Siberia seems to be exclusive and aggressive rather than defensive and respectful of the rights of others. As some one has said: "The general attitude of Japan is: Asia for the Asiatics, to the exclusion of the White Race, with Japan, of course, in the saddle shepherding the whole flock."

Mr. Robert Young, editor of the *Japan Chronicle*, whose fearless, sane editorials I appreciated and read with great interest, said in a May issue, 1921, when replying to a statement that both the Japan-China War and Japan-Russia War were forced on Japan and that Japan only fought for her existence: "China's suzerainty over Korea had been established for hundreds of years, and the Koreans had regularly paid tribute. In her new-found power, after the adoption of Western methods of military training, Japan determined to destroy China's suzerainty over Korea and substitute her own. With that object she picked a quarrel with China and wrested Korea from her, encouraged Korea to de-

clare herself independent, and then fought a war with Russia that might easily have been avoided, upon the victorious outcome of which she first established a protectorate over Korea and then proceeded to annexation. To say that in either case Japan was forced to fight for her national existence is utterly untrue. She fought to extend her power and influence, and succeeded; a powerful party in Russia undoubtedly had designs on the Far East, but not against Japan. What was threatened was not Japanese territory but the territory which Japan hoped to acquire on the mainland. While Russia's aggressive designs on Chinese territory prior to 1904 were the constant theme of denunciation in Japanese newspapers, the war ended with Japan taking up a position in Manchuria which Russia had been denounced for occupying in pre-war days. China gained nothing. In fact, so far from gaining by her deliverance from the Russian yoke, she found her soil occupied by a nation much more determined than Russia that the occupation should be a reality."

There were things done by Japan in Korea during the troubled times of 1919 which their victims will never forget nor forgive. Some even assert that Koreans should be thankful that Japan by her military tyranny keeps burning the sacred fires in their breasts. Their expressed hope is that Japan's ambitions and aggressive policy, pride in her achievements, justice administered by force rather than tempered by mercy, may lead her to measure swords with a righteous nation of higher ideals thus affording to them the opportunity of revolt and emancipation. You can decree the change of the name of a country and its cities, establish foreign police and

soldiers, have the courts presided over by alien judges owing allegiance to another country, inaugurate new school systems teaching a different language and code, as Japan has done in Korea, but no nation can decree upon another people a change of heart. Germany tried it; and Japan should look for the answer in that experiment.

It must also be embarrassing for Japan to defend her position in the Shantung issue—to say nothing of Siberia. The twenty-one demands, in defiance of the integrity of China and aiming at making her a colony for Japanese expansion into that land, showed anything but a pacific course on the part of Japan and this aggressive policy had the support of the nation. Howbeit, Japan is establishing no precedent in her actions towards China, other nations have been guilty of aggressive acts; England in acquiring Hongkong; France in her claim of “sphere of influence”; Germany’s seizure of Kiaochau, etc. To me one of the most hopeful signs in Japan’s aggressive policy is that her plans take in so much territory—like the man who boasted he could lick anyone in the place,—the town, the country, and finally the whole state, and was duly licked for having made the mistake of taking in too much territory.

I do not write these lines maliciously nor with any mischievous designs but with a kindly feeling towards Japan, pointing out facts as I found them and sincerely hoping that her people may correct her ambitious aggressive policies before they lead to trouble and their undoing; for a power that can create can also correct, and if wrongs are not corrected their very existence will evoke an opposing force that will destroy them even as the ambitions of Napoleon and the militarism of Ger-

many created a righteous wrath which wrought their downfall. It is to be desired to live in friendly relations with Japan and in fact, with all nations; however, it has always been innate in the Anglo-Saxons to stand for a square deal and a fair fight even with a tendency to sympathize with the "under-dog." Therefore it is quite natural for a nation made of such stuff to endeavor to exercise a like influence in regard to national and international affairs. On the other hand, as I have said elsewhere, territorial expansion is a necessity imposed upon the rulers and statesmen of Japan by her ever increasing population, nearly three-quarters of a million annually. New territory to expand in must be found or Japan faces starvation unless she can to a most surprising degree develop her industries, thereby furnishing manufactured materials for the markets of the world in exchange for food stuffs. This necessity must be given due consideration by other nations and an equitable, just, humane adjustment effected.

I wish to cite an incident that took place in Antung. A prominent Italian gentleman complimented a Japanese, who was drilling school children, on their splendid exhibition, much to the gratification of the instructor, and further said that he had only seen its equal in one other country (more pride), but added that later "that country came to grief." I sometimes wonder if great national efficiency is only possible by a strong centralized military authority (witness Germany—note the strides of Japan), which usually leads a country into war through ambition and aggression which seem to be concomitants of such authority. Then better far the inefficiency of a more democratic form of government

with any of its attending draw-backs; for, after all, if a nation or an individual gains great material things and in so doing destroys friendship, confidence, faith—the higher, truer values of life, it can be counted but loss, and, moreover, eventually will follow a loss of material things themselves. A nation's greatness does not rest upon its area or wealth, but upon the character of its citizens.

Another all-absorbing subject with Japan today, which is a part of her defensive or offensive program, is the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. Why the expenditure of vast sums to send the Japanese Crown Prince to England to bolster up the treaty renewal? What is its purpose? It has outlived its usefulness; it creates anti-British feeling; provokes distrust, and is a malediction in America; it is popular with neither Canada nor Australia, and as an ally of Japan, Great Britain is not in as free a position in regard to her attitude toward Japan's demand for special privileges in China. Great Britain's strongest position, in which she can play the most effective part, is to maintain friendly relations with both America and Japan, rather than as an ally to the latter.

Japan will quickly see the uselessness of building a navy against the United States if Great Britain refuses to support her. Great Britain has been warned by her own statesmen that the Dominions will not follow in a policy or alliance supporting Japan that is hazardous to America for the Dominion's special interests require a friendly understanding with America as a pacific power. Again why the Alliance? And we might also ask why is Great Britain sending so many aviators to Japan to

instruct and assist Japan in her aerial development? I haven't the least suspicion of England, but, unfortunately, she seems to have a habit of getting on the other side of great international issues concerning America. In 1776, the Revolution of Independence; in 1804 she diplomatically worked against Jefferson in the Louisiana Purchase, as this purchase afforded funds for financing Napoleon, France being her enemy at that time; and it is well to remember that it is authoritatively stated that "Jefferson by the acquisition of this territory did more to assure nationality and continuance of broad authority in the United States than did any other president between the foundation of the government and the election of Lincoln." In 1812, we were compelled to make England, and in fact other European nations, respect our rights as a nation as a result of England's seizure of our merchantmen, confiscating cargoes and impressing sailors, to say nothing of instigating the Indian attacks under Chief Tecumseh. In 1846, at the time of the Mexican War, our Northern boundary line was in dispute with England, which, however, was amicably settled by compromise. In the Civil War of 1861, our great national crisis, she cast her influence with the South. The one exception in time of war was that little incident in Manila Bay, when Admiral Chichester, fortunately far enough removed from the seat of his government, acted on his own initiative and stood by Admiral Dewey against the German Rear-Admiral Diederichs. I do not present these facts as any brief against the most friendly relations between Great Britain and America, and the last war furnished a striking example of the bond of sympathy that binds the two; for after all, "blood is thicker

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than water." We may criticize from within the household, but God pity the nation that strikes either.

It is very evident to me that equality of races does not exist, and in the words of another "The white man will either survive or perish, and he will dominate or he will die."

"War is unthinkable." Yes; theoretically, that was true in 1914, but affairs with politicians and diplomats have a way of going contrariwise to sound sense. However, as has been pointed out by wise statesmen, "The hopes of the future lie in a harmonious understanding between France, Great Britain, and the United States or in an Anglo-American Alliance." France was so early constructively associated with the history of our country, Lafayette being a name printed on every American schoolboy's mind, next to that of Washington, that personally I hope and pray for a unity of spirit, a loftiness of purpose, a magnanimity in all dealings on the part of the three nations, that shall make them the united, guiding influence for a righteousness that is world-wide. The measure of their success will be to the same degree that they follow the principles of Christianity.

The World's drama is shifting to the Pacific; Seward, also Roosevelt, prophesied this; the curtain is rising on a new scene; new characters may be introduced—generosity, magnanimity, charity, righteousness, peace, these superseding selfishness, aggression, animosity, conquest, strife. Thus the name given the scene of action centuries ago becomes prophetic—Pacific. On its far western shore is a land peopled by more than four hundred millions to whom peace has always been

an abiding policy. Disarmament is—fait accompli—in China.

The more one travels and extends his empirical knowledge or delves into history, which reveals the high moral plane upon which our nation has conducted her international policies and obligations, the greater his pride of country and the more significant and sacred becomes one's American citizenship. It behooves us to conduct our national and international affairs on a high ethical and moral plane; for the eyes of the world are turned towards America.

In journeying around the world I have endeavored to see and enjoy the good in life, recognizing evil, but avoiding it, for "Wiser he whose sympathetic mind exults in all the good of all mankind." Life is much like a mirror, it reflects our own views and conduct, a smile begets a smile, and if we radiate happiness joy is our compensation. We receive largely as we give. While traveling through many countries with many forms of religion and an endless variety of gods and deities, I often thought that ever since God had created man, man has been endeavoring to create a God. What we possess in the West is more fully realized when in the East, and we owe all to Christianity.

CHAPTER XV

AN ISLAND POSSESSION AND THE HOMELAND

"Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravel'd fondly turns to thee."

THE trip across the Pacific via the "Sunshine Belt" was each day very much like the other, and sunshine conspicuous by its absence, the sun being obscured quite continually until the day before reaching Honolulu. There was a unique experience furnished the ship's passenger whose birthday occurred on June 4th, the day we crossed the 180th meridian, for he was afforded two days of like date in which to celebrate. Hawaii was reached the afternoon of June 6th; we have again moved south and the Southern Cross is visible here at Honolulu, about 10 or 12 degrees above the horizon. A bright, warm sun welcomed us to this United States island outpost.

The island is first obscure as a dim gray outline on the horizon, its mountains rising well above the sea; as we near it, the land become more distinct and of varied hues: red, violet, and brilliant greens; cloud shadows lie in great patches on the hillsides, and the mountain tops are shrouded in the mists. We sail into the beautiful harbor with splendid dock facilities and we find Honolulu

a charming city, clean and prosperous looking, with splendid commercial buildings, good hotels, and lovely residences and, except for the character of its inhabitants, quite like any thriving American city.

Our stay is short, only twenty-four hours, but a stroll about the city and a drive through the environs gives rise to the thought—Is this a United States territory with Japanese inhabitants or Japanese territory with a sprinkling of Americans? We learn on inquiry that nearly half the population is Japanese and increasing more rapidly than any other race, and though many are American born, nevertheless, they are Japanese at heart and American in name only.

There is necessity for careful consideration by our statesmen of Hawaiian conditions. I met thinking men who offer as a possible solution of the question of the Japanese getting control of the industries of the island and labor as well,—to allow an influx of a few thousand Chinese who, it is claimed, make good, loyal citizens and are capable of competing with the Japanese and also relieving the labor shortage.

The sweet plaintiff music of the Hawaiians is quaint; it is interesting to learn that nearly all these native airs are the adaptation of tunes (varied, of course) that were brought to these people by the early missionaries. Realizing this, one easily senses the tuneful melodies of the old fashioned melodious hymns.

Our friends hung "leis" (garlands of flowers) about our necks as we bade them goodbye at the gang-plank. Soon we were again at sea which is here of a most beautiful deep blue, such as is always found in the tropics.